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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MYSTERY — served piping hot, and then chilled — page 64

TRAVEL — vacation fun, planned for the man — page 40

WESTERN — Indian fighters riding deliberately into bloody ambush — page 44

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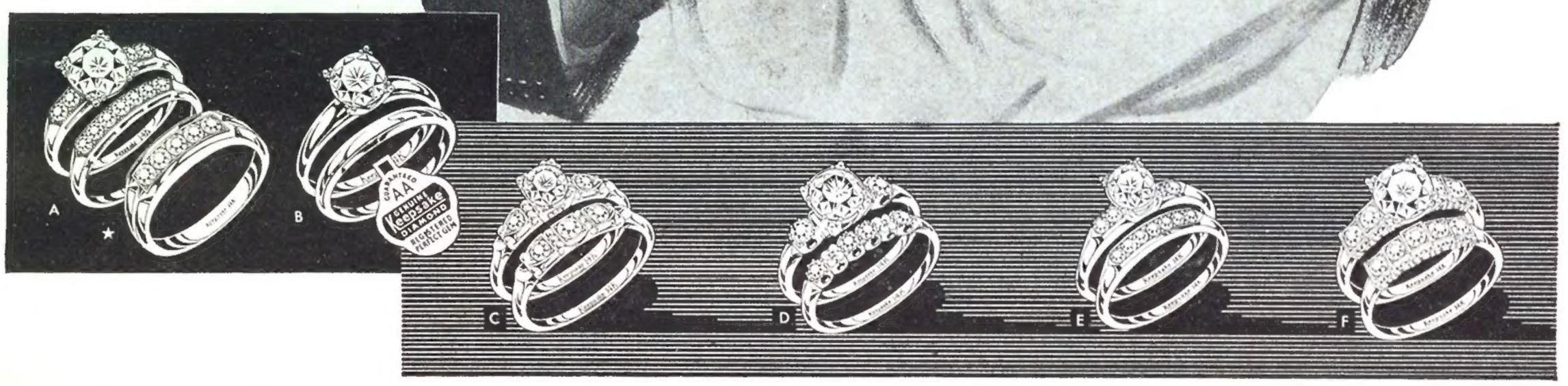

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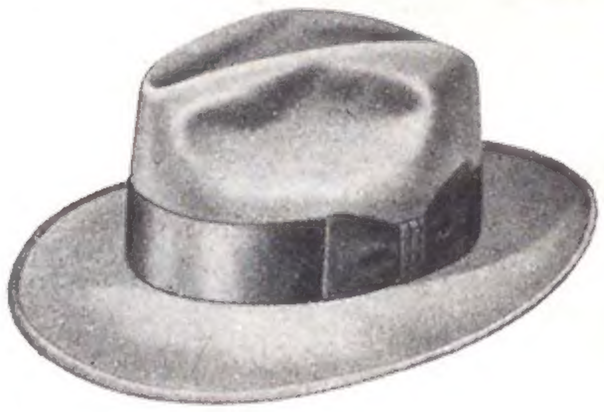

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memo from the publisher:

a first-rate man

The typical Esquire reader, as once we told you at length, is (to put it shortly) a successful, youngish man of affairs who enjoys his extensive social life, his well-appointed home, his automobiles, and his travels and who loves his wife, his dog and his one-and-a-half children.

But as we plan this magazine we think of how he lives and what he thinks, rather than how he looks. He is the dominant male of today, for instance, if you can hear his roars from here over the attempted feminine invasion of man and his works, over the cozy tearoom furniture squatting in his living room, over the gabbling crones who weekly fuss up the place with cards and gossip, over the chintzy philosophy deceptively lying in wait everywhere, like a creeping, predatory, and innocent-appearing vine.

He is a man among men, as modern as the club car on the 20th Century, but he has one great Elizabethan trait—versatility. His interests are wide, his activities multiple, his abilities surprising, his enthusiasms magnificent. He is inquisitive and demanding. He personifies what a great educator meant when he said recently that "What the world wants today is to recapture a clear sense of the first rate." Our man wants his Esquire masculine; he wants it to range wide; and, above all, he wants it to establish a sense of the first rate, to act as the intelligent man's authority on sports, literature, entertainment, travel, apparel, and in all the realms of civilized living. In a world of confused ideals of quality, where the loudest voice sometimes is mistaken for the truest, he looks to Esquire for his standards of the first rate.

We give him, then, the wide-range lineup you see at the right, and for his special knowledge the *Esquire Fashion Coordinator*. This is it, gentlemen, sixteen pages without any frills in the offing to spoil it. You will forgive us, we hope, a justifiable pride in this Coordinator, which undoubtedly is the ranking work ever published in a magazine for the establishment of "a clear sense of the first rate" in men's fashion.

HTS

Esquire

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T. M. REG.

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"A FASHION SCOUT," cracked a wit back in the days before the Riviera was a suburb of Hollywood, "is a guy who swims around jetties."

We couldn't help thinking of this as we pondered the life of our own Fashion Editor, a man well used to the most exclusive cabañas at la côte d'azur, and not a bad hand either on the slopes at Sun Valley or swapping ad libs with a starlet on the latest television show. Not that he couldn't swim around a jetty with a pretty decent trudgen, if not an eight-beat crawl: the point is that fashion for men is strictly a man's business, and don't ever let any purple publicity on velvet slacks or fur-lined garters obscure that truth for you. That is probably one reason for the tremendous success of the Bold Look recently introduced by Esquire —it has a natural, masculine flair which feels and looks right on a man.

The Bold Look, although it certainly is purebred American today, nevertheless has antecedents that run far back into history. That little figure of a cavalier that you see on this page is somehow symbolic of fashion's close tie to the man of action: he wore ruffles at his throat and wrists, and fancy buckles and plumes, but if you ever remarked that there was anything womanish about these styles, you were apt to find yourself neatly spitted on a rapier, a position not recommended by physicians and very cumbersome in a crowd or when lying down for a nap.

Editorial:

On Fashions and Fighters

Right down the line of history's pages, the boys who took their fashions seriously took their fighting seriously too.

Just to mention a few:

Henry VIII, no sissy he, wore a shoe so wide and flat across the toe that foot for foot he looked more like Donald Duck than bluff Prince Hal stirring up more trouble for Europe and his more or less temporary wife of the moment.

A regiment of Croats, fresh from kicking the Turks around in their home territory, started the whole business of the cravat. They were in Paris celebrating their triumph when King Louis XIV noticed their fancy neckgear, and took to wearing a cloth around the royal throat—the word Croat being twisted into cravat—and the style soon was adopted permanently with the formation of the dashing regiment of Royal Cravattes.

Your own raglan sleeve started on a battlefield, too, when Lord Raglan was pushing his troops on in the cold and bitter Crimean War. He decked them out in potato sacks with the corners cut off on the bias—try it yourself to see how Raglan's slash started a new fashion for men.

That bow on your hatband is always on your left, not because your hatter likes it there, but because fighting men once wore their ladies' plumes in battle—stuck rakishly in the hat, on the left for love, and also to keep it the hell out of the way of swordplay.

And when you doff your hat, sir, you're not cooling off the follicles of the hair, or indicating anything particularly complimentary to the ladies—you are actually lifting the visor of your helmet to show that you are a pal, and that you do not expect to get a dagger in the eye by way of a greeting.

And so it goes. These little niceties of dress (and not always so nice, either, if you consider the one story that Napoleon first invented the buttons on your coat sleeve to keep his men from delicately wiping their noses thereon) go back to many a tough campaign, and to many a rough customer in a brawl, rather than the cutting room or fashionable soirées of Europe. Thus, it is not by the imagination alone that the Bold Look has taken its place today as the natural preference of the men of America for simple and decisive designs and colors. It *had* to happen.

Fashion is our business, partly, and we're proud of it. We don't think that you have to burden yourself too much with its axioms and rules and do's and don'ts, because, for the most part, you follow them instinctively according to your own judgment and good taste. There are a few exceptions, though, in the rule book of the experts, which any regular guy would like to know and won't resent being told, in the pleasant knowledge that these hints will only help him look as well-groomed as he'd like to. That's what our Fashion Coordinator, starting on page 67 of this issue, is supposed to do. It's your own rule book of how to handle your wardrobe, and how to add to it. It will advise you what color tie will blend harmoniously with the red nose of Cousin Eustace, it will set you up as a savant in directing Uncle Horace in the arts of not resembling an ambulating pork barrel, and other secrets which —more seriously—may have seemed a little obscure before, and rather difficult to tie down, word for word, picture for picture. It's all there, men, and if you have any further questions, just shoot 'em to us. This is one time we know all the answers.

* * *

Our own light brigade has ridden forth into worse than the jaws of the enemy artillery this month. Officers Leland Stowe, Jimmy Cannon, and Earl Wilson—and not a grenadier among them who hasn't heard the sharp whine of the potshot from ambush —have fearlessly sounded off again on divers subjects which we wouldn't want to touch with a ten-foot Poll, so sure are we that the lads had better be ready with the rebuttal and perhaps even handy with the dukes.

Mr. Stowe, obviously one of the bravest men of our generation, has sallied out again into the cold war of the sexes. With no Marshall Plan to bolster him in enemy territory (Nazi torture by comparison pales into kindergarten pranks when stacked up against what outraged females have suggested for Mr. Stowe in the past) the author once more lets fly with a few shafts on the subject of man's perplexities in a world rapidly being overrun by the female hordes. In *Advice to the Male Animal* the potential Stowe-away is advised of his proper conduct on the field of combat, and numerous judo grips and water-front dodges are suggested for the nonveteran by the old master, who still lives after hand-to-hand encounters too numerous and bloody to mention. We thank our instructor, and suggest this course in basic training for every rookie about to see service. Keep your guard up, men!

Mr. Jimmy Cannon is equally careless of life and limbo in his article on fight managers entitled *A Bloody Dollar*. Heavyweight maulers have been known to blubber for forgiveness after annoying one of the pint-sized giant killers Jimmy has stirred up with his typewriter, and although we are quite excited over his courage, we can only stand and admire from a distance, safe behind an upstairs window, while Jimmy pokes the hornet's nest in the apple tree. One of these days the author, no doubt, will stroll past Madison Square Garden just as if nothing had happened, and, being an Irishman, have the luck, the blarney, and the fight in him to survive and write another day. Us, we're staying on the East Side of town for a while, and watching the fights by television from now on.

Mr. Earl Wilson, our third Don Quixote, has picked the gin mills for his windmills, and charged straight into the theatre and society shambles of Manhattan's night life. A timid Sancho Panza, we followed only as close as needed to gather up his notes and the photographs you will find tastefully grouped around his well-filled outline in *Confessions of a Nightcrawler*. The ringside table is all yours, Mr. Wilson. ##

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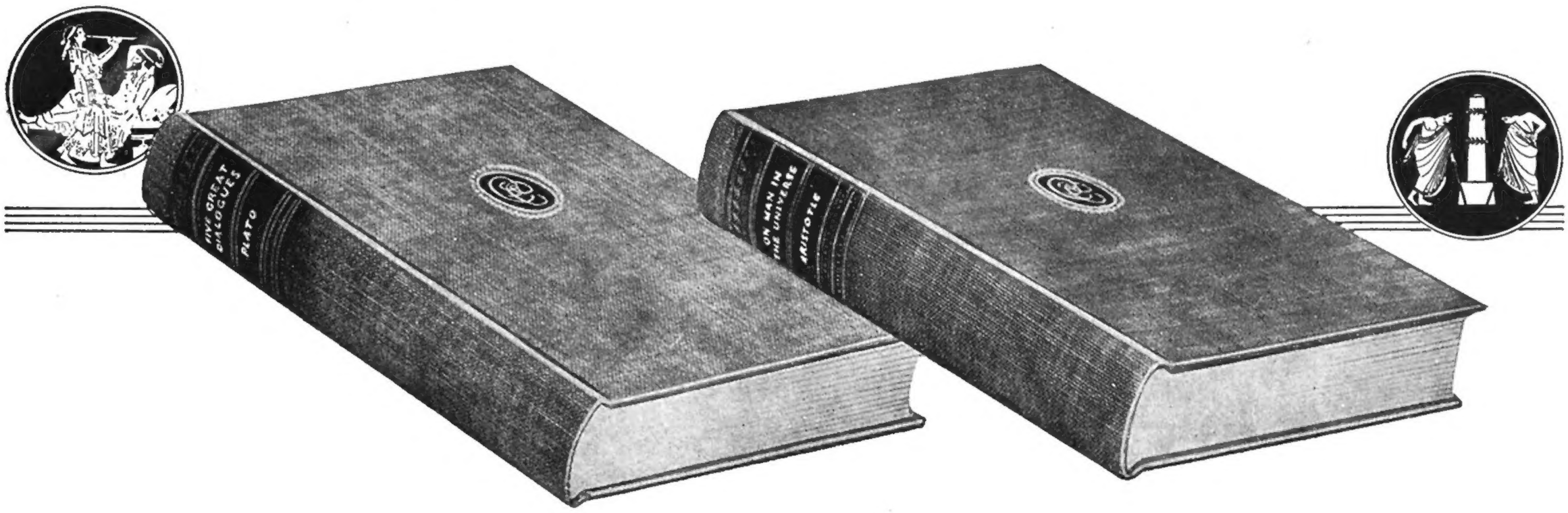

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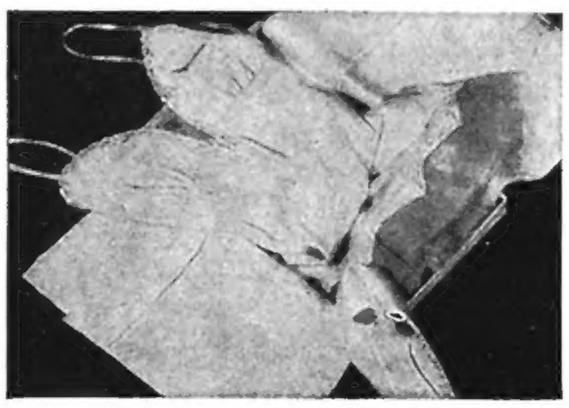

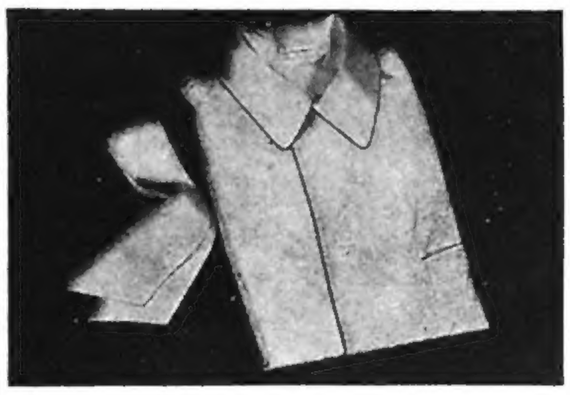

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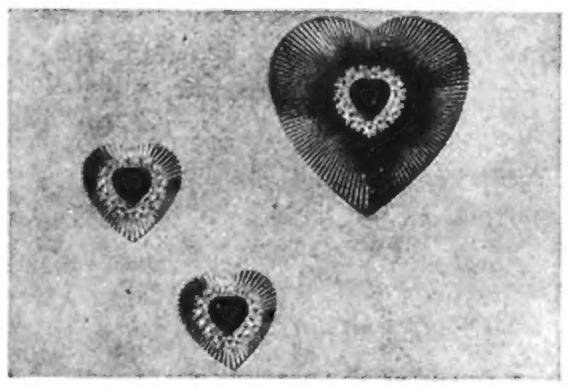

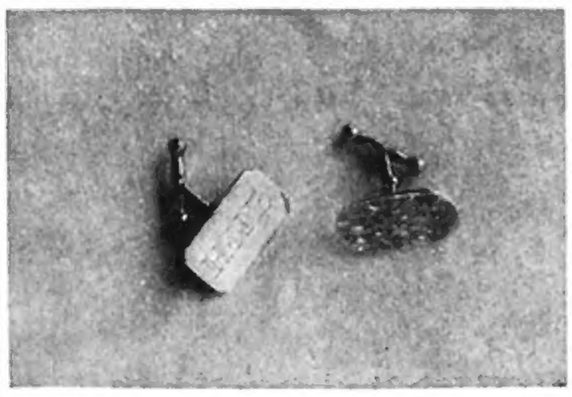

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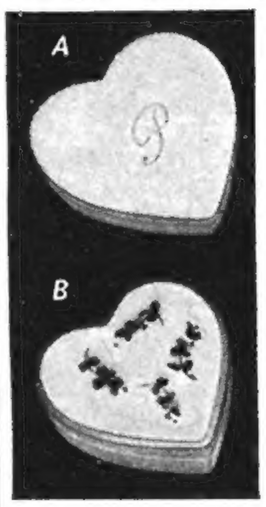

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The Sound and the Fury

where men are mean

That article, *What's Wrong with Our Women?*, by Leland Stowe ought to get a rise out of a lot of readers. I liked it: but then I happen to agree with Stowe, though I believe that men, as well as women, are spoiled in America —as *children*. I suppose Shakespeare might refer readers to his great tragedy itself for some needed lessons. After all, Lady Macbeth urges her husband to do the dirty work before she soils her pretty hands with blood; and if men assumed the responsibilities of fathers and husbands our American women wouldn't have to wear the pants that chafe, as the author points out.

Let's get some scientific explanations as to why we Americans, men and women, have failed in the field of domestic relations.

I, as one male, have sunk so low that when my better half assumes to wear the pants, I chuckle, knowing that they are uncomfortable, and encourage her to put 'em on!

JEAN O. JAMETON
Pharr, Texas

love and a deep freeze

Leland Stowe's blast against the American Woman reacted violently on me.

Does he know about our socialites who contributed to the blood banks; their endless hours in charity work? About the stenographers and department store clerks who wash their hair and sleep in uncomfortable curlers at night to be glamorous next day? About the wives who are good gardeners, good cooks; who help their husbands paint over the week ends; go on a vacation, camp out, fight mosquitoes; after their husbands shoot deer or other game, deep-freeze same?

And—raise the most beautiful long-limbed healthy *children*!!

I am a bit weary of this tearing down of American women!

DR. M. KATHRYN WITTER
Los Angeles, Calif.

watch that syllogism

Was *A Heart Condition* intended as a burlesque on the ancient theory that if a wife is ever unfaithful it justifies her husband in being a hog and a brute, in kicking her book into the water, and making passes at her fifteen-year-old daughter?

Does the author really think that jealousy resulting from "love" would make the average man act the way Engelsen acted?

WALTER S. HUGHES
Ojai, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Who called Engelsen average?*

a buzz for Betty

Congrats, Betty Trimm! *A Buzz for the Boss*, (October, 1948) confirms what so many secretaries feel: That though we may function most of the time as office slave, jester, chauffeur, shopper, barmaid, mind reader, diplomat, dictionary, street directory, atlas, encyclopedia—and all with jet propulsion—we do eat, sleep, and like to be merry, too.

EDNA M. LINDBERG
Edgewood, R. I.

nightcap meditation

Directed to Jimmy Cannon, due to his *A Bachelor's Confession*.

Picture me reading Esquire and your article—smoking a cigarette —just put away a pipe—nursing some bourbon with water—listening to Miss Fitzgerald from "Chicago's Rag Doll." Where's my wife? Why, across from me reading on the sofa. I'm relaxing in my very comfortable armchair with the lamp shade tilted to give me the most light. Have already dirtied three ash trays. In the morning, they'll all be clean, I won't have to wait until your maid comes in tomorrow afternoon, when they'll all be loaded—stinkin! My spouse will clean them before I go bowling tomorrow morning.

We listen to radio—you betcha —but I'm just a bit fussier than you are. If we have different ideas about a program—well my wonderful wife goes into the kitchen to listen to what she wishes—or (whisper please) if my little Patty or Gil have one of their own, they go into their rooms to hear what they desire. Do we like double features? No sir, but *we* always stay for the news—always—even (whisper please) when we take our children along.

At dinner my wife and daughter and I discuss the day's events—then I knock off a little nap while the dishes are done. Every week my son calls collect and we hash over his schooling—his dates—his good grades—his bad ones—when he'll be in—fun, man you'll never know.

Well Jimmy, this is the way it is here—twenty years of it—I love it—wouldn't swap you if all your dough came with it.

ELLIOT NICKELSON
Chicago, Ill.

peace in our time

The bickering between Messrs. Sperber and Farrar would probably have passed my notice were it not that I have a good deal in common with both gentlemen. I, too, am married to a "fräulein"; however, I, too, despise Germans, that is, the nazi variety, who are in the majority. I also speak German quite well and mingled with the population a good deal and feel somewhat qualified to speak on the matter.

Mr. Sperber rants about his blessed America being in danger of once more being duped by the Germans. But who put the nazis in power after the first world war and who is now busy pardoning the spawners of war, Schacht, Krupp etc; who has reduced the life sentence of Ilse Koch, the butcheress of Buchenwald, the woman who made lampshades of human skin, to a mere four years? Who is responsible for putting back into their respective offices men of Hitler's ilk?

NICK P. BAMBULAS
Chicago, Ill.

brass-hat hazard

I have just read the comment an American nurse made in your September issue.

In this letter she says the American boys are being taken by the fräuleins.

I don't agree with her in many ways. The G.I.s are just looking for companionship. When the G.I.s do get a chance, they will elbow their way past German girls to have one dance with an American beauty, and I know this for a fact.

When I left Germany, the American nurses wouldn't look at a lowly G.I. with a rank under captain.

DAVE SNEDEKER
Trenton, N. J.

romance reversed

Yes some G.I.s did marry foreign girls. No doubt many of them are now going concerns. But is it not also true that to most men of G.I. age, after so long a time, calico looks like silk?

Also I wonder if Mr. Stowe and his experts have figured out just how many more foreign soldiers would have taken, or would have liked to have taken home, American wives if the conditions had been reversed?

JAMES R. MORGAN
Madisonville, Ky.

we suggest arbitration

Your anonymous author who wrote of alcoholic concentrations on page 82 of the August issue referred to "a single highball or cocktail (or three bottles of beer)" as though that meant a certain amount of alcohol.

A stupid but common error.

If your drink should contain as much as an ounce of liquor as strong as 100-proof (it never does) you wouldn't ingest as much alcohol as the drinker of one bottle of good Milwaukee beer. Its average is about 4½%.

One ounce liquor—100 proof = .5 oz. alcohol.

Bottle beer—12 oz. x .045 = .54 oz. alcohol.

Q.E.D.—One bottle of beer contains more alcohol than any ordinary highball or cocktail.

You can start a fight with those figures in any bar in town. I have the scars to prove it.

M. F. MCGRATH, R. PH.
Milwaukee, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We did not state or imply, in the* Liquor Intelligencer, *that one highball or cocktail contains as much alcohol as three bottles of beer. The section, How to Drink Like a Gentleman, explained the extent of alcoholic concentration in the blood resulting from drinking on an empty stomach. In that respect three bottles of beer are equivalent to one highball or cocktail. The composition of beer retards absorption as does food preceding a drink.*

critique by conjugation

Don't you ever get any good mystery stories that are not in the first person?

I detest first-person stories and feel that they are a waste of good money.

FRANK C. BILLINGS
Webster, Mass.

latter-day O. Henry

I have a confession to make. I've stopped reading Esquire.

I must admit that I am sleeping better. Al Moore's creations no longer set me to tossing and turning. The bedside murders no longer disturb my rest whenever I hear a strange car approach. For once, I am free to walk into a department store without being obliged to wander through the clothing department, the bar accessories department, the shoe department, and the picture framing department. No longer do I have to seek extra wall space in my apartment for those magnificent kodachromes . . . Yes, one might be led to think that, at last, I am a happy, peaceful man.

But . . . I am not. You see, I really enjoy doing those things. Why, they were part of my life. A very enjoyable part, at that. I miss it terribly.

So please, won't you call someone in the change-of-address department and find out what happened to my subscription?

ARTHUR BROWN, JR.
Hollywood, Calif.

Continued on page 131

Mr. Robert L. Ripley, distinguished Artist, Author and Lecturer, photographed with his priceless collection of Oriental curios

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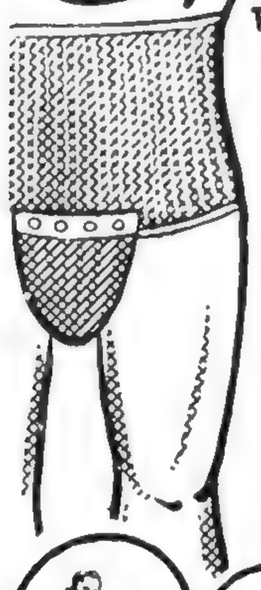

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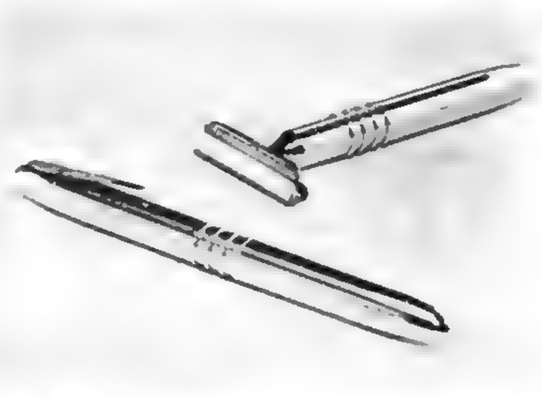

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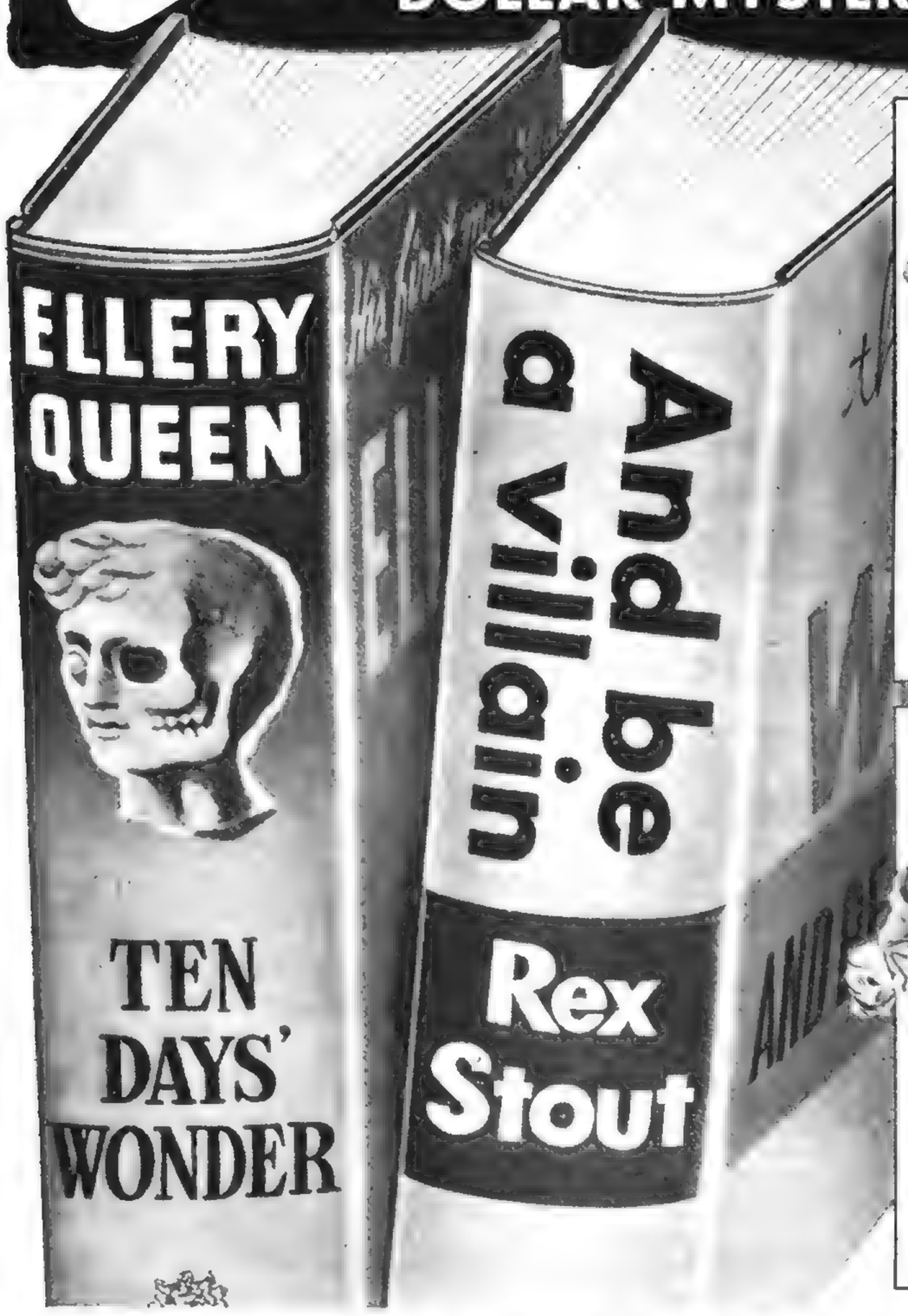

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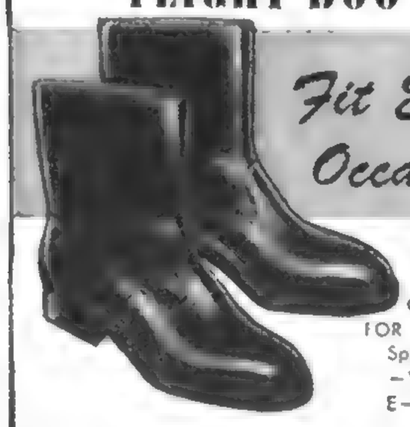

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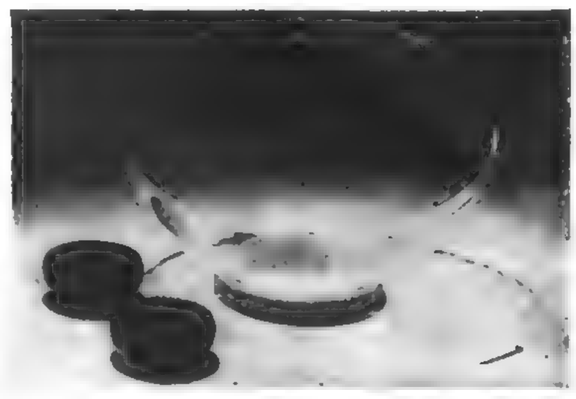
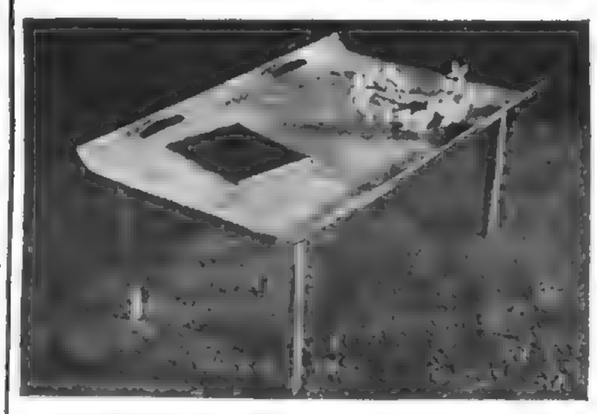
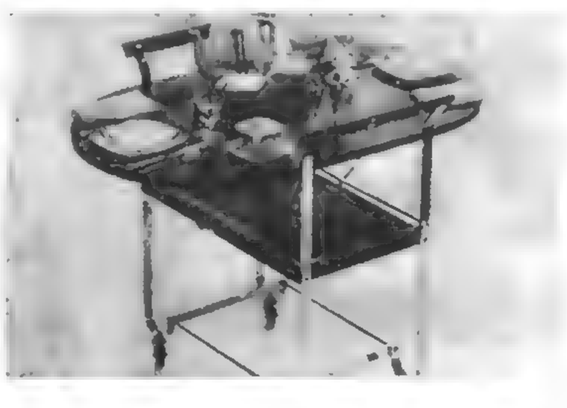
SUPERSIZED Plexiglass punch bowl is an item for the host with a flare for entertaining. It not only looks interesting—either in clear plexiglass or in black—but it can hold plenty of salad, or spaghetti or stew, whatever the order of the day. It sits on a cork ring and is 22″ across the top. Individual bowls are black.





BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED coffee table with a two-tray top is the choice of the man with a sharp eye for service with elegance. The natural finish enhances the grain of the birchwood. And when the trays are lifted off, you then have a sturdy bench with a lively, black and white cotton-webbed top.

DINNER FOR TWO at a table on wheels—by the window, in front of the fireplace or out on the porch—wherever the mood moves you. It is sturdily built of mahogany and metal and the oval ends come down. Interchangeable as a tea wagon, bar or buffet table. An excellent space saver in a crowded apartment.



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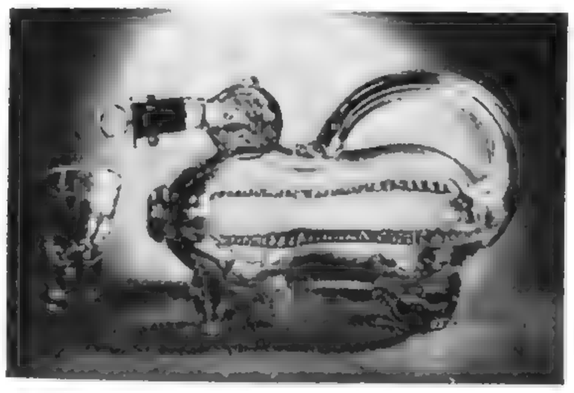
HIDDEN TALENT, a suppressed desire, or an inclination for amusement is reason enough for anyone to try painting. For an amateur, the best low-cost equipment is that used in classes at the Museum of Modern Art. Planned by Victor D'Amico, Educational Director, the box includes either oil paints or tempera colors.

WHAT IS IT? If he stands in front of a masterpiece by Picasso or some other modern master and just doesn't get it, he should have an intriguing (but inexpensive) booklet on "What Is Modern Painting". With illustrations from the Museum of Modern Art, Alfred H. Barr, Jr. gives a really eye-opening explanation.

A RUMHOUND delightfully absurd in hand-blown glass is likely to be the success of the party. He is round and fat, pale green and nine inches long. His legs are short and stubby. His nose is a silver-tipped cork and his rather preposterous tail is as good as anything to lift him by. He comes with or without six small glasses.



A RENOWNED SCULPTOR, Isamu Noguchi, designed a simple little lamp for a desk or table. There seems to be not much more to it than three slender birchwood sticks and a plastic-coated paper shade. But the result is a completely functional lamp for the man who likes quiet grace and no pretensions.

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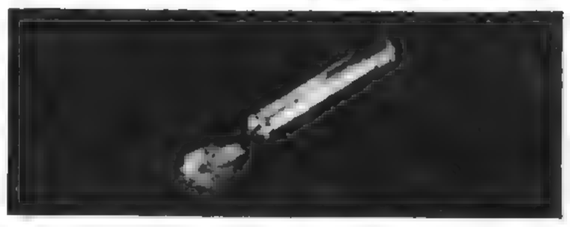

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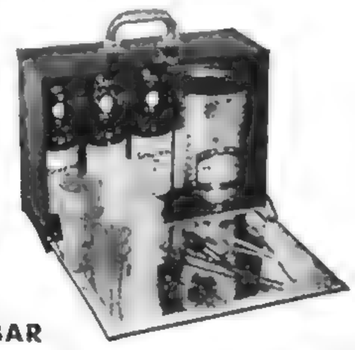

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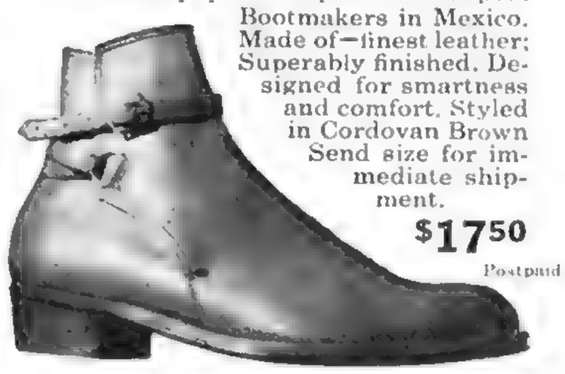

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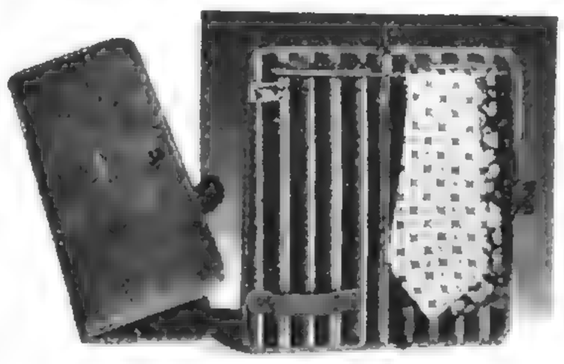

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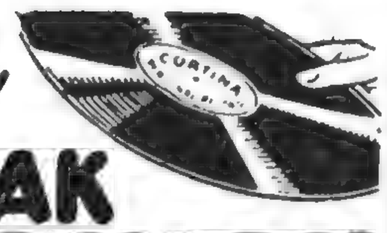

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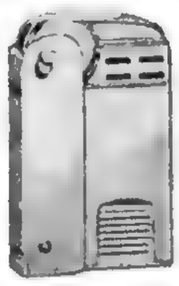

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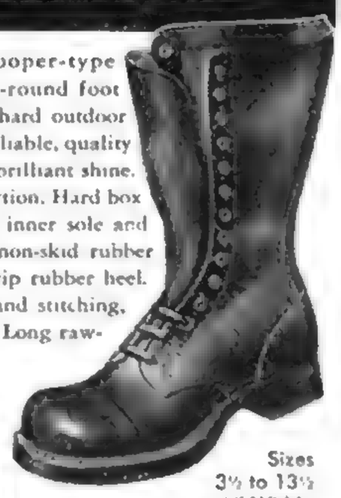

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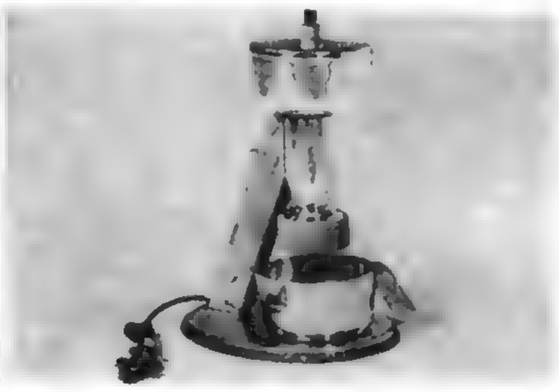

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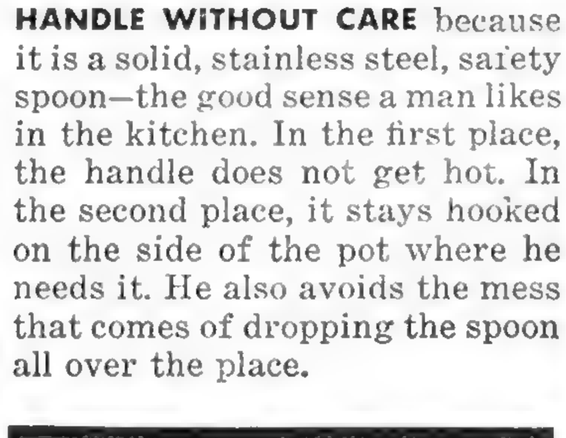

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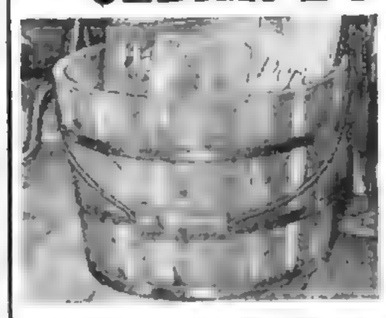

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Going Places

Painting the Town

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TWO OF THESE places are in New York, two in Los Angeles. On Manhattan's Restaurant Row —a thoroughfare which extends, roughly speaking, along Forty-fifth Street from Lexington to Second Avenue—there is an unpretentious-looking place called The Press Box. We tried it on for lunch the other day and our findings are unqualifiedly enthusiastic. The Press Box has a number of things in its favor. One is the atmosphere, which is masculine and informal. This, we suspect, is because so many newspapermen patronize the place. We would like to add, parenthetically, that these boys seem to be the real thing. None of them, at least, wears his hat like Regis Toomey and none of them boasts about his scoops. Another thing about The Press Box is the food. We do not propose to dismiss it lightly. For instance, consider the lunch we had.

IT CONSISTED of onion soup, filet mignon, mashed potatoes, string beans, green salad, peach shortcake, and coffee. It was a magnificent meal—the filet was lean and tender; the potatoes without lumps; the salad, with a soupçon of garlic, superb; and the shortcake, made with the proper degree of sweetness. All of which leads to the third thing in favor of The Press Box: our meal cost only $2.00, a circumstance which, in these days of sky-high food prices, is almost incredible.

AT 10 EAST FORTY-SIXTH STREET (which is not far from The Press Box) is our second recommendation in Manhattan this month. It's the Miramar—and like they say around Broadway, it's sensational. As far as we could determine, the clientele consists mostly of advertising men—those Brooksy specimens who look like nothing out of Wakeman, who are much pleasanter really, and a good deal more capable too. As befits their taste, the Miramar offers steak as good as you can get anywhere in the world. And the salad, so help us BBD and O, bears comparison with the one at The Press Box, a tribute, incidentally, that deserves to be taken seriously. And, like The Press Box, the Miramar is thoroughly masculine — no tea-room decor here. Judged by any standards, this is, if you'll pardon the expression, one hell of a fine eating-place.

CALIFORNIA IS represented here this month by The King's Restaurant and the Sportsmen's Lodge. King's, in Hollywood, is certainly one of this country's best seafood places. Here, one can get Maine lobster, Great Lakes white fish, Chesapeake Bay oysters, and New Orleans shrimp, all of them flown from their respective localities only the day before. This, together with the fact that prices are extremely reasonable, makes The Kings a worthwhile port of call. Besides this, you are likely to observe a number of movie stars on the premises.

THE SPORTSMEN'S LODGE in the San Fernando Valley is surrounded by three lakes and waterfalls. It is also one of the most spectacularly beautiful. There, besides the lake, surrounded by stately Redwoods, you can enjoy magnificent food. If your pleasure happens to be mountain trout, you may step outside and catch your own. The significant thing, however, is that the Sportsmen's Lodge knows how to prepare whatever you choose, whether fish, beef, or fowl.

WITH OUR HAT BRIM pushed up in front (after the manner of Regis Toomey) and our eyes aglow with that stop-the-presses flame, we must get in a word or two about a Los Angeles restaurant called the Tallyho (8750 Beverly Boulevard). We feel quite strongly that you will like the remarkable food, the comparatively low prices, and the mellow atmosphere. One of the nicest things we can say about the Tallyho is that it's the sort of place where a man can dine alone without feeling conspicuous. Which is one way of observing that it is dimly lighted and not the least bit chi-chi. And if you happen to be a person who clutches at the heartbreak of lovely old show tunes, you will find that Harold Graham, the pianist on the premises, is your man. Mr. Graham remembers things like *Baby's Awake Now*, *The Shortest Day in the Year*, and a number of other items out of the redolent past.

with Esquire

Getting Away From It All

IT WAS JUST one hundred years ago this month that the great gold rush of '49 to the West Coast got under full steam. San Francisco, which loves a celebration at least as much as any other city in the world, has been preparing for months to see that the occasion is properly commemorated. Which certainly seems like good and sufficient reason for us to do some talking about the West Coast right now.

SYMBOL OF San Francisco in our mind has always been the fabulous old Palace Hotel. Not so old in years, really—since the present Palace was opened in 1909, after the original was destroyed in the earthquake and fire—but old in all the history and legend which make San Francisco one of America's truly distinctive cities.

THE ORIGINAL Palace was built in 1875, when millions of silver dollars were pouring into San Francisco from the rich silver mines of Nevada. It was far and away the largest and most luxurious hotel of its time, and presidents, kings, stage beauties and opera stars made up the cosmopolitan society that was entertained in its marble halls.

BEST STORY we've heard about the current edition of the Palace occurred when Woodrow Wilson returned from the Paris peace conference in 1919. True to San Franciscan traditions of doing things up brown, the Palace decided to honor its presidential guest by loosing a flock of doves of peace in its glass-enclosed Garden Court. Everything came off fine until it came time to shoo them out. Then it was discovered that the doves were pigeons, who liked the place so much they roosted in the eaves, until a squad of riflemen had to be called on to get rid of them. You can still see the bullet holes, all around the room.

ONE OF THE JOYS of exploration left is the thrill of discovering a good restaurant—on your own, without somebody recommending it to you. While we were in San Francisco for their Portola Celebration last fall (there they go celebrating again!) commemorating the discovery of San Francisco Bay in 1769, we wandered up the hill to Chinatown and just dropped into the first Chinese Restaurant that looked really good.

IT WAS THE Jade Palace, at 842 Grant Avenue, and it served excellent butterfly shrimp in a rich red sauce—biggest and fattest shrimp you ever saw. And among the customers that night were some of the loveliest Chinese girls we ever saw.

FOR SHEER luxury, we've never seen anything quite like Ocean House, in Santa Monica. It was once the fabulous beach estate of Marion Davies, complete with fifty rooms, guest cottages, cabanas, private beach and swimming pools. Many millions of dollars had been spent on it during more than twenty years of constant building and remodeling, when Joseph W. Drown, outstanding young West Coast resort operator, bought it a couple of years ago. Deciding to transform it into a beach and residence club, he called in Mrs. Florence Hayward, of Honolulu, who had decorated Doris Duke's Hawaiian Shangri-La, and his own famous Bel-Air Hotel in Los Angeles, gave her $800,000 and her head, and turned her loose among the 18th century pine-panelled rooms imported piece by piece from British country estates. The result is an extremely happy wedding of the uninhibited opulence of the previous owners and the less flamboyant good taste of truly excellent contemporary design.

A RECORD number of American tourists are discovering the dollars-and-cents meaning of the devaluation of the peso in terms of Mexican vacation bargains. Take the Hotel del Prado, Mexico City's newest for example. A room which cost $7.21 there before the devaluation now runs you only $5.22. And everything the tourist is interested in—food, sightseeing, transportation, gifts — is correspondingly less expensive. Mexican tourist officials estimate prices for the dollar-bearing tourist at 25% less than they were before the devaluation.

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Backstage with Esquire

GENE RIDER divulges, "I thought up *Exit Line—Closing Night* (his fictional contribution on page 66) while waiting for a dame." An Esquire discovery some eight years ago, he has since written juveniles, popular fiction and radio drama, and is now in the midst of a novel. At sixteen he joined the Navy to sublimate an unrequited passion, becoming radioman on a submarine. During World War II he was assigned to the CBS European staff to make combat recordings of air war and the Normandy invasion for a four-network pool. He says, "My poor but honest voice and slight writing ability added up to a transfer to the news department, and as a CBS correspondent I rode around the Pacific with Bull Halsey. Postwar claustrophobia while living in a Manhattan broom closet led me to Miami, where I keep WQAM on the air, fish a little and make an occasional polite foray Palm Beachward. Recent trips North have reaffirmed my wisdom in getting the hell out of New York."

Gene Rider

Ken Purdy

KEN PURDY, the editor of *Parade*, is a bright young ex-Chicagoan whose journalistic career has been only slightly slower than a whirlwind and whose outside interests range from playing a carillon to driving high-performance automobiles. After graduation from the University of Wisconsin, newspaper reporting and political publicity, he joined Annenberg publications' editorial staff, working on *Radio Guide*, *Click* and *Radio Digest*, shifting to *Look* in 1939. Came the war and editorship of *Victory*, the OWI magazine which was printed in nine languages, and had the phenomenal success, for a propaganda magazine, of selling more than a million copies per issue. He was afterward hired by Crowell-Collier to edit an international magazine, resigned from that undertaking to go with *Parade*.

BILL MARK, whose candid close-ups illustrate Earl Wilson's *Confessions of a Nightcrawler* (page 46) left his job as manager of a liquor store in Orange, New Jersey, to go off to war in the ETO as a Military Police Escort Guard—which means he handled German prisoners of war just after they were captured. He was caught in the break-through and eventually transferred to the RTO, finally finishing out the war as Motor Despatcher at the 2nd Replacement Depot in Namur, Belgium. Back in the States, he decided to do photography exclusively; and takes pictures in Broadway and East-Side night clubs. There is a wide difference in approach and technique in the two, he finds. His pictures have appeared in *Coronet*, *Time*, *Downbeat*, and *Liberty* (this is his first time in Esquire), and they frequently embellish the society columns of New York newspapers.

Bill Mark

GILBERT S. MCKEAN is an Esquire discovery who sent us his first published article from London during his two-year engagement with the U. S. Signal Corps. Of the fact that he was born and bred in Louisiana, he remarks, "I am neither proud nor ashamed, choosing rather to regard the geographical happenstance with the unsettled chauvinism of a country boy who also abjectly adores the glistening towers of Manhattan, his present home. I have held divers positions ranging from warehouse roustabout and taxi pilot to vice president of a recording outfit, all with about the same depressing level of esthetic satisfaction." Aside from doing articles like his current one about cigars (*A Woman Is Only a Woman*, page 48) he reviews jazz records for the *Saturday Review of Literature*, writes and packages television shows. He is twenty-nine years old, believes he is tall enough, given a pair of Adler's Elevateds, to make Ringling Brothers' first string in a breeze.

Gilbert S. McKean

Robert D. Potter

The author of *Plan for Disaster*, ROBERT D. POTTER, is a physicist who has written widely on scientific subjects, with particular emphasis on atomic energy. After receiving his M. A. at Duke University, he joined New York University as an instructor and as research worker on ultrashort microwaves. Later, while Science Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, he continued his research toward a Ph.D. degree, which he finally abandoned for a full-time career in journalism when he transferred to the staff of *Science Service* in Washington, D. C. From 1943 onward, Mr. Potter has been Expert Consultant to the Secretary of War, and has been assigned to the staff of Major General Raymond Bliss, with the task of interpreting military medical advances to the public. For this service he has received a citation from the Secretary of War. He also won a medal for "distinguished service in science and medical reporting" from the American Association for the Advancement of Science. As long ago as 1939 he worked as a research associate to scientists who were splitting uranium atoms at Carnegie Institution's Department of Terrestrial Magnetism. During the Summer of 1946 he served as correspondent for Joint Task Force One which conducted the atom-bomb tests at Bikini.

FRANK O'ROURKE, contributor of *Cold Water and Cherry Pie*, is a prolific writer. This fall he had two books published simultaneously; *Action at Three Peaks*, a Western, and *Flashing Spikes*, a baseball novel, both of which are the first of a series which he does between stories for the *Post*, *Collier's*, *Liberty*, our own book, and the best-known women's magazines. Born in Colorado, educated in Missouri, he is living at the moment in Clearwater, Florida.

JOHN VICKERY, the artist who illustrated *The Three-hour Caper* (page 64) was born in an Australian bush community called Bunyip which he assures us is the aborigine name for "Him big feller swamp devil devil." He continues, "From as far back as my psychiatrist thinks it is safe for me to remember, I had always been scratching with pointed sticks and pencils on any surface flat enough to take a drawing—these surfaces ranged from the good earth in our back yard to my mother's best linen tablecloth. Somewhere during my callow and cocksure years, I became convinced it would be a snap to sell drawings for a living. I landed a job in a poster-artist's studio and attended night classes, to ogle at the models, at the National Gallery Academy. Having progressed from studio to studio I had begun to manage one for an advertising agency when a fellow slave introduced me to the fascinating business of painting in oils. I gave up my job, sold my car for a grubstake and rented a cottage in the back country. When my cash got low I returned to the city and held my first exhibition; fifty per cent of the show sold, including a canvas to the National Gallery; from then on I was officially an Artist. During my wanderings I found that New Yorkers shared this happy delusion, and settled here some nine years ago. Apart from a quick side trip to the Southwest Pacific I've been fooling them ever since, so much so that they have elected me vice president of the Society of Illustrators for the last two years running."

John Vickery

O. E. French

O. E. FRENCH, who relates a trapper's observations of some fur-bearing animals in *I'm Glad It's Hooey*, page 58, is a whitewashed Canadian, born and educated in northern Wisconsin, and naturalized in British Columbia. He spent nearly a decade following river drives and logging camps through the Northwest, with occasional interludes of trapping, haying and harvesting. Having settled, more or less, in British Columbia, he was variously engaged in trapping, logging, and prospecting. During the First World War he went overseas in the Canadian Forestry Corps. In England, he says, "I married a Bedfordshire girl—I don't know how I ever happened to be that lucky." They now live on a homesite about halfway between Vancouver and Edmonton. Edward, the eldest of their three children, was killed in action while serving as a scout and sniper with the 8th Army in Italy.

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Advice to the Male Animal

Once a stalking female draws a bead, a man's days of freedom may be numbered. But a spirited male chooses his own huntress and will be taken only on *his* terms

An Article by

LELAND STOWE

THE ancient Romans, who recognized Diana as the goddess of the chase, knew a thing or two. They knew that the female of the species is, and always has been, the huntress and not the hunted; and they knew too, I'm sure, just what it is she hunts.

As a globe-trotting caribou who has seen a good deal of the world and the chase, I think my age and experience give me the right to insist that in any society and any country it's always open season on males. No man is too young or too old, too fat or too thin, to appeal to Diana's instinct for hunting. So the suggestions that I'm about to make should apply to everyone from the moss-horned moose to the young fellow with his first sprout of antlers.

It's a chase, it's a game—but it's also a matter of life and death. Here, then, are a few rules for us, the hunted. If we observe them carefully, we have a good chance to come through unscathed and to enjoy the dominance nature intended to be our own:

1. Don't be a dope about women's being "frail little creatures."

This is just a propaganda weapon, probably invented by some muscular moron of a prehistoric man. He was enchanted at thinking of himself as a big, brawny protector of his mate. In thirty seconds flat, his mate saw the light. If Big Brawny wanted to think of her as a frail and dependent little thing, why not encourage him to do so?

The "frail little creature" theory has kept man hooked and hypnotized ever since. The male ego is a sucker for it—mine, yours, and everybody's. In the open hunt between the sexes, the frailer *they* are, the harder *we* fall. Yet the truth is that most women endure pain better than men, and, in general, they have more physical endurance. When any gal appeals to your superior masculine strength—watch out! She's after something.

And so, if you don't want to be bamboozled and wound neatly around some delicate feminine finger, never underestimate woman's first weapon. The alleged weakness of the so-called "weaker sex" is mostly eyewash. The girls capitalize on it in a thousand ways and make it one of their chief sources of strength and influence.

2. Beware of glamour and a pretty face.

Sure, you won't be careful all of the time—and probably you won't be careful most of the time. Just the same, though, you don't have to be fooled by *every* good-looking vixen you come across. It's one thing to be human, and quite another to be a sap. If you're going to spend large slices of your life looking at women, let it be said that you looked for something more than the unadulterated obvious. If there's one sound rule about both women and men, it's this: the better-looking they are, the more spoiled they are certain to be. American women in general are usually described as the most spoiled in the world. If that's true of the run-of-the-mill, what can you expect of the girl who is a "stunner" or a "knockout"?

I happen to have met a couple of glamour-girl screen stars not so long ago, and they impressed me as nothing but a couple of routine clotheshorses—built up by ballyhoo and propped up by extravagant grooming. There's many a modest salesgirl who has just as much under her sweater and a helluva lot more under her hat. But glamour is the time-tested bait for the American male—even though it is almost always merely skin-deep.

I suppose the masculine weakness for liking to escort, or monopolize, or marry, a woman whom other men immediately admire can never be cured. But there's one thing any reasonably intelligent young fellow can do—and a lot of supposedly more adult gents could afford to consider the idea: You *can* pick out a gal whom other men will have to admire for other reasons than the way she smiles or the shape of her calf.

As for the vast hodgepodge of chronic mirror-worshippers—those self-enamored bits of fluff who are forever wielding a lipstick or a powder puff—well, if you don't know what to do with the make-up fiends, then nothing I can say would be of any use. You can have them—as long as you can take that kind of thing, at any rate.

3. Don't kid yourself that women are less intelligent than men.

The average woman has to be quicker-witted—a faster thinker—than most men. Her very nature compels her to substitute intelligence and strategy for brute strength. What she can't get by force she repeatedly gets by foresight, subterfuge, or planning. She has to think while Big Brawny is contentedly kidding himself that he is the boss.

It's amazing how many strutting stags blithely assume that women's brains must be inferior to men's. They simply refuse to consider either the educational facts or the time-honored tactics of the female. Ever hear that cooing question: "What do *you* think about that, Jimmy?" Oh, no, she isn't saying what *she* thinks. She's playing dumb. She's giving the guy that old, irresistible ego-booster. She's *asking* Jimmy—in a tone that implies that Jimmy is *so* intelligent that he knows all about everything.

Well, in our day and country, the educational facts are worth noting. Throughout the United States, a great many more girls than boys enter high school and graduate from high school, and the percentage of girls attending college is constantly increasing. These circumstances do not, certainly, create intelligence. But they *do* produce a good deal more of trained intelligence among women than many of us realize. In addition, most women have more time to read and to go to lectures, concerts, and plays than we do.

The assumption, then, that women, on the average, are less intelligent than men is strictly

(*Continued in center of page 97*)

"This is one of the times, Mother, I wish you weren't more like a sister"

David Burger

Lissa was delicately lovely—
and a lady. And smart enough
to know when it was all over

Question and Answer

A Story by **N. O. YOUMANS**

If you noticed your secretary growing prettier day by day, you may see your future in this story

All morning I'd been trying to forget it, filing it off in a corner of my mind like jury duty or the income tax, but Susie would never let me forget anything. When I got back to the office at twelve, she came in with her appointment book.

"I confirmed your lunch date with Mr. Inyo's secretary," she said. "He'll meet you with Mr. Bowers. One sharp. The Gourmet."

Harry Inyo was an eater. He was lean and grizzled and looked ascetic, but he had more affection for his stomach than anyone I've ever known. It was an odd vice in a single man.

Susie said, "Your wife called."

"Yes?"

"She said she could still go with you, if you'd changed your mind." She watched me. "I said I thought your plans were still the same."

That was Susie. That was why I'd brought her along when I left Bowers-Inyo; Susie knew things without being told. She knew this was no day for wives, and I wondered why mine hadn't understood when I put her off about lunch.

I said, "Thanks, Susie," and started leafing through a set of color separations for my paint account. When I looked up, she was still there, her face neat and empty, and I knew she wanted to talk.

"All right," I said. "Let's have it."

She went over and closed the door, so she could take off her office face. When she came back, all the nine-to-five glaze was gone and she looked like an anxious choirboy—the shoulder-cut tan hair, the smooth red mouth, and the blue eyes full of trouble.

"Why did Lissa do it?" she asked. "Tell me why."

I'd seen this coming and I'd tried to steer her off. Susie fell back on me when she got stuck, and this time I didn't have the answer and I didn't want to be reminded.

I said, "Hell. She got fed up."

"Why?"

"She had her troubles."

Susie just gave me a look, as if to say we both knew about Lissa Cushing's troubles and we wouldn't talk about them because they didn't matter against being alive. Living was the thing Susie worked at: it was a tough and tricky business, but she could handle it; she'd get what was coming to her.

It was exasperating, this cockiness, and I said, "Damn it, Susie. Lissa was old enough to know what she was doing."

"But to kill herself." She could say it, where I couldn't. She saw it made me edgy, and her voice got soft. "Of course, you're right. Lissa wasn't young any more. But no one thought about it. She was so lovely."

I thought about Lissa as I'd last seen her, and "lovely" said it. She had been pretty once, but this was better. Her cheeks had a shadow to them where the flesh had worn close to the bones, and the shadow gave her eyes depth and darkness. She was cut fine and narrow all over; even her hair was fine and faded. She had a good low forehead, but there were up-and-down lines in it and her smile always seemed a little strained.

"It wasn't like her," Susie said. "To stop in the middle. Not to finish it."

I lit a cigarette. "She finished it."

"It was slatternly. And Lissa was such a lady. It sounds ridiculous, but she was a lady."

It didn't sound ridiculous to me, but then I was old enough not to be embarrassed by

The three mourners drank, pretending that one of them had not killed Lissa Cushing

old-fashioned words. Lissa was as old-fashioned as a sampler. She was pure New England, bred taut and offish, but charitable in her spare way, and tactful. She could serve tea and get away with it. China tea. With milk.

I tried to close it out. I said, "Susie, maybe you've hit it. Maybe an office is no place for a lady."

"But she had so much talent."

"Talent." I looked at her, and she meant it.

Lissa had a hundred talents, or a hundred facets of a talent. I knew; she'd worked for me. She had a way with advertising copy, setting the words out to precise shades of meaning, and she had the same way with line and color, with ideas and people.

I said, "What did talent get her?"

"Her job. Her apartment. Beautiful clothes. She led an interesting life. She was a successful woman."

I shook my head. "It seems she didn't think so."

"But what went wrong?" It came out in Susie now—a low reluctant anger, as if Lissa had let her down. "Whatever it was it can't have been that bad. If she could have talked to someone. She had so many friends."

There was no way of telling her, but I tried. "Baby, someday you'll learn your friends can't help you. And talk is a waste of time." She didn't believe me, but that was as far as I could go. I got up and said, "I'm going out to wash my hands."

I wanted to stop thinking, but I couldn't.

I had been one of Lissa's friends—Harry Inyo and Joe Bowers and I, we were all friends of hers; and a lot of good it did her. You couldn't talk to Harry; once he liked you, you were perfect, and you couldn't let him down. He loved Lissa, I always thought, but being loved by Harry must have been like being loved by God. Joe loved her too—not the way she loved him, but he loved her—and she must have talked herself out to him a thousand times in the years she was his mistress. And that left me.

I never knew why she talked to me, and I don't think *she* did. Maybe it was because I was through at Bowers-Inyo and she wouldn't have to see me around. Maybe she'd come to the place where it didn't matter: she had to talk to someone and she didn't care who listened. She had to get her chips out on the table and count them to find out how her life added up, and she wanted someone there so she couldn't cheat. Maybe that was all she expected of me.

She had stopped me in the hall one afternoon and said, "Buy me a last cup of coffee before you leave."

I said, "Fine. Right now."

We went down to Child's. We'd gone a thousand times before to catch a breather, but this was the longest cup of coffee I ever had. Not that she made it maudlin, not that she pulled the stops. We sat in that sterile-white room and she cut herself open for me on the table, as cool and deft as an autopsy surgeon. It was bad, and I kept feeling in my stomach that after the next sentence, or the next, her soft clipped voice would blur and her face would crack up, but it never came. She laid it out on the line, back to the application for employment.

There she was in New York—Melissa Cushing, Vassar *cum laude*, no experience—and somehow she got in to see Joe Bowers and he took a chance. First it was a job, and then it was more. As she talked, she was still his secretary, protecting him, covering up for him, but she said it was love and I guess she knew. Joe went on up and she went with him, and the way she told it they had something good.

She knew about Florence all along, and Joe's two kids and his place outside of Danbury. She had to; she kept his checkbook and paid his bills. Or, at least, she thought she knew, never having been married, and with no children of her own. She realized there were strings on Joe, held by old knots she didn't know how to untie.

She didn't say (*Continued on page 119*)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID BERGER

"I wish we could get a little place of our own!"

Plan for Disaster

America's only defense in atomic warfare would be total mobilization of manpower and medical science. Our plans, such as they are, now include a variant of the British Pulheems system to determine just what your job would be

An Article by ROBERT D. POTTER

As far as atomic bombs go, Uncle Sam is like a free-swinging puncher—all offense and no defense. So far, the United States is known to have exploded five A-bombs, and we probably set off three more in the hush-hush experiments of Eniwetok in the Spring of 1948. We haven't had to worry about defense—yet.

But every passing moment that Russia stalls in the councils of the United Nations brings nearer the day when other countries also will have atomic weapons. When that day arrives, America *must* have a defense against atom bombs, despite the assertions of many scientists who preach that there *is* no defense.

There *is* at least one kind of defense. It is medical and it could save hundreds of thousands of lives in the event of atomic catastrophe. The new science of atomic-radiation medicine can perform miracles—and will, if atomic catastrophe strikes, provided that our new knowledge can be co-ordinated into disaster-planning for American cities.

There has, however, been a widespread national lethargy about working out these disaster plans. On a recent swing around the country, I found everyone talking about the bomb and practically no one doing anything about it. If our great cities are ever attacked, there may be no way of saving their buildings, their factories, their bridges; but we *can* save human lives, and it's up to us to do serious thinking about that fact *right now*.

What plans do we have at the moment in case of atomic disaster in a city like New York? What we have, today, is a piece of paper: Joint Army and Air Force Bulletin Number 10, issued in Washington, D. C., on April 16th, 1948.

"Bull Ten," as the Pentagon boys call it, creates the Office of Civil Defense Planning—the OCDP—which operates under the Secretary of Defense and tells the armed services how they fit into the disaster plans of the nation. Bull Ten is a pretty plan. The only trouble is, it's only on paper.

Under Bull Ten, the Army sticks to the shooting war, operates radar warning nets, fires antiaircraft guns, and handles matters of "internal security." All the rest of civil defense is in the hands of civilian agencies—either those already in existence, like the Red Cross, or new ones to be created for the purpose of co-ordinating emergency transportation, medical care, food and water supplies, sanitation, and so on. And, presumably, the armed forces are already working with civilian agencies upon plans for any eventuality. In Army jargon, such plans are called SOP—Standard Operating Procedure.

Right now, though, you can spell the whole thing with small letters and call it sop. Maybe it'll grow up to capital-sized letters in the future—but not until we Americans begin to think in terms of an atomic war and direct our thinking into more constructive channels than the Victory gardens and bond drives of World War II.

Here is the report on what is needed, not alone for New York, but for any other great city of the nation:

First, civilians must remember that the Army will not bail them out in an atomic crisis. The Army and Air Force will be too busy doing their own jobs of carrying the fight to the enemy. Anyhow, once the A-bomb falls, the defense of a city like New York will be mainly, as I have said, a medical one.

In theory and on paper, the SOP for New York shows intricate co-operation among scattered and diversified city and state agencies.

The man who has worried most about what would happen to New York is a medical officer now in the hot spot of Germany as chief surgeon of the European Theater. He is Brigadier General Guy B. Denit, M. C., and until last August he was surgeon of the First Army under General Hodges at Governor's Island.

Before the Army pulled him away for the more immediate crisis in Europe, General Denit spent a good deal of time considering ways to overcome the inertia of civil defense planning for the nation's greatest city. Here are some of the conclusions he reached.

For simplicity, let's assume that just one A-bomb lands in New York's metropolitan area. That can mean in the glittering Times Square section, around the skyscraper towers of Grand Central or Rockefeller Plaza, or in the outlying boroughs of the Bronx, Brooklyn, or Queens. It doesn't matter much where, for the atomic bomb can be just as bad—even worse—if it explodes in New York's huge harbor, from which radioactive mists might rise to sweep the city.

If Hiroshima provides a minimum yardstick of damage and destruction, then at least 75,000 New Yorkers are going to die immediately. And between 75,000 and 100,000 more will become atomic casualties. For the rest of New York's 8,000,000 inhabitants will come panic and hysteria. Then, later, will follow other effects: the disruption of basic services—electricity for power and light, sewage disposal, water supply, and transportation—fire and disease, as well as sundry problems of food supply and the other elemental things of life.

In a crisis, all these problems of life and health—and death—must be solved quickly. They *can* be solved only through co-ordinated planning—now!

Moreover, just as one side issue, a police army must move immediately to the New York area to support local police and keep the millions of New Yorkers from a mad attempt to evacuate the city.

Thus, the first stage in disaster plans calls for rigid military control of traffic at bridges, tunnels, and ferries to establish priorities and to maintain an orderly flow of the wounded to emergency hospitals in suburban areas as well as an inward movement of food, medical supplies, water, and disaster personnel. Everything must be in readiness to prevent adding panic to disaster itself.

A few months ago, before he left for Europe, I sat in General Denit's office on Governor's Island in New York harbor and talked over with (*Continued on page 116*)

NEXT WEEK; EAST LYNNE

These theatrical posters plastered the countryside between 1884 and 1909 and no doubt brought tears to the gentle eyes of the ladies while the menfolk tried to catch a side glance while keeping a straight face. The theatre may have changed some since Grandmother wore her bustle and the candles may have been turned in for that little gadget Mr. Edison invented, but as anyone can see from these colorful numbers, the essential business of telling folks what's happening on the boards has remained fairly constant. That may not be Betty Grable showing off the shapely legs below, but no doubt in her day the Girl in the Golden Garter was as much of a wow with the boys. And though the villain in the piece today is more subtle and has shaved off the handle-bars, the girls still sell the same old stuff that packed them in in the Good-Old-Days. Two on the aisle, anyone?

FROM THE STONEY BURTON COLLECTION, NEW YORK

A Bloody Dollar

The fight promoter is the man who fixes the price on cauliflower ears. To be successful, he needs a sharp eye for the angles, and a strong back for the insults

A Sports Article by
JIMMY CANNON

Too many fight promoters are mud-gutter financiers who can't afford to be governed by principles. Theirs is a hazardous occupation which often requires the instincts of a cold-natured roulette dealer and a hock-shop keeper. The trade can bankrupt a man faster than horse playing, and there is no standard formula for success. All those involved in the enterprise must be considered opponents if the promoter is to survive. The sports journalist can sometimes hurt him with the truth. Many managers are out to clip him if they can. The fighters themselves can stall or quit, or stink out the joint. The politicians can break him with their complimentary tickets—or they can revoke his license and cause trouble if they don't believe he is taking care of them as he should. And a radio announcer may violate an unspoken pledge and describe a dull fight with accuracy instead of the spurious excitement which so many sell. Not even every boxing-commission physician can always be trusted; there have been cases where it was decided that a pug was physically unfit to go on when the house was already sold out.

The promoter needs assistance from the elements, too. Heat will burn away the crowd if the match is under a roof in the summertime. Rain will postpone an outdoor promotion and diminish the size of an attraction offered between four walls. Snow or very cold weather can keep a big percentage of the customers at home.

The hazards of the profession are endless. Honest officials can pollute a town and ruin it for the future by giving decisions that make the customers riot. Referees can let a fighter go further than he should, and a death in the ring closes up a city for boxing the way a crime wave affects prostitution. Even if the promoter overcomes all obstacles, he is seldom a popular man, because he picks up more enemies every time he runs an event. Everyone wants to sit in the first ten rows, and the customer who gets a poor seat is apt to accuse the promoter of being a greedy louse who sells the good tickets to special clients for stepped-up prices.

Knowledge of what they have to contend with hones the characters of successful fight producers, and they become sharp enough to compete with those arrayed against them. The amateurs perish quickly. Take, for example, the most disastrous deal ever made in pugilism: some of the citizens of Shelby, an oil town in Montana, decided, a couple of decades ago, that their hamlet was being neglected in the national press, and it occurred to one of them that a heavyweight-championship fight would establish their town as a metropolis and make everyone rich. As a result, some of Shelby's outstanding citizens actually broke themselves and several banks were heavily pressed—and, in the fight itself, Jack Dempsey and Tommy Gibbons boxed listlessly for fifteen rounds.

The stories of those who wind up empty in the fight racket has no effect on the eagerness of the sucker, though. Many years ago, a midwestern real-estate man, who had made a fortune selling moist pasture land, met a metropolitan sports editor at a stag party and gabbed about his success. The journalist, a thoroughgoing rascal, promised him there was an easier way to get a dollar than selling river beds before the streams dried up. The real-estate man, fascinated by meeting young men with broken noses and shaking hands with champions, decided that he would surround the fight industry. He invested in small clubs which could never show a profit because the pugs were overpaid and their managers cut back part of their purses to the sports editor and his partners. When they had milked him dry and he could not produce enough to pay off the mounting deficits, they said it was a shame that such a right guy had had to tap himself out. They gave him a dinner in a night club, permitted him to pick up the tab, and suggested that he return to real estate until he had run up another score. But he liked their company and had convinced himself that it was possible to get fat by promoting fights. So he hung around, filled with complicated ideas for immense promotions that never came off. He ran the fight mob's errands and borrowed off them and slept in hallways when they ducked him on the days the rent was due. He died a lodginghouse bum, a lobbygow, and a panhandler, convinced that he had located the secret of success in the dirty business that is founded on blood and fractured bones.

The fight racket attracts scoundrels, and it has been this way ever since men found out they could make a buck by punching one another in public. The promoter who is touched by pity or generosity can't last, and only the hardhearted have made scores. He doesn't have to understand the techniques of boxing—Tex Rickard and Mike Jacobs, the most successful fight promoters this country has ever known, were bad judges of fighters—but he has to know how to get along with managers, placate politicians, and conciliate newspapermen. It was Rickard, who trained for his profession by operating gambling saloons in the Klondike, who took boxing out of the lodge-meeting halls and made it an important enterprise. After Rickard died, there was no outstanding promoter until Jacobs showed up—and he was appointed to the business under some protest.

The Hearst newspapers in New York used to run two charity boxing cards a year. They went indoors in Madison Square Garden for the Christmas Fund, and they operated in the fresh air in a ball park under the auspices of The Milk Fund. When the Garden refused to sanction any more such matches for charity, three newspapermen—Bill Farnsworth, sports editor of the *Journal*; Ed Frayne, who held the same job on the *American*, and Damon Runyon decided to do it themselves. They staked out the Bronx Coliseum, which was figured to be too far uptown to get a play from the regulars who attend the weekly Garden shows, and they arranged for a fight between Billy Petrolle and Barney Ross, who had won the lightweight title from Tony Canzoneri in 1933. So they had their match and they had their building and they had two daily papers and a Sunday to steam it up for them. But they needed a guy to front the operation and to take care of the clerical work and other duties that only a professional comprehends. It was decided that Jack Curley, then a wrestling promoter (*Continued on page 101*)

"Mama! Hermie's finally asked if he could live with us!"

"You're a poet! Now what the hell kind of racket is that?"

The Thirty-seventh Car

It was cold and wet, and young Artie Hadley was glad when a big black coupé stopped. But the ride he got was as raw as the weather, and a lot more dangerous

A Story by

KEN W. PURDY

THEY have some grey and rainy days in the sunny South. Artie Hadley stood beside the road, resting one foot on his beat-up suitcase, and shivered a little. It was four o'clock, he'd made three hundred miles since morning, and he was tempted to take a dollar out of his thin store and hole up for the night in a tourist court.

"Never get to Florida that way," he told himself. "There'll be a ride along pretty soon now." For an eighteen-year-old, Artie Hadley had done a fair amount of hitch-hiking. He had a methodical mind, and he had long ago figured out that there was a ride in one out of every thirty-six cars that went by. He had counted seventeen since the last one dropped him, and he settled down to wait for the other nineteen.

They all came and went, but the next one stopped. It was a big black coupé, one man in it. He opened the door.

"Thanks, mister," Artie said.

"Pretty wet to be hitching today," the man said. "How far you going?"

"All the way," Artie told him. "Florida."

The man dropped the car into high and ran it up to about eighty. "Your people down there?" he asked.

"No," Artie said. "I thought I'd go down and see if I could get a job on an orange farm or something."

"My name's Johnson," the man said. "I can take you as far as Jax if you don't mind a little detour. I have to turn off ten miles down the line and go up in the hills a way. Spend the night, be back on the main road in the morning. Okay with you?"

"Sure." Artie felt lucky. All the rain meant now was the fun of watching the wiper blades throw it off the windshield.

An hour after they had turned off, the car was on a real back-country dirt road. It was a red clay road, and slippery. The man drove steadily, and, although the car skidded a lot, Artie wasn't frightened after the first few times. They were climbing steadily, heading back into the hills, and the road wasn't much more than a track. A couple of times it turned into the yard of an isolated farmhouse and ran through it; once it ran between a house and a barn and out through what looked like a cow pasture. That was where they got stuck. Coming through a gap in a fence, the back wheels dropped into a grassy ditch and stayed there, spinning futilely.

"Okay, sonny," Johnson said. "Here's where you go to work."

Artie wasn't sure he'd heard him. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Nothing, kid," the man said. "Get out and give me a little push, will you?"

Artie climbed out and pushed hard while Johnson spun the wheels slowly. No good. He gave it up and Johnson stuck his head out the window. "Stand on the bumper," he said. "Stand on it and jump up and down."

Artie did as he was told, and on about the third bounce the wheels grabbed and held. Back on the road, the car stopped, and he ran around to the door.

"Watch that mud!" Johnson said.

"I'm sorry," Artie said. He knocked the mud off his shoes as best he could and got in.

The rain was coming down in sheets now, and the car rocked and pitched in the ruts. The road ran downhill a way, and then, after a sudden turn, slid abruptly into a narrow stream. Johnson stopped in time. "I was afraid it'd be like this," he said.

"Are we on the wrong road?" Artie asked.

"Wrong road? Hell, no! It just runs along this stream here for a hundred yards or so, comes out the other side. Lots of these roads are like that. Thing is, how deep is it? There's been a lot of rain."

Artie stuck his head out. "It looks pretty deep to me," he said.

Johnson put the car in gear. "Deep or no deep," he said, "I gotta get through." They rolled into the water. It rose over the hubs, and the car threw out a wide bow wave in the muddy water, like a barge on an up-stream haul. They rolled along slowly, half in and half out of the water; they turned a slow bend, and ahead they could see where the road came out and ran up the bank again.

"We're okay now," Johnson said. And as he said it, the right front wheel dropped abruptly out of sight, and the water slid smoothly over the fender. The engine sputtered once and quit.

Johnson's face turned purple. He pulled out a cigarette and lighted it, his hand trembling so that the match jumped like a live thing. He spun the starter twice, but the engine wouldn't fire. He got out finally and lifted the hood.

"Maybe only the distributer's soaked," he said. "There's a rag in the glove compartment there. Give it to me."

Artie pressed the button and the little door flipped open. Maps, a small box, a tire gauge, a pack of cigarettes. He found the rag and passed it out the window. After awhile, Johnson got behind the wheel again and tried the starter. Nothing happened. Johnson handed back the rag, wet now, and Artie put it in the compartment.

"Is that a box of candy in there?" he asked.

"Certainly it's a box of candy. Isn't that what it looks like?" Johnson snapped. "And why do you want to know?"

"I'm hungry, that's all," Artie said.

Johnson reached over and slammed the glove compartment shut. "We got other things to think about besides eating, kid," he said. "Down the road about half a mile there's a couple of houses. Some miners live there, and they got mules. Hoof it down there and bring back a mule and a chain. If you do it on the double you can get there before dark—otherwise you'll never see the house. Get going."

Artie was back in less than an hour. Two miners came with him, (*Continued on page 130*)

"Smolski's Concerto Number Three, for two pianos"

Red Skirt, Brown Study ⟶

THE never-ending discussion as to whether the photographer can challenge the painter in the creation of mood and composition sometimes stops still over a work which says much for the lens. Something of the classic serenity of a fine canvas has been captured here: we leave the decision to your own pleasant contemplation.

KODACHROME BY BAUMAN-GREENE

Eugene Berman: Modern Classic

The Russian romantic who painted this gatefold subject sees "beyond the frontiers of the physical" and paints a Mexico where "the soul sits, marking time"

Commentary by **R. U. GODSOE**

A ROMANTIC, according to the boys in the back room, is a guy who goes out after dark seeking, among the night's mysteries, mementoes of old times, who keeps love letters tied in ribbon and fancies himself a knight in armor. To the realist mind the romantic is an escapist. But these are misleading terms. Men like Eugene Berman yearn as much for tomorrow as for yesterday.

Berman was one of the leaders of the movement back to romantic painting at a time when Picasso had carried modern art into abstraction and mathematics. Against the frigidities of Picasso's abstract methods, Berman and his brother Leonid, with Christian Berard and Pavel Tchelitchew, wished to restore the long vista, the half-light, the nocturnal, the strange, the evocative. His early training was Russian, German, Swiss and academic. He was born in St. Petersburg in 1899. But the world of his art came alive in Paris. Designs for ballet helped to establish his reputation. A trip to Italy fanned the spirit into flame, a low flame, to be sure, which gave forth little illumination, and that eerie and uncertain. The search was never over. In the new world he discovered Mexico. And in Mexico he discovered a today that dresses like the past, sits slumbering under its serapes, in doorways, yet seems to be awaiting a tomorrow. The Mexican's "mañana" is not procrastination, not defeat; it is the hope of a possibility in time, not too remote, maybe before another sundown. This is what makes the romantics a little breathless, à la Hepburn . . . heaven is near.

Time will probably prove that the greatest single event in Eugene Berman's life was his discovery of Mexico. From halfway across the world, pre-Revolutionary Russia, he had to find that area of the spirit which is part past and part future where the soul sits marking time, waiting, dreaming but not sleeping, in a today that is alien to the heart. For that is Mexico and that is Berman.

A clangorous art will make itself more acidly evident to its contemporaries than one which is twilit, evanescent, silent, without flirting pennants. Berman and Tchelitchew, Leonid and Berard are shouting no manifestoes, nor do they spend their time assaulting bourgeois tastes, an old Bohemian predilection. Berman lives quietly in California, does an enormous amount of work. And his is a poetry that can be understood or, when not understood, sensed and accepted without lectures. If the pendulum of modern aesthetics ever moves back from the late disjointed noses of Picasso and the slide rule of Mondrian it is likely to be the romantics who will be in the van. The word "romantic," usually used as an epithet, merely means the men who are looking for heaven, useful men in a world where so many are looking in the opposite direction.

One of the most remarkable technicians in the whole field of modern art whose forms on canvas are pregnant with meaning, a master of light and shadow, of deep perspective, and whose design is complex yet easily perceived, Berman ranks as a painter of lasting value. As he plumbs further and further into the Mexican experience, his work should take on a deeper and deeper significance for those trapped in a harrowing present . . . not flight but a divination.

Berman works thinly, there is no excessive piling of paint on canvas, no torturing of clotted, undigested pigment into puddings of color. An inveterate sketcher who makes notes wherever he goes, he has resolved his picture before going to his canvas to the point where he can state it clearly, simply, without too much elbow. The drawing is fluid yet controlled. There are no alarums of line leading nowhere; what goes onto the canvas belongs there.

Mexico dazed him with what it offered. And, like Baudelaire discovering Poe, he was a man beside himself, for, literally, he had discovered himself. What has always seemed his nostalgia for times past had never, even so, concentrated on crinoline nor on centuries other than our own. It had seemed, rather, a seeking after past emotions, not events, some old love, maybe, past moods, not Mirabeau and Marat. In this he had differed from earlier romantics who had fled into the pages of history looking for relief from now. The Mexican sojourn and the consequent revitalization of his art prove now that Berman was never merely seeking yesterday. He was Utopian rather than properly nostalgic; he was looking for a kernel of future, never a mausoleum.

The secret of Mexico was that it waited. Writers have misunderstood, supposing that Mexico, the man under the serape, the woman under the shawl, lived wistfully, bitterly, dreaming of pre-Columbian glories. Berman's spirit, which was only waiting for tomorrow, recognized Mexico, the spiritual home. With the Mexicans he awaits mañana, the continent of the heart, where the heart may go in peace, unguarded, without retinue, walking the quiet streets, without fear of assault upon his nerve, his limb, his lute, his love or his languor. They outwait the tyrant time; time will certainly befriend them as it does all good poets. ⫴

SOLEDAD, 19

PAINTING BY EUGENE BERM

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AN

Heartbreaker

The invitation had read: "Cocktails From Five To Seven." It was 9:15 and fifty people gathered there, jaded by Kinsey and politics and Broadway and Russia and Kinsey again, had begun to hate each other
Then I saw her, smiling over the edge of my old-fashioned glass. Pushing the fruit aside, I looked out on tall, lovely, brunette, and inviting vistas. "Mr. Carter," she said.
I swallowed a cherry and prepared to speak. Quickly she took my arm and led me toward the terrace. It was dark and deserted because the night was chilly and the view was obscured by a mist. "Over here, Mr. Carter."
She guided me toward a small niche, off to the side. The light from the living room was so faint I could hardly see her anymore. But her perfume and the animal grace of her were still there, I well knew, from the traffic jam of butterflies inside of me. "Listen," I began. "You . . . that is, I . . ."
My words were stopped by the softest, sweetest mouth that ever tasted like a martini.
I had about 22 seconds in which I considered a career as an olive. We came up for air and I said, "This is nice but . . ." "Wait," she whispered and we did it again, this time in spades. When we unclinched, I could make out a cynic's smile on her face. She patted my hand and said, "I'm just getting even. Ten minutes ago my husband was out here doing the same thing with your wife." She laughed, with a little cry in back of it somewhere, and walked back to the party. There wasn't much use, I guessed, in telling her now that my name wasn't Carter, and that I didn't have a wife.

Lex Thompson: Eager Eagle

Shouldering into the ranks of big-time promoters is a hard-working millionaire who grew up with a taste for the thrills—and the business—of professional sport

An Article by

GEORGE WISWELL

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up at Toots Shor's recently. Between draughts of stout ale and bites of stouter steaks they were wrangling over the problems of sports management and promotion. Where are the Tex Rickards of today? Or even the Charlie Pyles? The whole field, they moaned, had lost its snap and color.

One trencherman stopped a forkful of sirloin in mid-air and announced: "I don't know about these yahoos we got around now. But I'll tell you *one* thing. I know who's *going* to be top man in the business."

The listeners waited in significant silence.

"Lex Thompson."

There were assorted grunts of agreement, and the men went back to their onion-smothered steaks, French fries, and other fluffy nourishments.

If you saw Alexis Thompson, you wouldn't believe it. Thompson looks like a handsome, boyish YMCA secretary, or the handicraft counselor at a boy's camp. Even now, at thirty-four, his appearance would cause a cautious bartender to look twice before serving him. You would never guess that he owns the Philadelphia Eagles, that he audaciously promoted midget auto races in the Polo Grounds in New York and in the Rose Bowl in California, and that in the years to come he will undoubtedly be one of the very biggest names in American sports.

From his looks, you wouldn't even guess that he is worth around $10,000,000, which is hardly a handicap in the mad and often costly hunt for the spectator's buck. If necessary, he could spend his entire lifetime losing money without skipping a meal. But that won't be necessary; Thompson, unlike a lot of rich sports dilettantes, is a good businessman.

In 1941, for example, shortly after he took over the ailing Eagles, he hired two men who worked for nearly a year compiling an exhaustive dossier on practically every college football player in the country. That job, which cost him $8000, brought snorts and scoffs from older and more bumptious National League owners, whose secret methods of player selection often involved a mixture of spy reports, dead reckoning, and witchcraft. But they're picking crow out of their teeth today. Thompson's tables helped build the Eagles in six years from a cellar club to Eastern Division champions. Observers also estimate that the statistics have saved Thompson between $10,000 and $50,000 a year in bad player-investments.

"Thompson can't miss," says one expert. "He's got the dough, he's got the guts, and he'll try anything. Take that doodlebug thing, for example."

That "doodlebug thing" is Small Car Enterprises, a company Thompson formed to bring midget-auto racing to New Yorkers. This was a spectacular gamble. New Yorkers are obstinate and unpredictable when it comes to sports fads. And where could the races be staged?

A ball park, of course; but the only suitable one was the oval Polo Grounds. Thompson explained his proposition to Stoneham, owner of the field. Stoneham was horrified. "Auto races? In my yard? Impossible." His greatest objection was that no matter what kind of track was set up on the grounds it would, he was sure, damage the turf. Undaunted, Thompson contacted Lionel Levy, a firm of architects experienced in transforming baseball parks into boxing arenas and football stadia. They came up with a removable track built of pinewood on an aluminum and stainless-steel framework. It weighs 650,000 pounds and consists of 2200 sections, each of which is numbered so that it can be put together readily. The cost of the track was $175,000.

It took two hundred carpenters and metalworkers twelve hours to assemble the track and another twelve hours to take it down. The bill for these operations alone was $15,000 per show. Thompson must have got writer's cramp from signing checks, but he scheduled fifteen nights of racing for the Summer of 1948, crossed his fingers, and waited. Two out of the first four nights the worst possible thing happened. It rained. Thompson got soaked.

It was then that the smarties around town gave with the I-told-you-so's. It looked as though Thompson had laid down not only a track, but an egg.

Then he had an idea. Temporarily defeated in New York, he shipped the track out to the Coast and had it set up in Pasadena's Rose Bowl, where, once it was erected, it remained all summer. The turnstiles clicked away, and before the end of the season he remade all he had lost in New York. Next summer, it will be all profit; and some of the guys who kicked the warm corpse are wishing they had a few shares of stock in Small Car Enterprises.

Thompson, who inherited his money, is obsessed with an ambition to be a success on his own. "It's pleasant," he confesses, "to be the only child of wealthy parents. You can afford all the amusement you want. But just being entertained doesn't do anything for your self-respect." To soothe such spiritual gnawings, he throws himself into work with almost masochistic zeal.

His fanatical interest in sports probably stems from an oversheltered childhood. His mother had all his toys washed in alcohol as a precaution against disease, and he wasn't permitted to swim or even roller skate because of the risks involved. As a result of this early pampering, he quite naturally developed a ravenous appetite for physical risk and excitement.

As soon as he got away from home, he went after sports with a vengeance. He became accomplished at skiing, soccer, lacrosse, field hockey, water skiing, jai alai, squash, and bobsledding. He broke a shinbone at soccer and a leg at lacrosse. He ripped his knee skiing. In one bobsled smash, he damaged his kidney; in another he was knocked into a three-day paralysis; in another, he broke his ankle. As a final flourish, he broke an ankle fooling around with his Eagles on the practice field. His friends have grown so accustomed to seeing him wrapped (*Continued on page 114*)

CARICATURE BY WM. AUERBACH-LEVY

When the sun and lady luck smile on you at Florida's Hialeah Park, you'll forget all about winter, worries and work

NUMBER ONE IN A SERIES OF VACATIONS "PLANNED FOR THE MAN" BY ESQUIRE

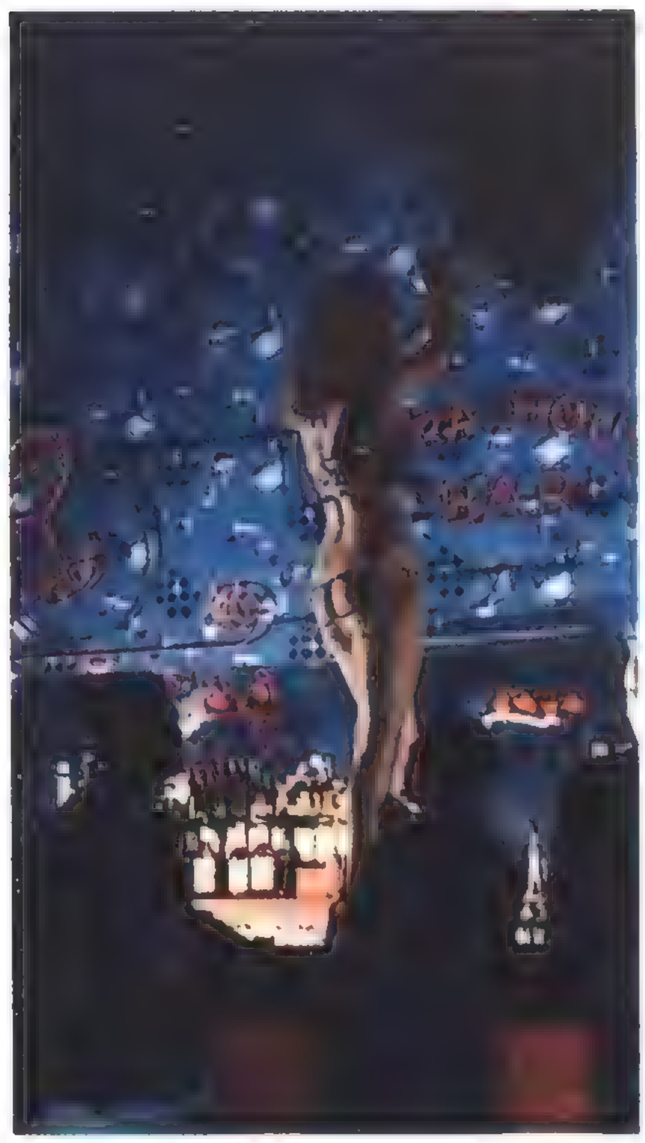
Sun Spots

For February Fun

A vacation for the man who prefers rumbas and romping as a rest cure—excitement for relaxation.

Sleeping lagoons and drowsy tropical vistas next month, gentlemen, but this time the order is supercharged

***A Travel Article by* RICHARD JOSEPH**



Carnival reigns in New Orleans from January to Mardi Gras. Night clubs like this in the Vieux Carré help you celebrate it

Buck the breakers or test your crawl with a turn at the pool's end, at Miami's Sea View Hotel there's a cool choice of both

For a quick recovery from Havana's free-flowing rum and free-wheeling rumba, try Varadero Beach, the Cuban Tahiti (below)

It must have been a fat, frolicsome and fully masculine Fate that arranged it so that the United States would be bordered on the south by Latin civilizations. Unquestionably it was a Fate that had spent at least one February in a northern city, then decided that what frostbitten American men needed was some midwinter fun in the sun.

That's probably why our friendly, Falstaffian Fate, still pitching for the male, ruled that February was to be accompanied by Carnival and Mardi Gras—when a man could throw off the chill of winter with a hot time in a warm place.

Mardi Gras, in French, means Fat Tuesday, and throughout the Latin world it's a feast day—a day to eat and drink, sing and dance in the streets, and find a promising-looking wench behind a provocative mask, follow her into a byway, and find out what it is, exactly, she's promising.

Carnival is fabulous, of course, in such places as Nice, Rio de Janeiro, Recife. But for the man who lacks the time to go so far afield for his February furlough, at least two magic cities closer to home are waiting to woo him away from banging radiator pipes, jangling telephones and that middle-of-the-winter, what-the-hell's-the-use feeling.

Your pleasure, gentlemen? Is it the Spanish sort of carnival, featuring black-eyed beauties making the streets come to life as they dance to the throbbing beat of Afro-American rhythms? Or do you prefer the French Mardi Gras, with its traditions of fine wining and dining and costuming?

If your leanings are Latin American, señors, then Havana is your dish—where Carnival is a combination of New Year's Eve, Mardi Gras and Mummer's Day—and they warm up for the main event by throwing all-night parades and general all-round hoedowns every Saturday for the preceding four weeks.

New Orleans, messieurs, is for those whose tastes run more to the Gallic. It might not be La Belle France, but it's the nearest thing to it in these United States, thanks to the energy of the rather whimsical British colonists who decided to displace the French colonies along the mouth of the Mississippi for the development of bayou real estate.

Looking first to Havana, we find a place which has been a paradise for pleasure-thirsty Americans (*Continued on page 94*)

(Kodachromes, on opposite page by R. Holin; top right, George Heyer; center, Ardean Miller III; lower right, Earl Leaf.)

In a Manner of Drinking

The polished Mr. Beebe turns his attention from toppers to topers, and finds the latter in a sadly subdued decline. You may blame, says he, the ladies

An Article by

LUCIUS BEEBE

FROM times of earliest record right down to the immediate now, the relationship between alcohol and gentility, even nobility, has been an extremely close one both in literature and in fact. The phrases "drunk as a lord" and "to drink like a gentleman" are only samples of the way in which liquor and the assimilation of liquor have insinuated themselves into the language; and the literature of drinking is almost illimitable.

It is only, however, in recent years that the conception of "holding one's liquor like a gentleman," as it now generally obtains, has been evolved: i.e, the maintainance, in wine, of standards of manners usually associated with sobriety.

In the days of Imperial Rome, as well as in comparatively modern German beer-drinking groups, for example, vomiting occasioned the raising of no fastidious eyebrows. Too, among the Nordic swaggerers of Icelandic legend, the thane or lord who did not brag inordinately, but confined himself to modest report of his capacities as man of arms, lover or tosspot was not accepted as the peer of grown men and bearded rufflers. Loud self-praise and boasting were eminently good drinking manners.

In Restoration times in England—an age when great store was set by gentle birth and breeding—it was a common pastime among the English nobility for a man to occupy his drinking hours, which were long and frequent, in rolling dice or cutting cards for the favors of his opponent's wife. And, as recently as the nineteenth century, dueling, in formal civilizations, and shootings or stabbings in frontier society were the almost daily and inescapable consequence of gentlemen's drinking together.

Now it may, without serious fear of contradiction, be said that none of these practices or pastimes find favor today either in the Racquet Club or among the assembled youth and chivalry at Jack and Charlie's "21," although they were once common currency among the best people; and the idea suggests itself that standards of holding one's liquor like a gentleman, like some other aspects of our supposedly improved code of manners, may be open to question. At least such standards are subject to change on no more than a hundred years' notice.

Obviously, those occupations which once were not only tolerated as complements to the hoisting of tall ones but actually enjoyed a fashionable vogue are nowadays frowned on as being ungentlemanly. The hallmark of holding one's wine, whiskey, gin, or what have you, like a Harvard man is for one to act in no way differently from the way one acts when wholly sober. Loud screaming, nose-pasting, and the once aristocratic gesture of smashing glass and crystal are universally frowned upon, and even a gentle burp at table doesn't exactly provoke applause.

The problem at once presents itself: if, although one's every instinct at the moment is to roll on the floor, wear women's hats for comedy effect, squirt Seltzer bottles at senators, and let out Ojibway screeches while the speaker is being introduced, one must instead comport oneself like an English butler at a family funeral, why not simply stick to ginger ale?

Perhaps the ideal mean is somewhere between these extremes of conduct, but it would seem a good notion to abandon the old Junior-Prom standard, which holds that a chance slip of the foot at the top of the grand staircase relegates one forever to the category of a cad. There would seem to be a halfway point between playing hang-tag from the chandeliers at Grandma's Christmas party and acting like a member of Alcoholics Anonymous being solicited to pass the portals of Bleeck's Saloon.

For the record it may be remarked, parenthetically, that probably the most remarkable and robust drinking ever encountered by the author of this brief monograph was that practiced in the declining years of Prohibition by some of the members of the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune* and a few other *eminenti* of the flagon in Jack Bleeck's Artists and Writers Club in New York's West Fortieth Street. Until a few years ago, no women were permitted the premises, and the daily ritual of hoisting was participated in by such hearts of oak as Ogden Reid, the *Tribune*'s valiant and much-mourned publisher and owner; assistant luminaries like Edward Dean Sullivan, W. O. McGeehan, and Percy Hammond; and occasional visiting firemen such as John Mosher of *The New Yorker*. You will note that all of these were practitioners of beautiful letters in one form or another.

The drinking by some of the stalwarts at Bleeck's began promptly at noon and continued in unremitted fury until four the next morning, when the survivors moved down the block to a place known as Steinie's which kept open all night for the benefit of the *Tribune*'s mechanical staff. Members of the thin red line occasionally excused themselves in the pursuit of their duties—to cover local assassinations or write trenchant editorials in a Republican vein—but there was a solid core of *Tribune* men, usually two deep, the length of the bar for sixteen hours a day, year in and year out; and the absorption was, in a word, phenomenal.

In those happy days, Bleeck charged a dollar for cocktails, but to compensate for this tariff the Martinis and Manhattans were compounded the night before and set out in gallon jugs to chill, like wine, thus eliminating the possibility of their being diluted with ice. They were four ounces in diameter.

Any details of the quantities absorbed or similar statistics could be no more than sophomoric. Simply, you must take the writer's word for it that there were giants in those days. And yet, for all the colossal consumption by vigorous and opinionated men of every degree of social and political sympathy and background and a variety of intellectual prejudices, there was never, until the year women were admitted, a single fist fight on Bleeck's premises, and there was seldom a voice raised in declamation or anger.

This is not to suggest that anything remotely resembling sobriety obtained at Bleeck's. There was in attendance in the street outside a few enterprising taxi drivers who knew the addresses of staff members as far away as Plain- (*Continued on page 113*)

"Now, do you have any idea what's giving you this sense of inferiority?"

"None of 'em understands the game . . . they jest like to appear powerful busy when company kems in"

cold water and Cherry Pie

Even a tough frontier fighter could use a little more protection than a sand bar and dead horses

A Western Story by **FRANK O'ROURKE**

JOHNNY HAMMOND crouched in the thin shadow of the burned wagon and bathed his sister's white face with a wet rag torn from his shirt. This was the second day after the raid, and he was beginning to understand that his sister and he were two tiny ciphers in the middle of a vast land bounded by sky and distant horizons; and that this land was filled with blood brothers of the same Indians he had hunted so bravely in his father's grove back home in Illinois. But the Indians in Illinois had been conjured up from imagination and from reading paper-bound books, and these Indians were different.

He was fifteen years old and no longer a boy; he would never be that small again, reading books and chasing Indian chiefs among the cool beech trees behind the big white farmhouse. He would never again be the boy with his fine, young thoughts and beliefs, for his eyes, moving against his own

will, roved brightly around the burned, hacked perimeter of the wagon train, seeing the unburied bodies and dead animals and the violent colors and terror of this land. He bathed his sister's face and wondered dully how God had seen fit to spare them.

Two nights ago, he had laughed and run eagerly, helping his father and the other men bring their wagons into the closed circle and build fires and make ready for another wonderful night on the trail. He had taken the oak bucket and gone down the slope to a spring in a hollow of cottonwood trees, and there, lying in a heavy copse of brush and thick swale grass, had filled the bucket by tipping it and letting the water rush inside; and he had drunk his fill and cupped the cool water over his sunburned face and down his dusty neck. He was living the great adventure and moving every day toward the mountains and the land beyond the mountains where they would make their new home; and already the farm and the grove, the understood smells and life of Illinois, were fading from his mind.

His sister came down the slope and burrowed into the brush beside him, washing her hot face and arms, and they grinned at each other and relaxed in the companionship. His sister was eighteen and growing away from him more each day; already, the young men of the party watched her and came sparking at night; but his sister was still young—like a colt ready for harness but eager for one last, sweet run among the green pastures of youth. She was dark-haired and slender and strong, and her name was Mary. They nestled in the brush and drank the cool water, and Johnny Hammond decided he was living the most wonderful part of his life.

He said, "This is good water, sis."

"Nearly as cold as home," Mary said.

He was almost a man now, and he said scoffingly, "Just as cold. I'll bet it's colder in the mountains."

Mary Hammond murmured, "I hope so, Johnny." And that was when she had pressed against the ground like a frightened puppy as the first yells and shots had torn their world apart. Mary pressed against the ground and then started up, but he remembered the Indian fighting rules from his books and held her down, whispering, "Lay still, sis. Let me scout out."

He wiggled around to crawl up the slope, like the old scout in the books, and saw Mrs. Murphy running toward the wagons and an Indian rise from nowhere, swing his ax, and split her skull. He heard her stifled scream and saw death for the first time, and his sister fainted; and then he was sick to his stomach, cowering down, putting one arm around her shoulders and trying to shut out the sounds by closing his eyes.

Johnny Hammond learned a great lesson in the early dusk of that night—that the noise of dying and fighting and gunfire and screaming could not be shut from a man's heart by closing his eyes. He was deathly afraid to the point of rigid immobility, but he realized that his sister and he had been overlooked and that their only chance was to lie in the brush until everything was over; and so he held his breath and was sick and counted the seconds—agonizingly slow ones—until the last shots were fired, the screaming done, and the Indians riding away with a final burst of guttural shouting. He lay in the brush all night, unable to move, and at dawn touched his sister's shoulder timidly and said, "I'll go look, Mary," and crept up the slope on his hands and knees.

He had done a great amount of work since that time. He had found his mother and father and had buried them under the upturned wagon. His sister had emerged from a kind of coma when he brought her up to the wagons, only to cry out and then return to the same state. He bedded her in a rumpled, dusty nest of charred blankets beside their own wagon, whose canvas top was burned and whose body was a broken, flame-seared mass of twisted wood and iron. He had tried to bury the others that first day, but had given up in sickness and anger. He found a little food, but his sister would not eat, and he carried cold water from the spring and sat beside her, bathing her white face and talking to her in a small, half-brave voice, telling her not to worry.

On the second day, he found his father's rifle, loaded it as his father had taught him, and sat in the ragged shade of the burned wagon with the smell beginning to rise and spread strongly over the wagon train, wondering what to do. He was bathing his sister's face for the hundredth time and beginning to realize what faced them, when he looked without hope to the southeast and saw a long, black column wind over the ridge and approach the spring. For one breathless moment he thought it was Indians and his fingers closed over the rifle; and then he caught the reflection of sunlight on bright metal, and began to cry softly.

Captain Forester checked his column on a ridgetop crossing its line of march, a long and gently swelling crest of land rolling from the south and extending limitlessly to the north; waiting for his advance point of two scouts to return from the sun-misted distance, he allowed himself the comfort of slouching in his saddle and relaxing his sweaty body. He sat in this unmilitary fashion and watched the black dots creep down the far ridge, swell to the size of brown beetles with legs scissoring in the sun-mist, and change (*Continued on page 102*)

They were only 53 against Roman Head's 800, but they were armed with Spencers and their dream of the civilization over the horizon

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

It's hard to believe, but some lucky guys are paid for jobs like this. Here the Costello twins of the Copacabana tell all. Wilson is on the left

Confessions of a Nightcrawler

An Article by Columnist EARL WILSON

I was out columning one night when I met James Caesar Petrillo ordering a beer at Toots Shor's bar. New York had an elevator operators' strike on then, and paunchy little Petrillo had just panted down twenty-six flights from his office.

As he waited for the beer, Petrillo glowered sweatily at me, then exploded: "Some of the goddam unions! They'll ruin the country!"

I got this story by applying to my silly Saloon-Editor job the old railroad-crossing rule, "Stop, Look, and Listen." A columnist must be willing to have his ear bent by elbow-benders. But why am I defacing clean white paper with such inane observations as this? Well, it seems to me that inasmuch as there will soon be more newspaper columnists than newspaper readers, it might be interesting to see how a columnist operates. I'm not saying it *will* be (frankly, I'm beginning to tire of this article already), but that it *might* be. There, now. End of paragraph.

To begin (and I suppose we really should), we columnists are all egomaniacs; we hate the darned job; we meet, and must listen to, the world's biggest bores; and we privately wonder how much longer we are going to be able to get away with the swindle we're working on our publishers.

Each day when I awake in my Seventh-Avenue town house, which is over a saloon and across the street from a very snooty bowling alley, I greet the noonday sun with the tender words, "What the *hell* am I going to write about today?"

And every columnist I know, though he may pose as a great Know-It-All, is constantly racking his brain, as well as the brains of all his friends who have brains, for material.

Westbrook Peg- (*Continued on page 124*)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL MARK

A good way to start the evening is to get inside info from two who know. Left to right, Monte Proser of the Copa and Editor Abel Green of *Variety*

But lush Lena Horne, of stage, screen, radio, and countless daydreams, is lots prettier. Wilson's pencil is poised to start tomorrow's column

Resting between hops, the Saloon Editor leans over backward to whisper to Wendy Barrie. On right is the Beautiful Wife (or B.W.), Rosemarie

Up again, he checks with that man of distinction James Durante, comic extraordinaire, and hears one of the "million of 'em" that Jimmy's got

Wilson gets a chance to compare various comic styles, as wisecracking Milton Berle points out something he thinks columnworthy—(Mother?)

Home after a hard night, with his measuring tape folded away, Wilson enjoys coffee, cigarette, and his notes. As he says, that's Earl, brother

EL TRIUMFO

EL EMPERADOR

SANDWICH

PEARL

Bienvenida

LA FLORENTINE

SOUBRETTE

EL RIVERO

SCARLET CROWN

PRIZE BULL

FAIR HELEN

REINA CUBANA

OUR DEFENDER

UNION ISSUE

A Woman Is Only a Woman

An Article by GILBERT S. McKEAN

I LIKE cigars. I hold that they are among the finest of pleasures and a joy to have around. They appeal deeply to four of the five senses, and for me this is ample—after all, who wants to listen to a cigar?

I'm in good company, too—the very best of company, in fact. John Perona, who runs that rather intimate, zebra-upholstered New York night club, El Morocco, recently selected the "ten most distinguished" cigar smokers. Among those tapped for this accolade was the Duke of Windsor, who was elected because he always smokes the correct type for a given occasion (Does he, I wonder, have a different cigar to match each weskit?); John Jacob Astor was chosen because of his exemplary smoking etiquette; Sir Alexander Korda for his ideal poise and relaxed mien under fire, as it were; Clark Gable and Paul Kelly as "athletic" types of smokers; novelist Erich-Maria Remarque as an example of the authentic connoisseur.

An interesting thing about cigars, though, is that for a good many years they and those who smoked them were frowned upon by the fastidious general public. Take moviegoers, for example. For a period extending roughly from the early D. W. Griffith days, when the roaring twenties were only a distant rumble, to the beginning of World War II, Hollywood chose to put a fat cigar in the mouths of all crooked politicians, felons, and miscellaneous cads. Edward G. Robinson, himself a devoted cigar smoker, unwittingly did considerable disservice to the public acceptance of cigars by associating the use of them with his long series of gangster roles. In the early days of motion pictures, that was the simplest thing to do: you got practically anybody over from "Casting" who didn't mince when he walked, you slapped on a derby, added a big cigar, and—presto!—you had the perfect picture of a blackguard. At last, cigar-trade groups, hurt to the quick by this constant maligning of their innocent—nay, delectable—product, decided to take action. "Come on, Hollywood," they said. "You be fair to us and we'll be nice to you. Show some pleasant, normal people smoking cigars (as pleasant, normal people often do) and we'll give you some free advertising on twenty-five-thousand cigar counters all over the country."

Hollywood sat up and took notice. And so, of late, we've been treated to such pictures as *The Miracle of the Bells*, wherein Fred MacMurray smokes several cigars in the presence of Valli without any appreciable effect on her—save, possibly, one of unremitting enchantment. In *The Paradine Case*, Charles Coburn and Charles Laughton unblushingly smoke cigars without causing their ethics to be impugned in any way. Coburn, incidentally, is the foremost exponent of the post-*Little Caesar* school of cinema smokers and is regarded very highly by all us cigar addicts. Of course, our favorite picture to date (*Continued on page 127*)

At the right are the world's ten celebrated cigar smokers, as selected by John Perona, genial host of New York's El Morocco night club. From the top: Bertrand Taylor, Gurnee Munn, Sr., John Jacob Astor, Clark Gable, Sir Alexander Korda, Duke of Windsor, Paul Kelly, Bradford Norman, Jr., Erich-Maria Remarque, Cy Bartlett

KODACHROMES BY DE EVIA

One Man's Mate

To Tate, it seemed a good idea to court his own wife by mail. But Post Office, played under Pierre Dubois' rules, is no game for children or wandering husbands

A Story by

LEE ROGOW

PIERRE DUBOIS lay face down in the middle of the eight-foot-wide bed with its built-in bookcase, refrigerator, television receiver, and special drawer for a parchesi set. It was apparent from the look on his face that he was dreaming, and dreaming successfully. I shook him once, twice. Nothing happened. I swatted him sharply on the derrière. Still nothing. I said, "Did you see where the *Times* reviewer said your last story was swiped from Anatole France?"

"It's a lie!" shouted Dubois, rolling over. He saw me and smiled an incandescent smile. Tousled as he was from sleep, the Frenchman still looked better groomed than most men after twenty dollars' worth of barbering. "Blessed be the inventor of the bed," he yawned. "Resting place, restorer of strength, foundation of the American home."

"A fat lot you care about the American home," I said, tossing him his purple robe.

"So? I was awake until seven this morning striking a grand blow for the American home. It is an institution most glorious."

"That testimonial might be more impressive if Pierre Dubois hadn't been undermining homes like a jet-propelled termite."

"A rumor most wicked, circulated by my publishers for increasing the sale of my books. It works, by the way. But wait! When I have brushed from my teeth the taste of bird cages, I will prove I saved from tragedy the home of Maxwell Tate."

"Maxwell Tate, the grand panjandrum of the Sunday book-review sections?"

"The same. A man with the fuzzy look of a teddy bear, and a prose style to match."

His ablutions performed, Pierre sat down at the breakfast table. He buttered a piece of toast with the care and artistry of a Rembrandt shaping the line of an Amsterdam burgher's nose.

"*Eh bien*, we will consider the case of Maxwell Tate," he said. "Two months ago I am dining at Fernand's. This teddy bear of a Tate comes to my table. I greet him with coolness. Imagine! This Tate has written in a review that I have the morals of an apache!"

"I remember the review," I said. "It must have sold ten thousand copies for you."

"If you please," said the Frenchman, "my morals, depraved as they may be, derive directly from the upper classes. *Alors*, this Tate sits down at my table. Without invitation, of course. He says to me that although he sometimes criticizes my books, he considers me a man of the world. He wishes to have with me a conversation."

"I get it," I cut in. "A tête-à-Tate."

"Enough of the jokes. Pass the marmalade and listen. Mr. Tate's problem has been the essence of the literature of France since the time of Charlemagne. He is bored with his wife. After nine years of marriage, Mrs. Tate is to Mr. Tate so exciting as a cup of hot milk. At the same time, there is a young pigeon in a publishing house with whom he has—how do you say it?—a working arrangement. Mr. Tate wishes the divorce. Mrs. Tate does not wish the divorce. *Eh bien*, what to do?"

"The obvious answer, Pierre, is murder."

"Naturally, I suggest this," said the Frenchman. "In fact, I suggest double suicide. What sadness—Mr. Tate does not like too much the sight of blood. *Alors*, I inquire of Mr. Tate how many years has his wife. She is twenty-nine, which is a nice age for a woman, especially if she happens to be thirty-five. She is, let us say, the type a man will start speculating about after the second Martini."

"It usually takes me three," I said.

"You should make your Martinis more dry," said Pierre. "To continue. I see Mrs. Tate does not wish the divorce because she has fear she will not catch another husband."

"Hold it, Pierre," I cut in. "Didn't it occur to you that Mrs. Tate might still be in love with fuzzy Maxwell?"

Pierre looked at me in astonishment. "I must assume Mrs. Tate reads her husband's reviews. Your suggestion is ridiculous. So I give to Mr. Tate the advice. It is necessary to restore to Mrs. Tate the confidence in herself as a woman. But how is this to be done? Silly question! By finding for her an admirer, of course! But who is to be the admirer? One by one, Mr. Tate considers his friends, his enemies, his associates on the paper, the authors most prominent. Alas, either they are happy in marriage, or occupied with some other lady, or writing for Hollywood. At last I strike upon the solution. Mr. Tate *himself* is to become his wife's admirer!"

"You mean with phony whiskers?"

"No, no, no, and again no. With the letters. Three times each week Mr. Tate is to write to Mrs. Tate a letter signed by Robert Hammond, a name I invent. In these letters, Mrs. Tate is to be informed she is adored from far away. She is to be compared favorably with every woman from Cleopatra to Mlle. Minnie the Mouse. In a matter of weeks, Mrs. Tate will be ready to go to Reno, Nebraska."

"Nevada."

"What difference? She will go. Mr. Tate protests. He asserts that three letters each week will take much time from his literary criticism. It is necessary for me to assure him that the literary world will be enchanted to make this sacrifice. He agrees. It is since six weeks that the first letter is sent by messenger to Mrs. Tate when Mr. Tate is away from the house."

"Pierre, I'm miles ahead of you," I chuckled. "I'll bet that after sending her a few blistering mash notes Maxwell got stuck on her all over again."

"You are learning quickly," grinned Pierre. "After three or four letters, Mr. Tate reports his wife is singing about the house. The song is *Someday I'll Find You*,* by my friend, M. Noel Coward. After the eighth letter she is singing, *Soon, Maybe Not Tomorrow, But Soon.*** After the tenth, *There Is a Great Day Coming, Mañana.**** And after the twelfth, *Happy Days Are Here Again*. No longer does Mrs. Tate ask of Mr. Tate such questions as how does the writing of literary criticism produce such a quantity of lip rouge upon his handkerchiefs. The result: Mr. Tate becomes demented with jealousy. No more does he see the young pigeon from the publishing house. Mr. Tate comes to me. He (*Continued on page 131*)

"What's mine, dear?"

*Someday I'll Find You—*Copyright 1930 by Chappell & Co., Ltd., London, Eng. Reproduction by permission of Chappell & Co., Inc. **Soon, by Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers, copyright 1935 by Famous Music Co. ***There's a Great Day Coming—Copyright 1940 by Chappell & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. Reproduced by permission of the copyright owner.

"Just one more, ma'am—the public wants to share your sorrow"

"Faces of Achievement"

TWO PORTRAITS FOR ESQUIRE

BY YOUSUF KARSH

Charles E. Wilson, Esquire

IF any subtitle were required for these portraits of two distinguished American businessmen, Mr. Luckman himself supplied it with a phrase he wrote recently over an article: "Opportunity Unlimited." Charles Luckman, as almost everybody knows, is President of Lever Brothers; Charles E. Wilson, as President of General Electric, is equally famed. Both have served in Washington as crack administrators. No historian could fail to note happily that with a proper regard for the great American tradi-

Charles Luckman, Esquire

tion, Mr. Luckman came from Kansas City, Missouri, and Mr. Wilson from the streets of New York City. Their biographies, more or less, you can read in their faces—or Yousuf Karsh has done less than his usual penetrating job of character portrayal. (Karsh once pulled Winston Churchill's cigar from that worthy's mouth—and thus achieved a personification of John Bull himself on the fighting Englishman's face.) There are no such spectacular reports from the sittings of these two gentlemen, who demonstrated the ease of the top executive in moving from one situation to another with smooth dispatch, says Yousuf Karsh. We can think of no better advice to young men than to study these portraits: Alger never dreamed of accomplishment like this. ###

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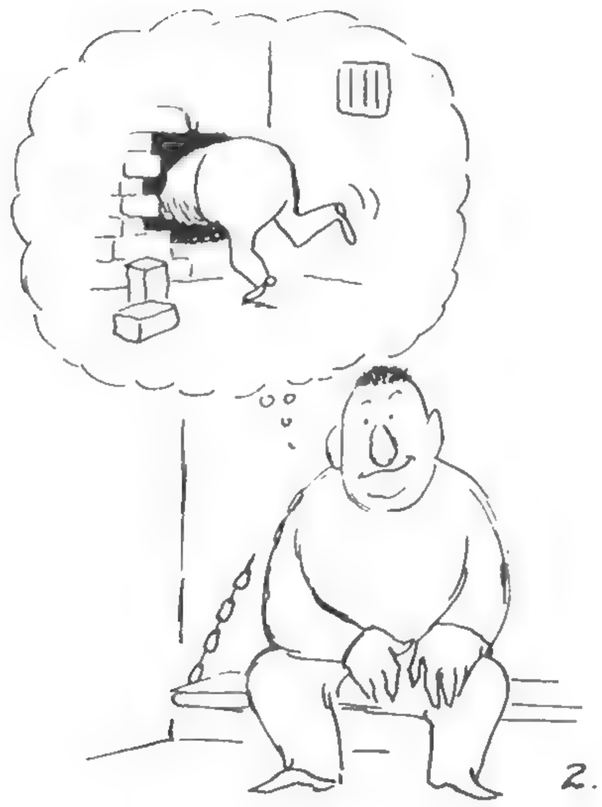
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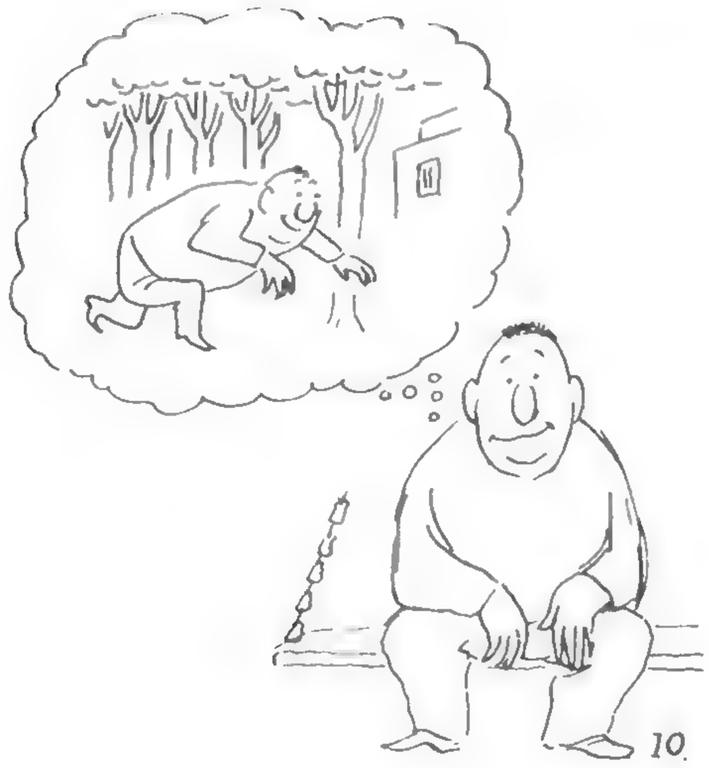
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The Antique Addicts

If Ye Old Antique Shoppe, musty with granny's leftovers, stirs the possessive in your mate, there is nothing you can do. You've married a junk collector

An Article by

HERB GRAFFIS

WHEN you are in territory where spinning wheels or oxen yokes often are seen on front porches, never drive fast too close behind an automobile driven by a woman. The spinning wheels and yokes are signs that you are in an antique-shoppe area where any car a woman is driving may stop suddenly—without notice and with a whine and smell of hastily braked tires. From this abruptly halted vehicle will dash one or more women more determinedly in pursuit of a salvaged item of junk than any panting nimrod on the trail of rare game in the wilds of Tanganyika or the jungles of the Amazon.

And don't accompany your wife into a part of town that is termed "quaint" because of its casual attitude toward garbage collection and fresh paint. For there, too, antique houses conduct their traffic and give forth subtle aromas that produce in antique addicts violent spasms which are accompanied by an utter relaxation of the muscles that control the wallet.

Antique hunting seems to be a normal female eccentricity. Among men, the addiction is fairly rare, and somewhat similar to the sex urge in men over seventy; it can be pretty well kept under control. With women, the passion for antique collection is such an enduring ecstacy that a feeble, ancient lady will hang onto some piece of rare debris until only the hand of the Grim Angel can loosen her grip.

It is difficult for many husbands to share the fervent desire their wives have for old trinkets, trash, and obsolete household furnishings that properly belong in a museum as an exhibit of an outmoded way of living. About as far as the majority of husbands will go in conceding a place in their homes to antique furniture is in granting Victorian chairs with horsehair seats a margin over ultramodern ones in which a fellow is jackknived low to the floor in the cramped squat of Position One of the Russian *kazatsky*. The occupant of a chair or sofa upholstered in wire-haired Percheron is never entirely at ease with one or several loose quills penetrating his stern, but at least he can get to his feet unassisted in case of fire.

Collecting of antique furniture, which is one of the most cumbersome forms of the lust for antiques, is also, naturally, one of the most popular practices of collectors. But there is also, among such people, an incredible yearning for other, even less functional items. Take old glass bottles, for example—empty old glass bottles.

What good are old glass bottles, devoid of contents? Yet they are jewels to many collectors of antiques. Grandpappy happened to be a rural gentleman who was hostile to the Demon Rum when vended without masquerade for social drinking, culinary use or even medicinal purposes. He kept in good health and in reasonably good spirits by partaking of patent medicines octaned up with alcohol until they could burn the germs and clinkers out of the guts of man or beast. However potent the liquor, Grandpappy insisted that the bottle be decorative—and therefore, presumably, respectable.

The glass containers of some of these cheering beverages were of ingenious shapes and colors. They got the consumer accustomed to visions he might see the morning after taking a generous treatment of the remedy proclaimed to cure a wide range of common diseases, but mainly thirst, which was not specifically mentioned on the label. Empty, the bottles were only so much trash to Grandpappy. He had a stack of them out back of the barn. Today, a few specimens from among those empties would sell for more money than Grandpappy made in a year of farming.

Someday I must do some research on when a bottle or a piece of furniture or a saucer without a cup ceases being trash and becomes a thing of value.

Another thing I'd like to find out is why the amateur antique collector seems unable to find usable antiques in the attic of her own home. The average attic is jampacked with furniture and dishes and trunks of knicknacks and whatnots that are "much too good to throw away"—but not quite good enough to bring downstairs.

The curious process by which the trash of bygone years is made today's treasures of the antique collector is impressively evident to any unwary fellow who is firmly led by his wife into an antique shoppe. There is virtually nothing tossed out of use fifty or more years ago that doesn't quicken the acquisitive impulses of some lover of antiques, provided it doesn't come from the attic of her own home.

I once visited an antique store in Natchez, having been vigorously jerked into the establishment by my wife's tugging on the ring in my nose (an antique formerly worn by a Holstein bull, circa 1865, and acquired by my wife as a symbol of her good judgment in buying one hunk of old junk that retains utility value). The vivacious woman who presided over the shoppe, noting my reluctant presence as I edged toward the door only to be restrained by a yank on my nose ring—spoke to me in pacifying tones.

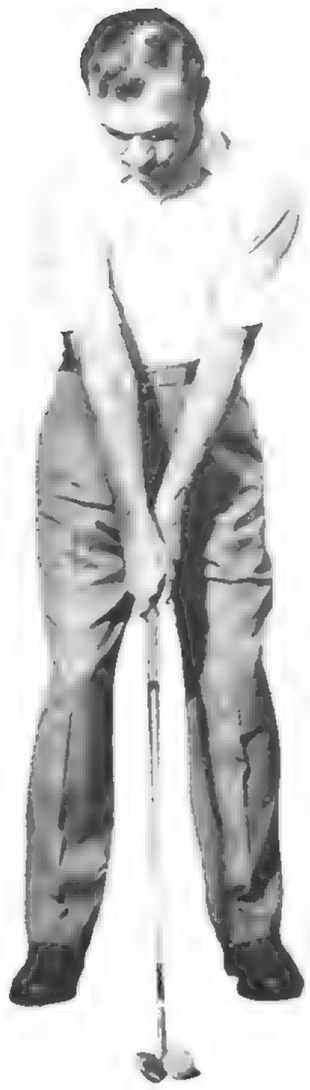
"Oh, you'll just love these places when the bug bites you," she said. I'd just had the bite put on me for the price of an old glass bottle into which a long forgotten drunken glass blower had hiccupped his art. But the dear woman, heedless of my pain, continued. "Men are our most enthusiastic collectors after we get them interested. Look at this darling thing I've picked up for a man in New York who has the finest known collection of cuspidors."

I looked and saw only another grotesque utensil of the kind every woman wanted to throw out of the house back in the days when eating-tobacco was a constant pastime of the American male. The hideous object was an interesting, but not appealing, illustration of the difference between art and antiques. The old line, "Art alone endures," doesn't apply at the antique shoppe. Anything that endures is an antique, and the chances are that your wife will purchase it with your good money, unless some other woman beats her to the draw.

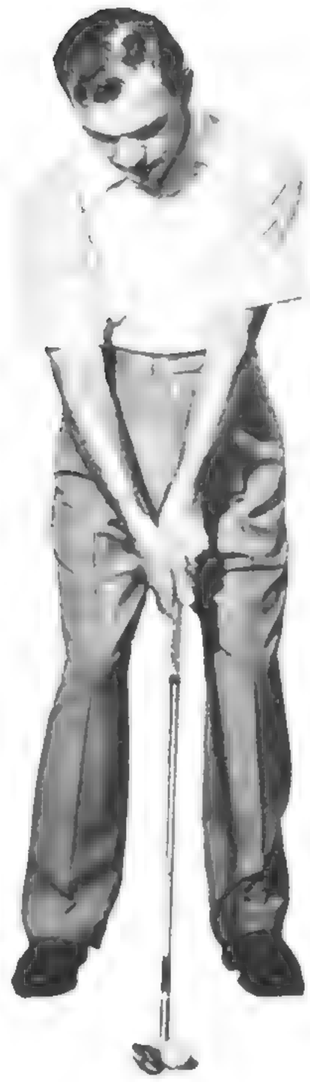
About all a husband can do when his wife becomes a huntress of antiques is to let her have her way, as long as she doesn't get the house so crammed with costly, useless old stuff that there's no room left for Daddy's *own* useless toys—which eventually will seem like priceless antiques to a generation yet unborn. ###

"It all started in Junior High, with a little five-o'clock shadow"

1
Common errors shown here are: First, the elbows are bent outward. The legs are straight, and that's wrong. The grip in this picture prevents keeping the club under control



2
Other frequent mistakes are: Shoulders are cramped. Hand and arm positions are stiff and weak



3
Correct address: Note left hand is over top of the shaft. Grip is combination of fingers and palm of left hand. Ball is in line with left heel. Elbows are comfortably close together. Knees are bent slightly. Hands are slightly ahead of ball

4
Below: Chipping into a wastebasket provides indoor practice that establishes the habit of precise wrist and arm action, and steady balance. Chip from a book or towel so you won't be afraid to hit the ball crisply. Note hand position in backswing

5
Practice swi
the arms and
through. Th
arm remains st
so the clubhea
through low af
ball. Knee
bent. Your b
straight and
feet are close to

Getting the Habits of Good Golf

If some golfers live to be 95, they still won't break it. A famous golf champion shows you how to shake off the muscular habits that ruin your game

A Sports Article by

BEN HOGAN

I'VE often wondered why the businessman who plays golf expects to acquire a good golf swing as easily as he learned to shave.

When he was a limber and muscular kid playing baseball—a game that the average American boy plays almost instinctively—the golfer practiced fielding, batting, throwing, and base-running for hours and got into fairly good muscle habits. But when, as a businessman, he starts playing golf, he is likely to begin with very bad swing habits and to set these bad habits deeper whenever he practices—if and when he *does* practice.

He seldom conditions his muscles for his golf game. That's one reason why his grip is often faulty and he swings too stiffly and awkwardly to get balance and speed for swinging the club firmly through the ball.

He rushes out to his country club, eats too much lunch too quickly, doesn't warm up for his game, and starts off with his attention hopelessly divided between the office and the golf course. Is it any wonder, then, that 95% of all golf scores are 95 or higher?

But you're not going to be able to change the man or the man's working conditions that make his afternoons mere golfing interludes—interludes into which he rushes without due preparation. The best you can do, if you want to help him, is to give him a few exercises that will eliminate bad habits in his golf swing and establish good ones—establish them so deeply that the correct actions will be the ones that feel natural to him.

The right place to do this is not in the middle of a round on the golf course. On the golf course, he can't restrain himself from trying to hit the ball a mile. The result of that burning eagerness is that he rarely hits the ball precisely.

Fortunately for the businessman, however, he can acquire the basic good habits of a golf swing, and can condition his golf muscles, by a few easy exercises in his bedroom, morning and evening.

I know that these exercises produce results. They help keep me in tournament trim. Bad golf habits creep into the swing of professionals who play almost every day. We, too, get off the track by having deviations develop that take our swings out of their grooves. Some of the corrections we are able to make ourselves; other corrections must come as the result of observation and comment by fellow professionals who watch us hit shots in play or on practice tees.

The fellow who is playing a lot of good golf can often tell by feel alone just what is wrong with his stance, grip, or swing when a shot is misplayed. But the average golfer hasn't that keen sense of feel. He must depend on sight; and, when he's playing, he can't see himself.

At home, however, he can watch himself in a mirror, and he can check on his grip, stance, address, and swing. Even while he's swinging, he can watch his performance in a mirror—although, to be sure, he can't keep his head down as it should be during the swing. The important thing about one's head in golf is to keep it steady. The golfer who learns to keep his head steady even though he's looking up and watching his swing in a mirror has progressed toward balance throughout his swing.

Much of the improvement that the typical

o develop a feeling of your clubs and to strengthen hands nd forearms, hold a club out in each hand. Keep elbows close to your sides. Move the clubs, with your hands lone, from a horizontal position to upright, then down again

7

You'll be surprised how this exercise reveals the weakness of your hands and forearms. Better start with your hold rather well down on the leather or the leverage will be such that it will make you lean forward

8

Start this one with your wrists fully cocked. This is just about the position you should have when you're coming into the hitting zone. Watch yourself in the mirror to see that you are acquiring the habit of being in the position ready to hit the ball

9

Now take a normal turn with the wrists fully cocked. Then vigorously return to the previous position—but don't uncock the wrists or go beyond that position. This will develop the habit of correctly timing your wrist and hand action

golfer can effect in his golf game during the winter by exercises and practice in his own room will be the direct result of not having a ball to hit, except in putting and chipping practice. I can't figure out what the psychological effect of the ball is, but I have seen, times without number, players with rather good practice swings who freeze up and get unbelievably clumsy when a ball is placed into position for them to hit.

In indoor swinging exercises, the player should use a piece of paper or mark some definite spot to represent the ball, so that he can get into the habit of taking the proper stance, with the ball about in line with his left heel. In that manner, he will subconsciously become governed by the location of the ball in taking his stance and address; and so, too, he will kill any bad habit that he might have of fidgeting around on the tee or taking a stance carelessly.

First of all, in home training for golf, there should be some conditioning of the muscles. A great difference between expert and duffer is in muscular fitness for controling the club. Rarely does the duffer have enough flexibility and strength in his hands for proper handling of the club.

It's very easy to correct this. All a fellow has to do is to open his hands, extending his fingers as far as he can, and then clench his fists. I still do this many times a day. It develops strength without stiffness in the forearms. It gets the golfer's muscles in condition to lash the clubhead through the ball with firm control and flexibility; instead of being so taut in the forearms that his swing of the club is bound to be stiff and comparatively powerless, he will swing with both ease and strength. Some golfers exercise by squeezing tennis balls to develop hands and forearms, but I've found that merely extending and clenching the hands does the job.

There is another exercise that helps many players: simply hold a golf club behind you, with the club secured by your elbows to the rear; then turn back and forth on your hips. This should help to teach you to rotate on the hips instead of swaying and rocking to the right and back away from the ball, as most high-handicap players do. Maybe this rotating exercise will help reduce the stomach. I don't know. I've never had to worry about that. I have noticed that good golfers hold their stomachs in while taking their stances and swinging—but that may be because their backs are straight.

The illustrations and captions above point out the wrong and right ways of developing muscle habits.

I've seen this indoor work develop quite a few very good golfers. Sid Lanfield, the motion-picture director, is one of them. For about three months before he ever hit a ball outside, Sid practiced in his home. Sid is somewhat handicapped, because he is a left-hander and teaching usually is for right-handers. But a few months after Sid started playing, he was breaking 80.

Night after night, he putted into glasses on a rug in his home. Glasses generally are only about 2½ inches wide instead of 4¼ inches in diameter as a golf cup is. That helped to make his putting on a grass green more precise when he got outside, for the target was larger. He learned to address the ball correctly with his elbows "in," which is something that many a 90-shooter doesn't know, and he learned to make his swing sort of "sitting down" to the ball. That's another thing the average golfer doesn't do. The next time you're on a golf course, note that most of the bad swings are made stiff-legged.

By practicing short chip shots inside, the golfer attains a certainty and delicacy in stroking the ball that will bring him to the start of his play outdoors with a technique and confidence he probably never would acquire in the limited amount of time he could devote to outdoor practice.

In my own case, I find that my long game doesn't slump as the result of a layoff; but, when I'm not playing almost every day, my chipping and putting lose the necessary fine touch unless I take a few minutes' practice each day in my room.

The good habit-patterns and exercises in the accompanying pictures will be of incredible benefit to the higher-handicap player if he will stay at them faithfully during the winter. And good players, too, will protect themselves from getting out of gear during their winter layoffs from golf if they'll form the habit of a few minutes' daily inspection of their stroking and conditioning exercises.

Bad golf is, then, mainly a matter of bad swinging habits. The businessman who seldom gets any exercise is likely to have lost his capacity to feel the swing, and he probably hasn't muscles of enough strength and flexibility to turn his body and move his legs, arms, and hands properly. I am sure that he can remedy the conditions that account for his bad golf habits with more ease and certainty in a room in his home than he ever could outside. When he gets outdoors, he wants to begin his round right away. He goes along with his bad habits of swinging, and his golf remains discouragingly bad or gets worse.

Try the routines I suggest here, and make good golf swing habits the sound foundation of good scores. ⧺

I'm Glad It's Hooey

A lot of the lore of the woods has been dreamed up by city-slicker writers in apartments with central heating. Real woodsmen enjoy spotting their errors

An Article by

O. E. FRENCH

A trapper in British Columbia has a lot of spare time, especially when a chinook is on and it rains and snows alternately for days at a stretch. At such times, there's little for the old trapper to do but flop in his bunk with a magazine.

Occasionally, in almost every type of magazine, there will appear an animal story or a nature story or article. Sometimes it deals with the very fur bearers and game animals that are the source of the trapper's livelihood.

But rarely can the trapper agree with the storyteller. His exposition of the nature of his animal protagonist, the motives, emotions, and often the actions of his fur-bearing heroes and villains seem farfetched, if not phony. Here, for instance, are some of the inaccuracies that I have noticed at one time or another during the last forty years.

Writers generally characterize the beaver as "little." I wish one of them had been with me on a day, thirty years ago, when I went out on a spur line without my knife. There had been a big chinook, followed by a hard freeze, and the snow, though hard-packed, was very deep. At the far end of the line, I caught an old grandpa beaver. Little? He must have weighed seventy-five pounds. Without a knife, I couldn't skin him, so I packed him in. But the trail wouldn't bear the added weight. At every step I broke through, halfway to the waist. Whenever I read about a "little" beaver, I remember how I wobbled into the cabin then, four hours after dark.

Another writer's quirk is certainly due to ignorance. Have you ever read, as I frequently have, about all the poor little baby beavers having to move out in the spring to make room for the next brood? That's the bunk. I think it takes four years for a beaver to reach maturity. Then the old buck chases out the young adult males and hangs on to all the females he can—like a stallion with his band of mares. And, like a young stallion, the young buck beaver will entice away a female if he can.

I once trapped fourteen beavers from one house. There were two extra large ones—the original pair, probably. There were four next in size—three-year-olds. There were four more a size smaller—two-year-olds. The remaining four were all of a size—yearlings.

These beavers were in a part of the country where their only enemies were coyotes and lynx. No wolverine or cougar, which are the truly deadly beaver destroyers. Moreover, they had unusually good protection in that they had a very deep pond between two good-sized lakes and lots of feed close to water. To me, this experience seemed a convincing demonstration that beavers do not leave the old homestead until the fourth generation appears.

There are two words that the nature-writer should be careful in using: "never" and "always."

I have often read that the beaver "never" cuts conifers or feeds on their bark. The hell he doesn't. I can show any number of spruce and some balsam fir that he has cut. In March and April, the beaver on my present trap line came out on the crust of the deep snow and clipped limbs off the spruce along the creek bank. They have been doing just that for the last fifteen springs that I know about.

Another "never" is that the beaver will not gnaw dry wood. He doesn't make a practice of it, but never is too strong a word.

A few years ago I noticed where a large beaver had climbed a steep creek bank and had approached a twelve-inch dry spruce. There is no wood in this country harder or tougher than a scrub spruce which dies and remains standing until the bark falls off. This was such a tree. The beaver had gnawed a deep groove completely around the trunk and the chips lay in a circle on the crusted snow.

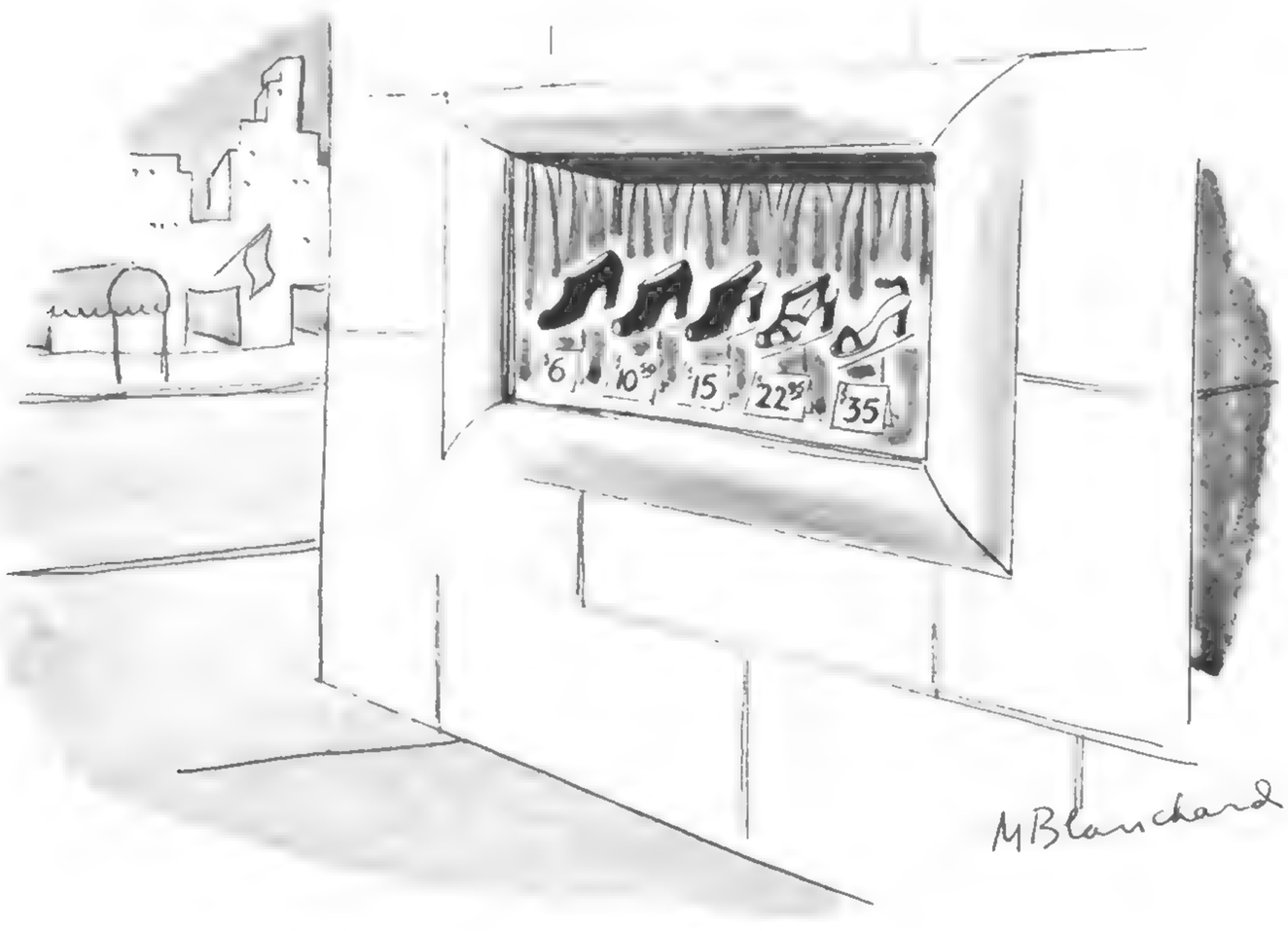
I have also read that beavers "always" cut their winter food supply above their house or den, so that they can float the willows, etc., downstream. But there are two separate families on my present line who dragged their brush at least a hundred and fifty yards up a shallow creek to their winter feed grounds.

And then there are all the old stories about the weasel tribe—how they're the last word in ferocity and general hellishness, and how they crisscross the country in a perpetual savage search for something to kill and eat. The weasel, mink, marten, fisher, and wolverine are all of that family. Well, if they *really* acted that way, I wouldn't be able to hide a trap so they couldn't find it. Yet, experience has taught me that members of the weasel family stay away from food for long periods of time—until, in fact, gnawing hunger drives them out of their dens in search of something to kill and eat.

When spring comes, the gophers and whistlers (hoary marmots) burrow their way to the top of the thick-crusted snow above their winter quarters and sit drowsing in the first sunshine they've enjoyed since August. The ice disappears from the creeks and the frogs wake up and the robins and crows and ducks return, and I see a fresh mink track on the bar when I go down to the creek for a bucket of water. And, some morning early in May, there is a skiff of snow and I see a marten or fisher track within fifty yards of the cabin. I swear a little and wonder where in hell they were all winter and wish trapping were a sure-shot and simple business.

But I don't know. If the fur bearers did certain things at certain times in certain places "always," if they "never" changed their routes or varied their habits or did as they pleased, even as you and I, the chances are that there wouldn't be a fisher or marten left in the hills.

And then the old trapper would have to leave too. ###



Black & White Magic

ALTHOUGH they say that there is more to the old Indian rope trick than meets the eye, it is our opinion that what meets the eye in this trick is okay and the hell with the other end of the rope. The much publicized mystery of the East, it becomes clear, is the same one that puzzles all the sahibs we know. In a word—Woman.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SILVER STUDIOS

"Stop looking at my cards!"

It's for Real, McCoy

Trussed up in the back seat of a fast-moving car, McCoy was being taken for a ride. For which he could blame himself and the lovely Myrtle, who stooped to conquer

A Story by

LESTER COOPER

THE ride was murderously slow. It was a low-slung car and the top was down, letting the wind beat inside relentlessly, as though even the weather had conspired to keep McCoy from getting back safely. Sitting in the back seat, tied up, he thought that even if the two thugs up front didn't get him, he was a sure thing for pneumonia. He cursed the dame who had got him into the fix he was in—and cursed himself for being the kind of a guy who lets a dame get a guy into that kind of fix. It occurred to him that if he'd had any sense, he could be at home now in front of a roaring blaze with his feet on the big black poodle and a good book in his hand. But, no, he had to get involved with a woman and end up here—riding along like a bundle of newspapers with a couple of thugs for chauffeur and footman.

Murray, the yegg not driving, turned around to look at him. He grinned when he saw the pretzel-like shape McCoy was in, and he nudged Johnston, the driver. "Like a lamb," Murray purred. "The tough guy is back there in the warm wind like a lamb."

"Yeah," Johnston said. "Ain't it peculiar the way a tough guy likes to ride like a lamb?" He looked at Murray and winked. "Think we ought to take him to slaughter?"

They both laughed uproariously, and McCoy strained at the ropes. Murray and Johnston might not be very good comedians, but they knew how to truss up a man. McCoy lay back in the cold wind and tried to piece the whole thing together.

He and Myrtle had been sitting in her apartment on East 63rd Street. Myrtle. The name soared through his ice-numbed mind and warmed him all over. Myrtle, with her long, soft, winding hair. Myrtle, who could look at a man—McCoy especially—and make him feel like a young boy at confirmation, or a young boy right after confirmation, when he knew he shouldn't be looking at anything the way he was looking at Myrtle.

Just thinking of Myrtle made up for everything else. Myrtle, the only girl this side of the Great Divide who had ever made the word "Marriage"— He stopped short, suddenly, in his thinking and stuttered over the word. What had he said? Marriage? No. Not that. *Anything* but that.

Sure, it was true that he went for Myrtle. Sure. If there was any dame he wanted to have around at all, it was Myrtle; and if there was any guy *she* wanted to have around at all, it was McCoy. They certainly made a swell pair. That day at the picnic, for instance . . . All Myrtle's family from Iowa had come East for it. Myrtle was looking as pretty as the picture hat she wore that day. They'd made a fine-looking couple. There were probably twenty-five or thirty of Myrtle's relatives at the picnic. They were all sitting around having a fine time and Myrtle's uncle Frank was telling about how things were back in Iowa. "Yes, sir," he was saying. "Things in Iowa this time of year are sure booming. Why, everyone is piling up a hoard the likes of which ain't been seen in the past seventy years. The Pattersons? Why, they're just rolling in the hay!" Uncle Joe had looked across at McCoy and Myrtle then and seen them beaming at each other like a couple of doves, and this gave him an idea. "How about you two young ones?" he went on. "Why, back in Iowa all the young folks are walking out and having a fine time of it. Seems to me a nice young couple like you ought to be thinking of marriage and . . ."

McCoy never did hear the rest of that sentence. He got up and walked away. Myrtle didn't talk to him for days afterward. But she got over it. There hadn't been any more talk of marriage, and McCoy was pretty happy. Things were going fine.

Until tonight. And now, suddenly, he found himself wrapped up in the back seat of a car heading east or west or whatever way you head when you're on your last ride.

There they'd been—McCoy and Myrtle, happy as a couple of larks. She'd been making a few hints about maybe it was time they began to think about saving rent instead of paying it out on two apartments, but there hadn't been anything really serious. And then the door had burst open and those two yeggs were standing there waving a couple of shooting irons. McCoy figured there wasn't much sense in trying to pull any hero stuff. It wasn't until they came over and hit him on the head with a pistol that he got sore, but by then it was too late.

Just then, the car pulled up with a loud scream of brakes. Murray, the comedian, turned to McCoy. "Well, Jack," he said, "here we are. Home, sweet home." They lifted McCoy out of the car more gently than he'd have expected. The gag in his mouth made a three-way conversation difficult, but the two appeared to enjoy their work. McCoy looked around and saw a small white house with a picket fence, and it looked kind of clean and new and the way that kind of house always looks on the pages of a magazine. McCoy couldn't figure out what yeggs like this were doing in a honeymoon-type cottage; but then he saw something else, and the gag almost fell out of his mouth.

"Myrtle," he blubbered through the gag.

Myrtle, giggling like a small boy, stood in the doorway. She waited for Johnston and Murray to bring McCoy to her. "I suppose the groom ought to carry the bride across the threshold," she said. "But it's kind of hard for a man to walk with his legs tied up. So . . ."

She reached over and helped Murray and Johnston carry McCoy into the house. Then she pulled the gag out of his mouth.

McCoy swallowed. "Hey!" he almost screamed, but his voice hadn't quite come back. "What's going on here?"

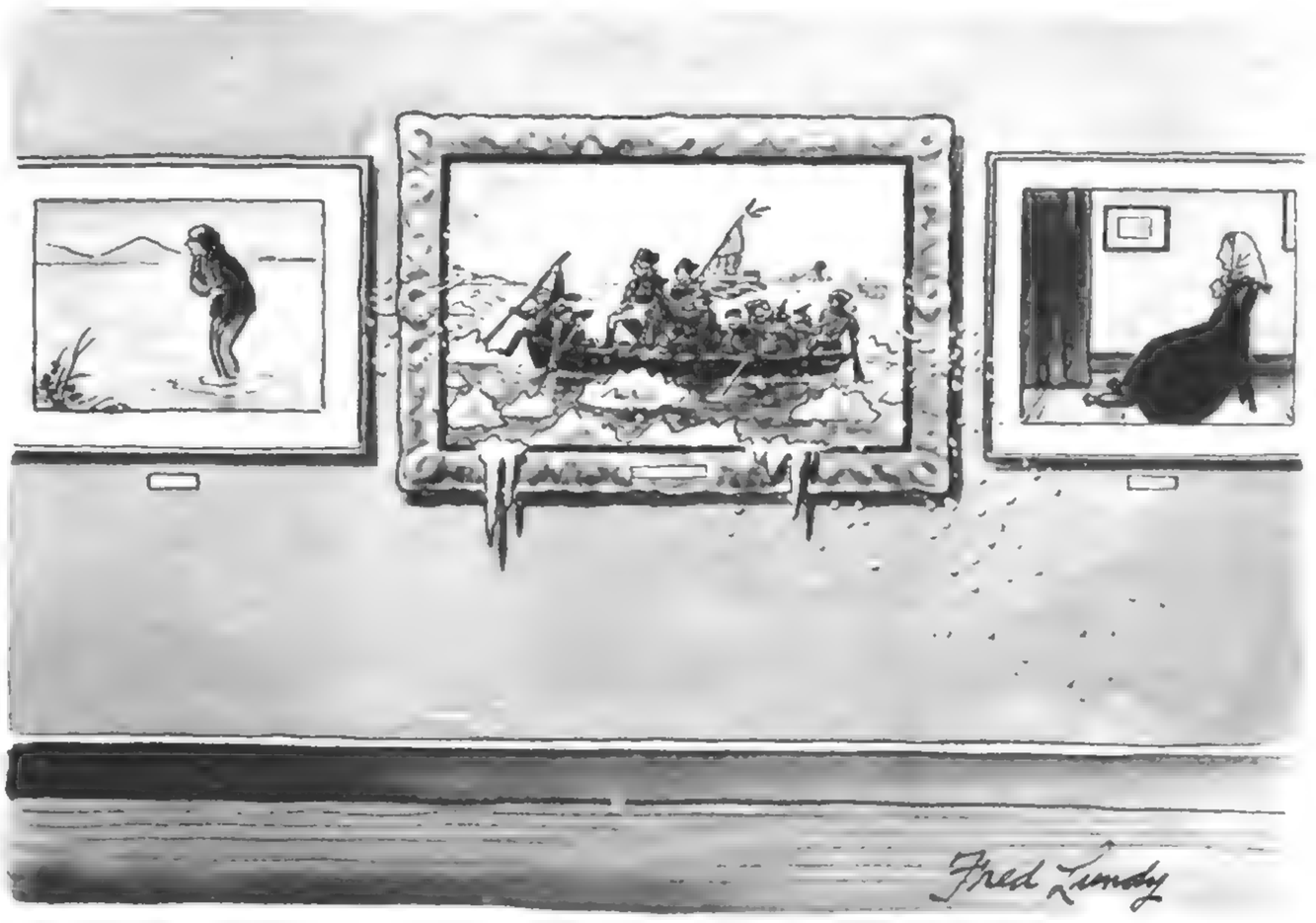
Myrtle chuckled. She turned to Murray and Johnston. "Like you to meet a couple of my cousins from Iowa," she said.

They grinned. McCoy stood there dumbly. "All right," he said. "What goes?"

Myrtle looked innocent. "Why, we're going to be married. The parson's in the parlor, and how do you like the house you bought me out of those sweepstake tickets you gave me last spring?"

McCoy knew he didn't have a chance. He grinned. "All right, cousins," he said. "Unrope the steer. You got him tamed, I guess."

And Johnston and Murray untied the ropes and quietly left the room. It wouldn't have seemed right to stay while McCoy kissed Myrtle so immodestly. ⊞



"I'm going to town to sell the wood, and Maria wants to see a doctor about her back"

The Man on the Train

The next time a drunk weaves down the aisle of the commuters' special, move over and let him share the seat. He may have some helpful information for you

A Story by

NORMAN GRIESER

MR. Willibald Jerome Trask looked at his watch. It was six-seventeen and the train was due to leave in two minutes, but as yet the smoker was only three-quarters full. From long experience, Trask figured there was a fifty-fifty chance that he would have a double seat to himself. He turned to the sports pages of the *Sun* with his just-before-train-time sense of relaxation.

Trask hadn't once missed his train during the eight years he had been commuting to New York. As he often told Linda, it was a matter of being careful. If you kept your watch nicely regulated and if you always got up within two minutes after the alarm rang and didn't try to squeeze in scrambled eggs when time allowed only toast and coffee, it was a simple matter.

Making calculations down to the fine points was a habit with Mr. Trask. It was a habit he carried over into the sports pages of the *Sun*, where he was now reading Grantland Rice. In the mornings, Trask read the *Tribune* and the *Times*: in the evenings, the *Sun* and the *Post*. Among the four papers, he got a pretty good idea of what the Giants were doing and likely to do. He might lose a small bet to one of the boys in the office on a game, or even on a three- or four-game series, but Mr. Trask never lost money over the whole baseball season. Since he was a careful man, his bets were small; and he never won much either.

There was a last-minute rush of commuters into the car, and Trask looked up to find a man in a brown hat standing next to him.

" 'Scuse me," said Brown Hat. "Is this seat taken?"

"No." Mr. Trask mixed truth with regret.

"Okay if I sit here?"

"Yes." Trask forced a smile. The man looked a little drunk, but all the other seats were taken.

"Hate to be a nuisance. Never wanna be obnoxious. Life's too short to be obnoxious, doncha think? Just wanna be sure it was okay and I wasn't going to be obnoxious."

Trask kept his nose buried in the *Sun*, and Brown Hat leaned over slightly and darted a glance around the right flank.

"Read the *Post* myself. Like Superman."

Trask passed over the folded *Post*.

"Oh, thanks, thanks very much." Brown Hat was effusive. "Usually buy it when I get to my station. On the train like to relax. Life's too short not to relax, doncha think?" He turned to the comics.

The train jerked to a start with Brown Hat deep in Superman. Evidently, the man with X-Ray Vision was having a quiet night, however; for he soon put the paper in his lap, and started talking again. "You been riding this line long? Been riding it four years myself, ever since me and the wife moved from the city to West View. That's my stop, West View. How far do you go?"

"Teaneck," said Trask.

"Teaneck. Imagine that," marvelled Brown Hat. "Funny never saw you before. Only two stops up the line from me. Small world. Guess I never saw you before because I just changed over yesterday from the night shift. Been on nights six months. Damn glad get back on days."

Perhaps it was because Grantland Rice was writing about the Dodgers—not Mr. Trask's kind of baseball team—or maybe it was because it was a fine, late spring day. Whatever it was, Mr. Trask let himself go in a very un-Trasklike manner. "Sometimes I get off at West View myself," he said. "I've got a friend there."

"Oh, a friend, huh?" Brown Hat chuckled and managed a leer. "Always say life's too short notta have a friend. Gotta wife?"

Trask was startled, but he nodded.

"What's her name?" Brown Hat was getting a little loud.

"Linda," Trask said.

"Nice name. I gotta wife too. Redhead." His wink was intimate. "Always say life's too short notta have a redhead." He settled back into the seat and Trask beat it back to his paper.

The train rolled into Little Ferry, then started on toward Ridgefield Park.

"Your friend a blonde?" Brown Hat tried to whisper. "Always say blonde makes a good friend. Might even know her."

"No." Trask shook his head. "No, not a blonde."

Ridgefield Park went by and West View was the next step.

"Brunette, huh? Gonna see your friend tonight?"

"No." Trask's words came out long and slow. "No, I'm going home tonight. Linda is having guests for dinner and bridge." Linda wasn't having guests, and he'd told her he'd be late. He had, indeed, planned to stop off at West View, as he usually did on Wednesdays and Fridays. But Brown Hat had changed his mind for him.

"Sure you won't get off with me? Ann—that redhead of mine—'ll be at the station. We could drive you around to your friend's house. No trouble. No trouble at all."

"No, thanks." Trask's voice was cold.

"Okay—didn't mean nothing wrong. Sorry if I butted in. Didn't mean to be nosey—always say life's too—'scuse me again, don't wanna be a pest."

"Oh, that's all right." Trask's smile evaded being warm and untroubled. "Glad to have met you. See you again." Brown Hat got up, feeling the train slow down for West View.

"Swell. Maybe some other night when you decide to stop off and see your friend. Any time you wanna lift from the station in my car, just lemme know. Always say life's too short notta—"

He got off.

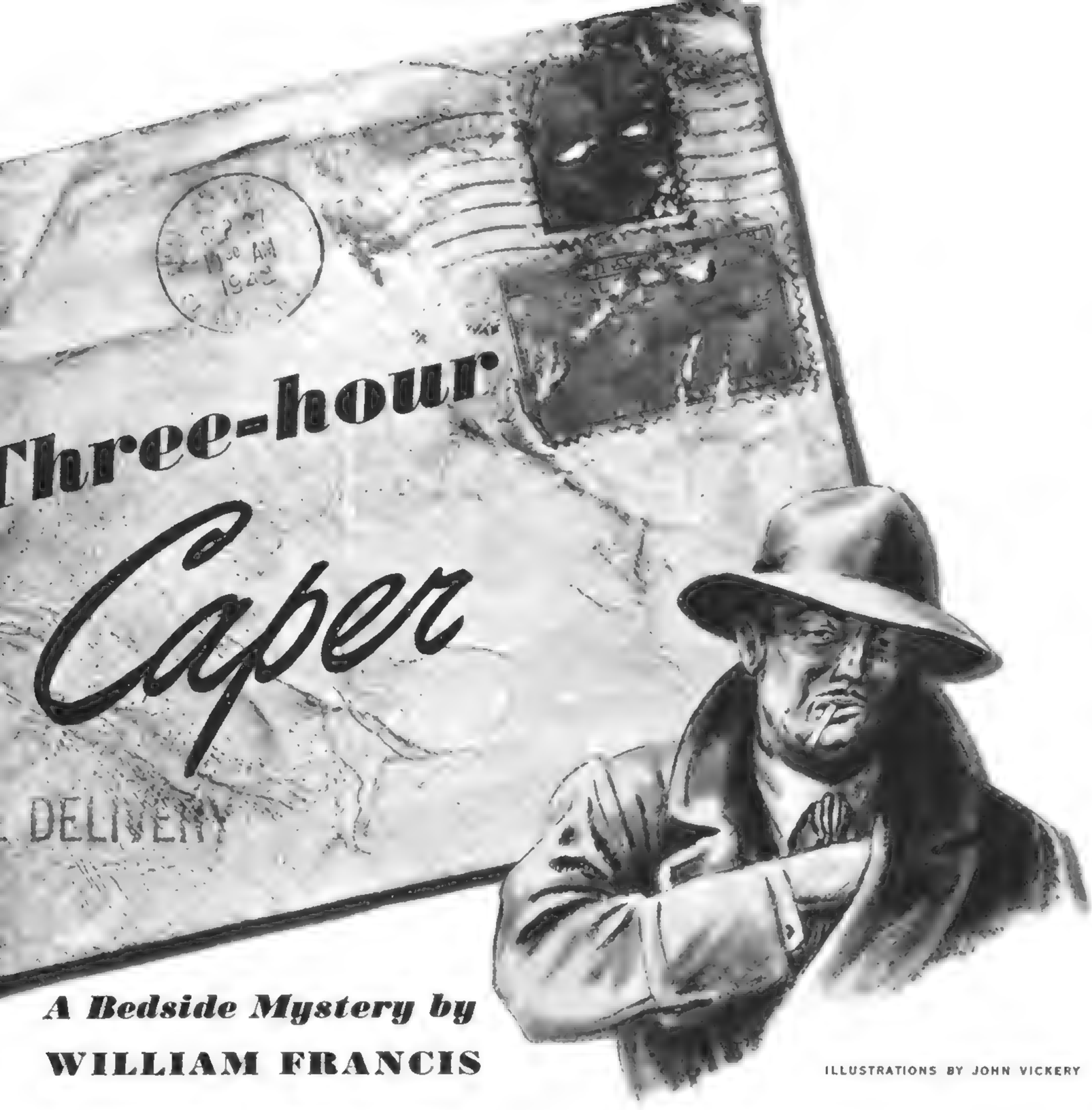
Trask put down the *Sun*, breathed deeply, and carefully refrained from looking out the window at the dingy station. Brown Hat was gone and he had the whole seat to himself, but he didn't feel like smiling. Here it was Wednesday night, and he'd have to think of a reason for being early.

Even so, Trask decided, it was lucky he'd met Brown Hat. Tomorrow he'd have to phone Annie and tell her about the close call. It seemed very careless of Annie not to tell him about the change from night to day shift. But then, perhaps she hadn't known about it in time to warn him.

He'd been so careful, too. He sighed as he turned to the *Post* Brown Hat had left. For the next two stops, Mr. Trask found it hard to concentrate on what Jimmy Cannon had to say about the New York Giants. ###

"Must you keep saying 'Never a dull moment'?"

She had a shady past and a bright future, but one look in her blue eyes and you forgot about everything but the present



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN VICKERY

A Bedside Mystery by

WILLIAM FRANCIS

A grateful woman is very pleasant to have around—that is, unless you are suddenly dead

She had a mink coat, the short kind, and she wore it casually over her shoulders. Her hat was a small mink turban atop the up-swept blonde hair-do. What I could see of her dress above the table top was shiny blue and strapless. She wore a diamond necklace and diamond earrings, and the blue of the dress matched her eyes. She was beautiful and she was Gale Kane and she was a movie actress.

She smiled at me as I sat down. "Right on time," she said.

"I'm Duke Wallace," I said.

"I know," she told me. "You were described to me."

"You want to talk here?" I asked. It was a nice place, quiet and very, very plush. The drinks started at a dollar and a half and the cover was five per person and there was a dance floor and a band, the quiet kind, and a ten-grand-a-week floor show. You could eat if you wanted to and could afford it; and if you couldn't, you weren't supposed to be in the place in the first place. This time of the week, a Tuesday night, the tables were far enough apart so that no one was sitting in your lap.

"Here," she said, "but not right now."

I shrugged and looked up at the waiter and ordered another for her—something pink in a champagne glass—and a bourbon and water for myself.

The waiter went away, and she leaned forward. "Did your employer tell you anything?" she asked.

"The Old Man told me to come here at a quarter of nine tonight and meet Gale Kane. Nothing else."

She settled back in her chair again. "Do you carry a gun?"

"If you want me to," I said.

"I do. This is very serious. I'm in trouble."

It was no news to me. Nobody would call the Old Man and pay his fees unless it was trouble, and the Old Man wouldn't pull me off a case I was within an ace of cracking and have me fly to Hollywood unless it was serious trouble. I offered her a cigarette, lit it and my own, blew smoke through my nose, and looked thoughtful.

The waiter came with the drinks, left them, and went away.

"It's a man," she said. And that was no news either. With her it would always be a man, some lucky man.

"He's blackmailing me," she said. She paused and then told the rest of it in a rush of words. "You see, a year ago I was nothing and now . . ." She left it there, modest girl. She could have said, "I'm everything." And it would have been true. A year ago she had been modeling clothes in a Wilshire Boulevard shop, and now, a year later, she was the biggest thing in Hollywood since Bergman. "Before all this," she said, "I was in love with this man. I didn't know much about him; I just loved him. I didn't know that he was a criminal, and that he'd served several sentences. I didn't know that he was connected with the rackets in town here. I wrote him several letters, letters that I wouldn't want public now, letters I couldn't have made public now. They would ruin me."

If that reads like a shooting script, it's not my fault. She talked that way. I guess she was taught to talk that way. "I don't think it's so serious," I said. "A lot of people must know that you ran around with the guy. Even if the letters are hot, I don't see anyone publishing them. Just issue a nice statement to the press that you were young and in love and now you're grown up and all of that's in the past. Or aren't you telling me everything?"

"I . . ."

"You're holding out on me," I interrupted. "I can't help you if you won't trust me."

Her face didn't change; she was still the gorgeous Gale Kane; but her voice lost its falseness and her words weren't out of Scene 2, Act 3. "I don't know what to do," she said.

"Tell me all about everything. I'll help you if I can."

It took her enough time to smash her cigarette into an ash tray and lower the level in her glass about half an inch before she decided. "All right," she said then. "I—I was very much in love with him. He—he asked me to find out things for him, things about the store where I modeled. I did. I wrote them down for him and he still has that letter. Later the store was robbed. The police thought it was an inside job because the burglars knew all about the safe and lights and alarms. That's the letter he'll send to the police unless I pay him."

"How much?" I asked.

"Not money," she said, close to tears. "He wants me to marry him."

"You actually fingered the job for him?" She nodded. "Did you know what you were doing?"

"I– I—suspected."

"All right. Let's say you did it for love. When did you break up with him and why?"

"Two days after the store was robbed. He was drunk and he struck me. After he left my place that same night, he was picked up for drunken driving and went to jail for four months. I haven't seen him since."

"How did he contact you?" I asked.

"He wrote me in care of the studio and so I phoned him. He gave his number in the letter."

"And he made the proposition over the phone?"

"Yes."

"When do you have to let him know?"

"I'm to meet him at midnight tonight. We're supposed to drive to Las Vegas and get married."

"You didn't leave us much time to work on him," I complained.

"I got his letter and phoned him yesterday, Mr. Wallace. I called your boss right after speaking to Georgie."

"Georgie?"

"Georgie Trayber; he's the man."

"Where do I see him?" I asked.

"The address he had when I knew him was 1221 High Drive. I don't know if he still lives there."

"Okay," I said. "I'll try to find him. Where are you going to meet him tonight?"

"I'm to pick him up in front of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel."

"You'd better be there," I told her. "I might not find him. If I don't, I'll be there with you."

1221 High Drive was a small bungalow surrounded by empty lots and trees. I walked up onto the porch and knocked. There was no answer. I tried the door; it was unlocked. I pushed it open and went in to darkness. My hand fumbled against the wall switch and I flicked it up.

It was a room that nobody cared about. A shelter and a place to sit. And the guy on the floor was dead.

He'd died falling forward grabbing his guts, and he'd landed on his face and maybe he'd kicked once—but not more than that.

I walked over and rolled him with my foot. No rigor yet; he was like a loose sack of meal. He rolled over and I could see his face. A rat face. I was surprised, as always, how a guy like this dead guy ever interested a beautiful dame. His mouth was slack and his chin was weak and his eyes, open, were small and beady. His hair was black and his skin was dark. I (*Continued on page 122*)

Exit Line—Closing Night

Maybe it's true that there's no business like show business, but after a hard day of work an ordinary husband likes to know who his wife will be at night

A Story by

GENE RIDER

He was going to the theatre when others were leaving, and he had a determined walk as though he'd just made a big decision. Otherwise, there was little to distinguish him from thousands of men in the after-theatre crowds. He was thirty-five, wore a blue suit, a grey topcoat, and a grey hat, and he would have blended well, almost anonymously, with any crowd.

He made his way through a mass of people leaving a Forty-fourth Street theatre. Turning down a chill, dark alley, he skirted a group of autograph seekers at the stage door and went in; he stood briefly just inside the door, feeling the deadness of the place now that the curtain was down and the audience gone. Then he touched the envelope in his topcoat pocket and felt reassured.

A watchman inside a little grilled office said, "Good evening, Mr. Landry."

"Good evening, Frank," said Landry, with the same polite inflection he'd used hundreds of times before. Then, as always, "Mrs. Landry come down yet?"

He knew she hadn't. Anne would be sitting in front of a mirror removing make-up.

The watchman said, "Oh, no. Julia'll be a few minutes yet." He never called her Mrs. Landry. To everyone in this theatre, she was Julia Robbins, heroine of *Summer Storm*.

Landry said, "Thank you." The watchman asked, as always, "Want to go up?"

"No, thank you. I'll wait here." Landry hated dressing rooms. He sat down on a bench and looked around him at the dust and gloom of backstage. Subconsciously, he drew in his feet, for in about one minute a young actor would come hurtling down circular stairs and sail out into the night. Then, at a slower pace, but in unfailing order, the elderly little player who did the part of a lawyer, the sharp-featured, middle-aged woman who played the maid, the young second male lead, the patrician-faced second female lead, and the weakly handsome leading man would come down.

Ten minutes after the last of them had left, Anne Landry, tall and lovely in tailored clothes and good furs, would come down the stairs—and she'd be Julia Robbins making her *Summer Storm* entrance.

She'd halt on the fourth step from bottom, and say, standing aloofly, "Darling!"

Landry would feel as though he should buy a ticket to look at her; but he'd say, "How'd it go tonight, you lovely woman?"

"Loathsome, but let's not talk about it. I'm famished."

"Where'll we have supper?"

"Oh, I don't know. Anywhere away from the theatre!"

That would mean that she'd like supper in the same café—practically backstage—where they ate every night. The headwaiter would give them their usual table—the one against the wall and just under a caricature of Anne as Julia Robbins. While they ate, assorted players, playwrights, producers, and directors would stop by their table, ignore Landry, and talk to Anne; and she'd be playing the role of Julia Robbins.

Then, later, she'd be in a dressing gown, her blonde hair down, and she'd be fixing her face for bed. Her mannerisms and brittle small talk would be the mannerisms and small talk of Julia in the bedroom scene of the play's second act. And he'd have to keep reminding himself that Julia Robbins was Anne Landry, the girl he'd married ten years ago. Her good-night kiss would be a Julia peck; and when he left for work in the morning, she'd be sleeping soundly, undoubtedly dreaming Julia Robbins' dreams.

That's the way the night would be—a carbon copy of all the others during the run of *Summer Storm*—except that he'd made his decision that afternoon and closed out his affairs. He would wait a couple of minutes now, filling his mind with minute details so that he'd always remember the setting from which he'd fled, and then he would give the letter to Frank.

He hadn't been sure about the wisdom of just leaving a note saying simply that Anne lived her parts too much, that her career was in the way of marriage, and that he was going to Reno. But now he knew he was right. This way, he would rob her of the chance to play the last act's estrangement scene. She would, of course, want to play it as Julia Robbins.

"My career supported us until you were established!" Sure, she'd bring money into it. She'd bring everything into it, and he'd never be able to match lines with her, for she was too good an actress.

Just then the young actor hurtled down the stairs. It was Landry's cue.

"Frank, please give this to Julia—I mean Mrs. Landry."

The watchman looked up, startled.

Landry strode toward the door, saying, as he left, "Good night, Frank." But what he meant was: "Good-by, stage doors, staying up most of the night to be with a wife who is a succession of other women, working harder to preserve my own identity than I do for a living." Most of all, he meant: "Good-by, Julia Robbins!"

Not "Good-by, Anne," though, for she was wonderful during the rare times when she wasn't working and was herself. They'd been happy together, too, when she'd had other kinds of roles. He especially remembered the play *Southern Moon*, when she'd been a sweet, simple Southern girl. The trouble was that she'd got into the habit of playing arch-hussy parts now—and she wasn't a hussy at all.

As he walked hurriedly toward the station, he clutched his train ticket. In a couple of days, he would be in Reno. And then—then he'd be free to go somewhere else. Geography and a job weren't important. Escape from Julia was.

Three blocks from the station, a terrifying thought struck him. He wasn't just escaping Julia; he was deserting his wife—Anne. Anne wasn't always Julia. Sometimes she was simply Anne. She'd be simply Anne for good someday, when she'd had enough of the theatre.

Suddenly, he waved frantically for a taxi. If he was lucky he'd make it back in time to retrieve the note before she came down. He'd watch her entrance and hear her say, standing aloofly, "Darling!"

Then, remembering how he loved her as Anne, and with a little prayer that *Summer Storm* would soon run its course, he'd take Julia Robbins to supper. ###

"Will it stand up under a violent embrace?"

Esquire's

Fashion Coordinator

10 measures

for the well groomed man

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNSTON

HATS Minimize elongated appearance of lean, narrow face with a low crowned, medium width brim hat.

Avoid extremes if your face is of medium proportions. Best hat has medium crown, moderate brim.

Full crown, medium wide b
conforms best to facial and phys
lines of stocky, full-faced m

3 play your best line

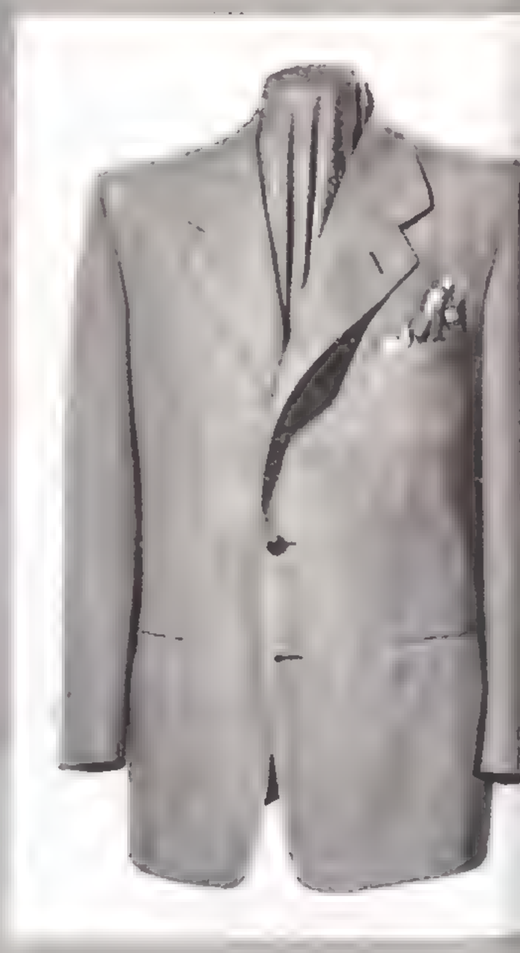
SUITS

Very tall men can wear this broad lapel double chested model in plain weaves or subdued patterns.

Long roll, notched lapels in worsted fabrics tend to build-up the stature of men below average height.

Long roll, double chested is best choice in worsted or flannel for the man of average build.

Smooth textures plus longe
of the three-button jacke
pounds away from the stou



SHIRTS

Command collar with rounded points creates horizontal line needed by men with narrow face.

"Average-type" can wear any of several styles, although first choice is the regulation command collar.

Low slope, forward collar, with less spread between points will minimize breadth of the full-faced man.

The lines of your clothes and accessories are as important as color in creating a dominant, masculine impression. By choosing clothes proportioned to your size and stature it is possible to minimize physical shortcomings as easily as it is to emphasize good points.

That is because we remember the "after-image" of what we see, an image influenced as much by direction as by mis-direction of tailoring lines, patterns and fabric textures. Without fully recognizing the underlying reasons, most men are aware of these fundamental rules: tall men should avoid stripes and vertical effects; short men should favor them. Stout men are wise if they keep to subdued colors and vertical lines; slim men are flattered by larger, light patterns and napped fabrics. Reputable stores employ qualified salespeople. Don't hesitate to ask for their advice, too.

Study the specific models recommended for the distinct types shown. Then, when you try on your new hat, suit, or coat, deliberately pick an *un-suitable* model as a means of emphasizing the reasons why your *correct* model is definitely right for your physique and facial contours. Playing your best line is also a matter of knowing what *not* to wear.

OATS

ngth just to the knee, akes legs appear longer, best for shorter men.

Bold Look raincoat with set-in sleeves, fly front is becoming to most men.

The "regular" has fewer restrictions as to fabrics, models and general lines.

Stout men should concentrate on smooth fabrics in solid colors or herringbone.

A good rule for tall men: have length of coat about 3" below the break at the knee.

Esquire's

10 measures

for the

well-groomed

man

DRAWINGS BY ROSS EAGLESHAM

at its best...when coordinated

If one color can be said to be best for most men, it's blue. It is basic in the wardrobe of well-groomed men. However, to take full advantage of blue, accessories should be carefully and properly coordinated to the suit and to each other.

You'll make no mistake if you approach the general effect of the gentleman on the left if you are his color-type. His dark-blue double-chested jacket rolls softly to the waistline button. The command collar of his white shirt accommodates the boldness of his dark red and white shepherd check tie. White handkerchief has a bold ½" hem. Ribbed knit socks are blue and his black shoes are straight tipped. Grey homburg is the final note.

However, you can start with blue and achieve an equally effective appearance by following the alternate planned accessories shown below. This is blue . . . at its best.

Jacket collar should set low and fit snugly around the neck. A good rule to follow is to expose about a half-inch of shirt collar.

Sleeves should be on the short side, above the break in the wrist, so one-half inch of shirt cuff is visible. Sleeves should be "rolled" not creased.

5

The well-groomed man knows that correct appearance means that he is noticed, and not his clothes. And that is why he is particular about details. Obviously, faults in the matter of dress merely accentuate that part of his wardrobe.

Fortunately, the amount of money you spend for clothes has little bearing on correctness of detail. Except for custom-made touches which are frequently desirable, but not at all essential, there is no reason why your jacket collar shouldn't sit right, your trousers break perfectly, your shirt cuffs show the proper amount of linen. And don't neglect your toiletries, another small but significant detail of masculine grooming.

These are a few of the little things that added together make the difference between being dressed—and being well-dressed.

correct appearance=the sum of details

Trousers should only be long enough to break slightly over the instep. They hang properly when held in place with braces.

Adjustable spring clip attached to trouser waistband button prevents shirt from wrinkling. Slide fastener on trousers gives smooth unbroken line, an important detail of good taste and appearance.

DRAWINGS BY MERRILL HARVEY

CLOTHES

Clothes should be brushed after they have been put on in the morning and again at night after wearing. Make it a point to keep an extra clothes brush at the office. Spots should be removed with a cleaning fluid or warm water before they get a chance to "set". Always keep your jackets on hangers and your trousers on clamp-hangers. And try not to turn your pockets into carry-alls.

HATS

Felt hats should be brushed regularly with a soft hat brush. If you've been caught in the rain, don't make the mistake of putting your hat near a radiator to dry out. Turn the leather sweatband inside out and let it dry naturally. Then brush thoroughly. Always put your hat on by holding it at the brim in front with one hand, at the back with the other. It will retain its shape more satisfactorily.

6

care for what you wear

The well groomed man knows three suits will last *more* than three times as long as a single suit—and continue to look better for a longer time. The same applies to shoes, hats—all apparel. Frequent changes and proper care permit clothes to become refreshed, prevents clothes fatigue.

Of course, if you have a valet, proper care of clothes presents no problem. But, for the rest of us, a minor investment in grooming aids plus a few minutes attention morning and evening is essential. Such interest is a part of good grooming. Trouser hangers, shoe trees, a clothes and hat brush and a more than passing acquaintance with a good, reputable dry cleaning establishment are pre-requisites if you care how you look.

HOW TO PACK

The one thing that usually stumps most men is the proper way of packing a jacket. First, open it flat with the inside of the jacket facing down. Fold each sleeve back on itself lengthwise and fold lapels back over each. Fold the entire jacket in half down the center of the back and fold the bottom up horizontally. Be sure to shake it out, brush it and place on hanger as soon as you unpack. Shirts will keep up a good appearance by placing them with the collars at alternate ends. Heavy articles, shoes, toiletries, etc. should be packed on the bottom. Slip lightweight shoe trees into shoes and then into shoe socks. A tie case will prevent wrinkles and a toiletry kit will keep your grooming aids from breaking. For the sake of conserving space, it would be wise to invest in folding leather slippers and a lightweight robe. And remember, it's always better to travel with an extra piece of luggage than to try to get everything in too-limited space.

SHOES

Good shoes well polished are a sign of good grooming. Several pairs of shoes, frequently changed is just common sense. First, because they're better for the proper care of your feet. Second, because your shoes will last and look better longer. Always keep shoes in trees when not worn to prevent tips from curling and allow them to dry out in correct shape. Daily use of a shoe horn prevents the counter from becoming wrinkled and uncomfortable. Have broken seams repaired early to retain good appearance.

Esquire's

10 measures

for the

well-groomed

man

DRAWINGS BY ROSS EAGLESHAM

7

do it

Men who can wear brown are doubly fortunate. It's a color you don't tire of quickly because it goes well with either complementary or contrasting shades in the various related accessories.

The complete wardrobe illustrated is an example of successful color-blending. The three button brown worsted suit has a notched lapel rolling to the middle button. Command collar shirt and chest pocket handkerchief are Ecorn. Tie is a brown and beige Doubloon Dot. Ribbed lisle socks are brown. The new Midnight Morocc shade is shown on the wing tip shoes and a related color, willow, is the snap brim that completes the outfit.

Alternate accessories shown can be considered as a color chart of what goes best with brown. When the correct tone-values are selected, "doing it up brown" can mean almost anything from green to gold, so there are many possible variations.

p brown

Nowhere can you express
your individuality
better than in sportswear.
In appropriate taste
are the brown
herringbone tweed jacket,
glen plaid waistcoat
with an over-check
flannel sport shirt,
tweed cap and
grey flannel slacks.

Far left: Sport jackets are best when long, as in this giant plaid tweed. Good taste with plain oxford shirt, figured foulard tie, grey flannel slacks.

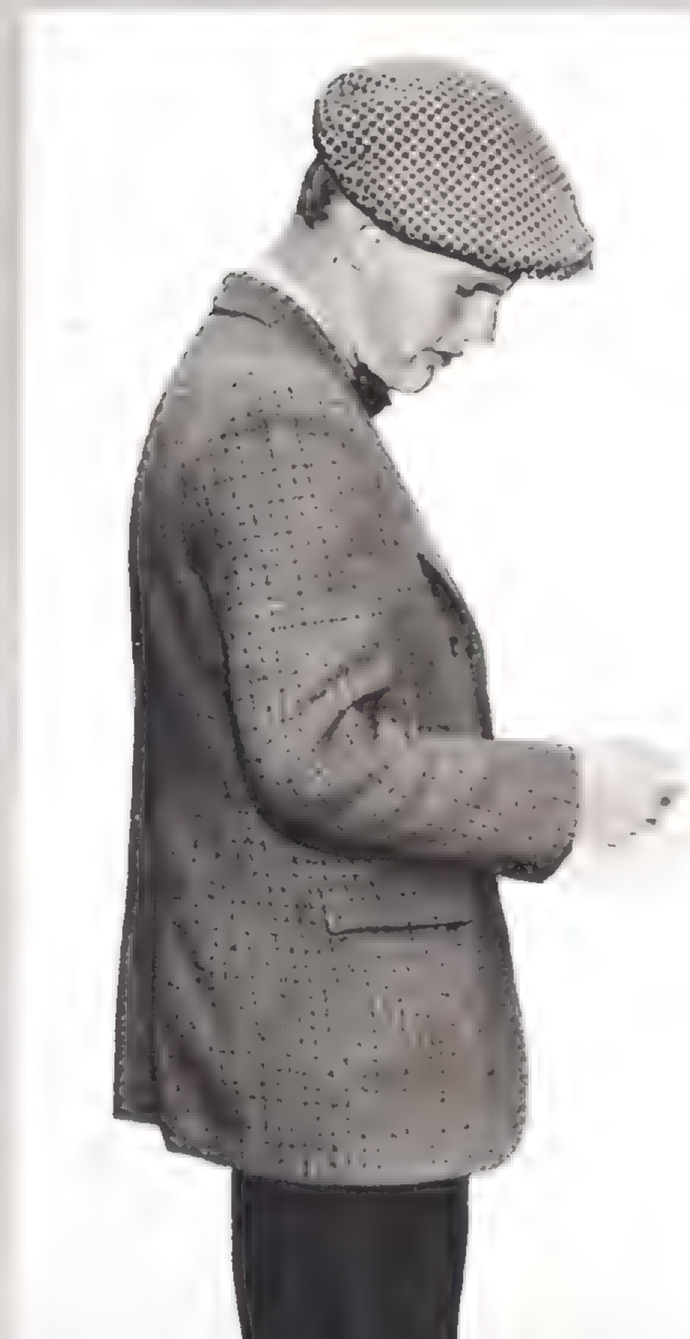
Center: Yellow cashmere is typical of lighter colored jackets popular in Spring. With it a dark tie and plain shirt go best. Green pork pie hat is rough textured.

Right: Side vents are becoming widely used as in this long gabardine jacket. Singular importance is the rough tyrolean hat with cord instead of band.

The basic concept of the Bold Look has been prevalent in sportswear, particularly the spectator variety, for some time. Naturally, this includes close attention to the proper coordination of clothes and accessories. Since tweed jackets are most popular, this relationship is largely expressed in accessories of similar textures . . . wool ties, flannel and oxford shirts, tweed caps, rough textured felt hats, ribbed wool socks, reverse calf leather shoes, etc. Choose colors that harmonize and as a means of introducing accented tones look to the separate waistcoat. Good taste is evident in all of the sportswear photographed on the fashion spot. It's your sportswear guide. From it you can plan your own sports outfit.

sportswear head to toe

Left: Checked tweed caps are being worn with greater frequency. Most widely seen is one-piece top with adjustable band. Notice center vent of jacket.



Right: Here's another one-piece tweed cap in a houndstooth check. Brown tweed jacket has small over-checks on a natural tan background. Worn with grey flannel slacks.

Far right: Bold plaid tweed with side vents show the influence of riding coats in spectator apparel. Dark grey flannel slacks emphasize light tone of jacket.

Esquire's

10 measures

for the

well-groomed

man

DRAWINGS BY ROSS EAGLESHAM

he way to wear grey

One of the many virtues of grey is the wide latitude it permits in accent colors. By remembering your own color-type, as well as basic color relationship, you can achieve any number of different effects, all of them correct.

For example, a commendable use of grey for business wear is typified by the illustration opposite. The new two-button, double-chested model is a medium grey worsted with a soft, long-rolling lapel. Blue, red and brown are key colors. Blue for the shirt . . . red and blue for the Bold Look Titan tie . . . blue ribbed socks . . . dark brown straight-tipped shoes because of the brown hat—and the grey binding picks up the color of the suit.

The important thing to keep in mind is that colors going well together, go well with grey. Just how well, you can judge for yourself by the alternate accessories suggested.

10 leave the little woman at home

A word to the wives is sufficient.

And the word is NO.

When you have serious shopping to do, leave the pretty things at home. They can call in a few harpies from the neighborhood, set up a Kaffeeklatsch, tear a few reputations to ribbons, and be as happy as birds. We are greatly in favor of the little helpmate buying you a dozen pairs of socks or shirts once in a while from your favorite store where your own preferences are known. But even a beautiful woman turns into a vulture once she sits by as you try on a suit of clothes. She spends most of her time flashing her legs and trying to convince the salesman that she knows more than he does: as for you, she makes it eternally clear that you are a complete dope about clothes, and that a couple of guys in white coats are due to pick you up any minute now, anyway.

Leave her home.

* * *

When you shop—now that you have read the Esquire Fashion Coordinator—don't forget to keep your wardrobe in mind *as a unit*. Buy the accessories you like, of course, but think back over the suits you have, and make sure that the simple color and design harmonies that we've outlined for you will bring all this together in one piece when you put them on as a group.

In other words, add to your wardrobe as you shop, rather than just picking up isolated items.

* * *

It is never an Esquire theme that you should spend more money on apparel than you can afford. Buy in your own price range, of course, and blessings on you for being sensible. But within that range, remember—*quality is true economy*.

This isn't just a jingle of the fashion business: because it stands squarely on facts. To begin with, you get great personal enjoyment and satisfaction out of wearing good things. It gives you a lift. And, of course, other people are impressed—human nature is like that.

But good clothes actually last longer. Not in mileage, like a tire, but your good appearance lasts as long as the apparel will wear: on the contrary, cheaper clothing holds up for a shorter period, and then collapses out of sight of all usefulness and value to you except for "old clothes" jobs like washing the car or mowing the lawn. Stick to denims for that. Wear your best for business or social reasons.

Quality is never a mistake.

* * *

Another tip: there's economy in numbers. When you have a number of suits or shoes, for example, and rotate them, wear and tear per dollar spent is actually less than if you go on the theory of wearing only a few items continuously and then replace them when worn out. Same dollars spent in the long run, but penalties all along the route in appearance, variation in your outfit and simple mileage out of your clothes.

* * *

The purpose of this Coordinator has been to advise you. And so it is with good conscience that we step out in favor of an American business principle which protects the consumer in every great industry—the brand product.

You wouldn't consider buying an automobile blind, without knowing what kind of car it was. That is because the automotive industry has established a standard of value the average man respects. You know what you're getting when you know the make.

The same principle applies to men's apparel. We do not imply, by any stretch of the imagination, that clothing which bears the label of the retailer only is therefore below quality or thereby sure to vary in uniformity from month to month or year to year. This may be true or not, according to who your retailer is. But on the other hand it is positive that branded merchandise *always* is your mark of quality and uniformity which amounts to a guarantee of money well spent. Not to be sentimental about it, the manufacturer simply signs his name as a promise of good merchandise, and this mark of integrity, in the apparel business as in any other industry, is something we commend for your admiration and attention when purchasing your wardrobe.

The brand name is your trademark of value received, a protection which works for you from day to day so that when you buy, your insurance is in the salesman's hands, on the counter.

Look for the brand name, sir.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

"Yes, the custody fight was extremely distasteful to me—however, one must adjust to these things"

1

DOCTOR
BROWN
HOURS

2.

DOCTOR
BROWN
HOURS

3.

DOCTOR
BROWN
HOURS

4.

DOCTOR
BROWN
HOURS

5.

MD

6.

Area of Agreement

There were things that this woman who loved him could never understand: one of them was that her beauty and her love were not enough to fill his life completely

A Story by

CHARLES LESTER

It was terribly, unbearably hot. Monica sat shedding great beads of perspiration, and her usually immaculate hair hung in long, straggly wisps down her face and hid the perfection of her features. "You had to bring us here," she said. "The world is full of beaches and flies and filthy sand and you had to bring us here."

Michael looked up from the book he was reading. He hated to be interrupted this way, and the irritation showed on his face and in his voice. "It wasn't altogether necessary," he said. "As a matter of fact, I could have come alone."

"Sure," she said. "Sure, you could have come alone. You could do everything alone. You could go fishing and read books alone. You could hate me, alone, and worry about me, alone. You could do a lot of things alone." She stared at him, and her hatred was so obvious that it pelted across the hot sand like the ripples of the sun. "Sure," she continued. "Oh, sure. You could do a lot alone. Only you couldn't love me alone, could you?"

Through her long soliloquy Michael pretended to read. He kept his eyes on the pages of the book and stared sightlessly at the blurred letters that, if he could have paid any attention to them, would have made sense. But he could only hear *her* words and let them dig into the sensitivity of his mind, and, because it was Monica talking, it hurt. He shut the book with a loud slam, and the covers spattered the loose Florida sand into his face so that he had to blow hard to get rid of the small particles that crept into his nose and mouth.

His voice was very soft. "You understand, don't you," he said, "that I love you? You seem to be under a peculiar misapprehension about our relationship. You're a girl." He corrected himself. "A woman, I mean. You're undoubtedly the most complete specimen of that species known as woman. You've hair that looks as though it had never been designed by anything in this world—as though it had fallen out of trees that had been grown only to have your hair and to wait until you arrived and then to let the hair drop softly and gently onto your head and sit there and wait and fall fantastically beautiful around your head. You've softness and roundness and firmness. You've a kind of beauty that man doesn't want to find because he's afraid of it. You've a mind that is all the things a man should want and all the things a man is afraid of."

She sat silently before the onslaught of his soft sentences. She understood half of what he was saying, literally, but she knew just what he meant from the way he was saying it. She sat, stonelike, watching, waiting, listening; her head cocked to one side as if she were an animal listening for sounds of danger or a dog listening to sounds of praise.

"If there is a love," he went on, "if there is a complete love of man for woman; of man for the one thing in life more important than anything yet figured out by man; for the only thing that ever made Adam do the things he did and Eve the things she did, then that's what I have for you. The sun and the heat and the flies are of no importance. There is only us. If there's a book between us, it's not a book but a respite. If there's the heat and if there's flies and if there's the sand, then those are only things that are real because they can be held in our hands. But they don't exist. There is only for us the one thing—our love."

She sat silently for a while. The momentum of his words bowed her down like the heavy winds of a cyclone and she shuddered under the shock of them. It was this way all the time and she knew it. She loved him. She loved him in a dumb, animal-like way, and, though she might rebel against him, she knew she would not leave him. Yet always there was the awful knowledge that no matter what she said she was of no real importance to him. She was sure of that: she was so sure that—again in a dumb, animal-like way—she was caught in the frustration of it. It didn't matter that she wasn't intelligent enough to understand that no matter what she thought and no matter how he treated her and no matter what happened, she was, actually, as important as—if not more important than—any of the other realities around him. That the book and the sand and the heat, the conversation and the friends and the job of work he had to do, were as important as she was. But that each was to each other as each was in importance to him, and that he was incapable of being without one as without the other.

For her, the next statement was a fantastic piece of perception. "I'm a woman to you," she said. "I'm as representative as a good book or—" and she hesitated momentarily, trying to make her statement ring true with thought—"or, for that matter, as a *bad* book."

He had turned back to his book. He closed it quietly this time. It was terribly important to explain things to her. He knew how much he needed her, and so he started to explain in simple terms, with great and gentle patience. "I've already told you I love you. This is not a statement that I throw wildly into the arms of all women. I like books. I like to sit and be comfortable and swelter in the heat of the Florida sunshine. But the book and the sunshine are about as wonderful as you are. I want them. I want you. I don't want you if I can't have them. I don't want them without you."

She nodded her head. In some way, it was beginning to penetrate. She was almost pathetic as the knowledge forced its way into her mind. "I think I understand," she said.

"It's equally important," he went on, "for you to want me—to need me."

She moved across the small piece of sand separating them. She reached over, took the book, and placed it behind her. She put her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes, the long lashes making a masklike shadow across her high cheekbones.

"It isn't very hot, really," she said. "I've been silly, I guess."

She didn't see him lift the book and open it behind her. She didn't see him look at the clear image of the letters and the words as he read on. She felt only the pressure of his arms as they lay against her bare shoulders. She heard only his satisfied words.

"I'm glad," he said. "I'm glad you understand. Things will be much better now." ##

"Shall we break the monotony with a little music?"

I'll Get Him Next Time

It isn't every night that a kid from Wichita Falls, Texas, finds himself the main event at Madison Square Garden, which may have upset Jackie Webb considerably

A Story by

BARNEY NAGLER

JACKIE lay back on the leather-covered rubbing table which filled half of the small dressing room and sought sleep, but it was silly trying to fool himself into believing he could relax.

Only minutes more—maybe fifteen or twenty—and the round-faced little ex-fighter who made a few dollars each fight night acting as dressing-room call boy would come to the door and call, "Get ready, Jackie. You're on next."

Chris Carroll, Jackie's manager, had left him alone. "After all, Jackie," Chris had said, "this is your big night in the Garden, so try and sleep."

Jackie Webb was too much on edge to sleep though, for it isn't every night that a kid from Wichita Falls, Texas, finds himself fighting the main event at Madison Square Garden.

There's the long climb up, through the fours and the six-rounders, and through rounds when your nose feels like it isn't there any more and your heart pounds and the guy you're trying to put the conk to just isn't going to get knocked out. Then there's the first time in the Garden. *It isn't too bad*, Jackie thought. *A few more like this, and it'll be like taking expense money from your manager.*

He tried to picture the eager customers awaiting the main events. Fifteen thousand people, and of all of them only one mattered to him. She should be sitting in the tenth row, section J, seat nine.

He had bought the ticket himself—twelve dollars' worth, a lot of money—and had given the ticket to Chris, because Chris was going to meet Arlene at the train from Texas. It was her first trip all the way to New York and maybe she would be a little scared of the big town, its crowds and tall buildings.

Jackie heard the heavy door to the dressing room open. *This is it*, he thought. *This is the guy who'll say, "Get ready, Jackie. You're on next."*

He was right. The thick-tongued ex-fighter said it just that way. Then Jackie raised himself from the rubbing table, and Whitey Williams, his trainer, draped the old Marine bathrobe around his tan shoulders.

He felt good wearing the robe; it had brought him luck in all his amateur fights, and even when he had turned pro. Now he was wearing it once again, going into the ring at Madison Square Garden.

"Follow me, kid," Whitey said.

"Okay," Jackie replied.

He bounced around, his head lowered, shadow-boxing in an intense way that was supposed to warm him for the ordeal ahead.

Then the procession started toward the ring. First Whitey, then Jackie, and, behind him, Chris and the other fellow who was to work in his corner. Chris began a pep talk as they moved down the passageway. "Keep your chin in and move," he said. "This Frenchman can't hit you if you move."

"Okay," said Jackie.

At the ring stairs, Whitey went up first and Jackie followed. The lights were bright, whiter inside the ring than outside, and as Jackie sat on the corner stool he tried to look out. The customers bunched together as one in the shadow of the ring lights.

Where's section J, Jackie thought. *Wish I could see her for a moment. Just for a moment.*

The announcer began introducing the main-eventers and Jackie heard his name and the cheers that followed. Then the Frenchman was introduced, and, before the cry for him had died, Jackie was at the middle of the ring getting instructions from the referee.

He sized up his opponent. Shorter by an inch, longer arms, hairier of chest, and sterner of face.

Tough fellow, Jackie thought. *Real tough. Gotta show him I'm boss from the start.*

Jackie went back to his corner, Whitey shook his hand and wished him good luck, and the bell sounded for the first round.

The Texan bounced out of his corner. He'd show the Frenchman who was boss. He'd show the Frenchman and the fifteen thousand, including Arlene. He stuck out his left and it found its mark on the Frenchman's nose. *That's it*, Jackie thought. *Stick and move.* That was the way. He flashed out with his left again. It found its mark just like the first one. But then, almost at the same moment, a right counter flashed over his left lead.

Jackie tightened all over, and then his muscles relaxed. He toppled forward and rolled over the way they always do when they're hit right on the button.

The referee began his count, and finished it too. Whitey Williams beat Chris into the ring after ten and began working over Jackie. He was an old hand at reviving knocked-out fighters and Jackie responded quickly.

"You're okay, kid," Whitey said. "Got hit early, that's all."

They lifted Jackie to his feet and helped him to the corner. The corner stool seemed harder than when he had entered the ring. He felt as though he needed a hundred aspirins to get rid of the pain that throbbed in his head. "Let's get out of here," he managed to say.

Chris was nice about it. He stretched the two middle strands of the ring ropes so that Jackie could pass between them without effort. Less than ten minutes after he had left his dressing room, Jackie was back.

"Don't let anybody in until we're finished," Chris ordered the special cop at the door.

"Not even the newspapermen?" the cop asked.

"Not even my mother," Chris said.

Jackie sat on the narrow wooden bench that circled the room. "Let you down," he said. "Got my chance and I let you down."

"It's okay, kid," Chris said. "Just got hit, that's all."

"No, I'm a bum," Jackie said. "Just a bum who was lucky enough to get into the Garden, and *she* had to see it."

Chris didn't speak for a moment, and Whitey began unlacing Jackie's shoes. "You'll get him next time," Whitey said.

Chris spoke again. "Forgot to tell you, Jackie, about that ticket."

"What ticket?" Jackie asked. The color was back in his face now.

"Ticket for Arlene," Chris replied.

"Didn't you give it to her? Didn't you meet her at the train?"

"Met her all right. Met her on time, but she said she couldn't stand seeing you fight, so she wouldn't take the ticket. Said she'd be waiting for you after the fight."

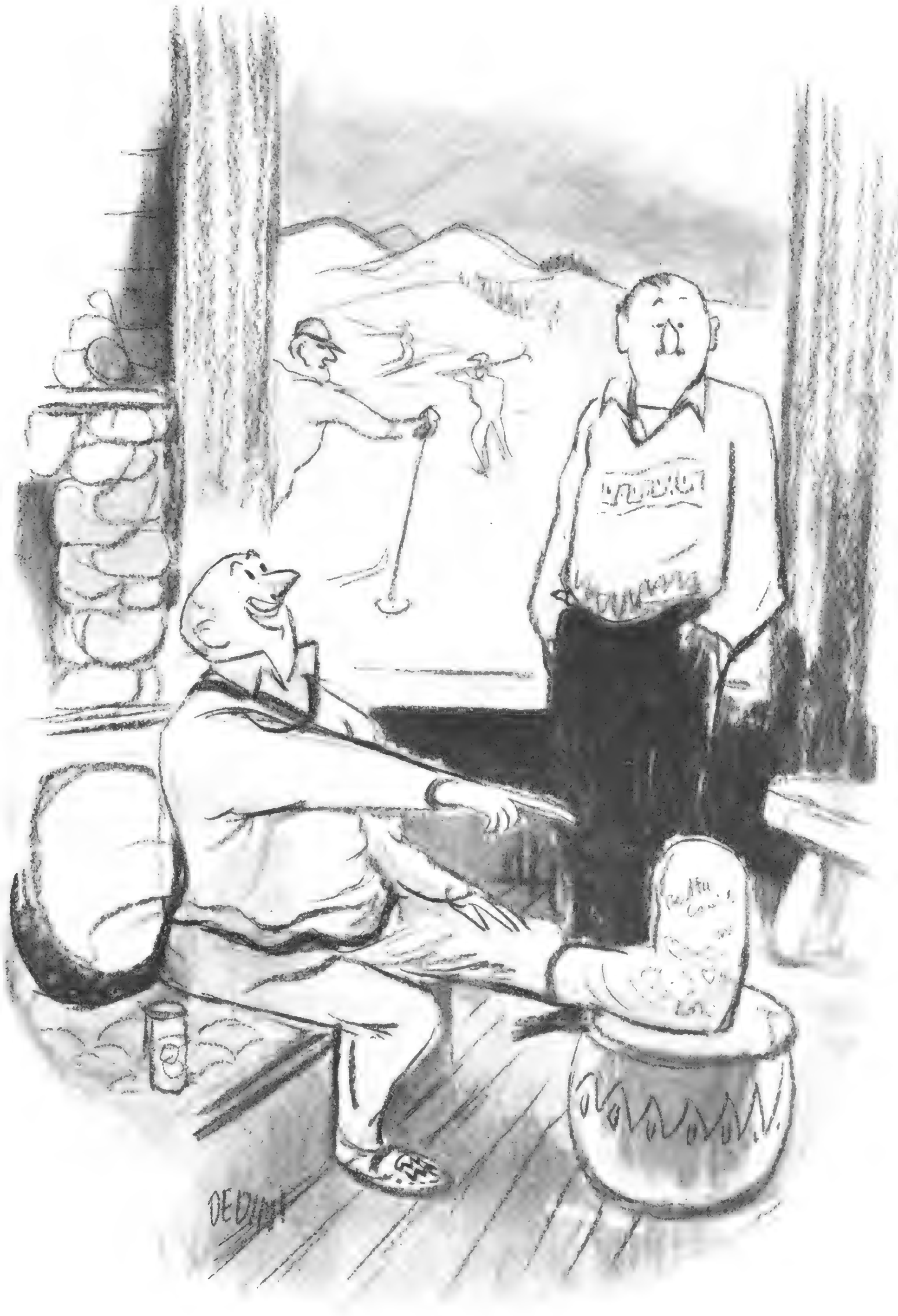
"Then she didn't see it?"

"Naw, she waited outside," Chris said.

Jackie stared down at his bare feet for a moment. "I'm glad," he said. Then, raising his face and looking straight at Chris, he smiled. "Know what?" he added.

"What?"

"Get me that Frenchman again. I think I'll lick him next time. Betcha I do." ##



"I've never had a better time in my life! Look—Betty Grable's autograph!"

Handling the dog in the ring is a science in itself, a smooth blend of showmanship and control. Sometimes the dogs are shown by professional handlers, although many owners prefer to take their own pets in the ring, just for the sport of it. It is not considered good form at any show for a dog to bite the judge, or for a big dog to chew off a little dog's tail. Most show dogs have excellent ring manners

The Westminster

Every dog that has had his day at the Garden has a tale to pass along to his grandpuppies

This is it. This is the Rose Bowl, Forest Hills, the Derby, the World Series, this is the Olympics for dogs—the Madison Square Garden Show of the historic Westminster Kennel Club. The Club was founded in 1876, and the first of the great series of shows was held in 1877, and not a year since has been skipped in the famous annual competition which has become the largest indoor show in the United States.

The tradition is mostly in superlatives. It is the oldest dog show in America, and it is probably the barkingest, as anyone can witness by stepping downstairs to the basement area where the dogs are benched. Usually there are about twenty-five hundred of them, and one year there were thirty-one hundred, adding to the Westminster record of being the biggest indoor show every year, as well as the most distinguished. To the Westminster come champions and would-be champions, but in order to compete, any dog, except the ones in the puppy class, must have already won a blue ribbon at a recognized licensed dog show. About one hundred breeds are represented.

Whether you know anything about the various breeds, or just look kindly on any hopeful pooch who aspires to be man's best you-know-what, the two-day event is the perfect time to wander from bench to bench, looking at the magnificent animals that are the last refined word in aristocracy and breeding, and still all dog. The showing is dramatic even for an outsider, as dogs and their owners come to the end of the long trail that started in the puppy kennel, then followed along the path so well strewn with the cartons of dog biscuits and marked by the hours of training and hoping and even—ask any owner—heartbreak. For the show dog starts in the little shows, like a fighter learning to be ringwise in the sticks before he takes on the big time. He wins and loses and learns to like it: the dogs obviously love the applause, the crowd, and the proud moment when the judge ponders the winners. The dog must have a certain fire and showmanship of his own, in addition to perfect deportment in the ring, and almost perfect conformation. This last, of course, is the debatable point, and leads to the sad reflection that a judge at a dog show of, say, 1000 entries, goes home with one friend and 999 enemies because of his opinions. When he looks at a dog, he sees two dogs in his mind's eye—the real dog, and the ideal imaginary dog he is matching him against. That is the only perfect dog—but at Westminster you'll see the dogs which come closest. ##

Dogs compete first against their own breeds, and then each best of breed goes on to meet competition of other breeds in the various groups—the sporting dogs, the hounds, the workers, the terriers, the toys and the non-sporting dogs. That brings six dogs (the winner in each group) into the finals for best of show, which is judged in the center of the whole Madison Square Garden floor as the spectacular climax to the Westminster

Above: the Westminster attracts a brilliant social crowd as well as countless dog lovers, socially prominent and otherwise, who follow their favorites from show to show. The members of the club wear evening dress, and they are rightfully proud of the traditions and success of their great indoor show

Below: Down around the ring are the dedicated fanatics who examine each dog as carefully as the judge and exchange opinions on angulation and depth of brisket. You can learn much by listening to this group, but it's best to hold your peace until you know all about the dogs, since the outcome of an argument with these experts over the merits of a favorite entry may range from a treat over the nearest bar to a lusty swat on the kisser

"You're through, Murphy! Go turn in your suit!"

Shoot If You Must

When the press photogs are trying to get you to look at a birdie you may not want to see, it's smart to straighten your tie, comb your hair, and co-operate

An Article by

DAMAN C. FENWICK

SHE looked like anything but a hammer slayer, sitting there on the edge of the chair, her hands folded tightly in her lap, her blonde hair falling gracefully over her shoulders. You could tell by the glassy look in her baby-blue eyes that she was half out of this world with fright as she found herself surrounded by reporters and news photographers with their terrifying cameras, wires and lights. Her nerves must have been tighter than violin E-strings because she jumped every time that a bulb flashed.

We had all taken our customary two "protection" shots, and were ready to get something really good. It was inevitable, therefore, that one of the photographers would notice the woman had a pretty pair of gams.

"Hey, lady, how about crossing your legs?" he suggested.

Then another photographer noticed the high window ledge in the prosecuting attorney's office. "How about coming over here and sitting on this window ledge?" he asked.

The rest of us nodded approvingly—and for obvious reasons. A radiator was just below the ledge. She would have to sit with her feet on the radiator and her knees propped up high (that's the standard cheesecake shot, serial number 1560).

The woman, overly anxious to please us terrifying men from the newspapers, rose quickly to obey. She made a pretty picture, too, framed in the window, her knees up under her chin. The bulbs flashed again.

But still we weren't through. (When the subject is willing and co-operative, there is *no limit* to what we won't do for a picture. Try to remember that. You may save yourself a lot of grief someday, as you will see later.) Along came another photographer with an idea. He had picked up a souvenir gavel from the prosecutor's desk; now he handed it to the woman.

"Hold this in your hand," he instructed her, "like you were going to hit somebody."

She obeyed dumbly, still too dazed by all the confusion to realize what she was doing. Again the bulbs flashed.

This, then, was the picture that appeared in all the local and state newspapers that day—a shot of the woman supposedly illustrating how she had held the hammer in her hand just before bashing out her husband's brains. The jury, needless to say, found her guilty of manslaughter, and she got ten to twenty-five years.

Now, whether she did or did not beat her husband's brains out is beside the point. Every man is entitled to a fair trial before an unbiased jury, regardless of what alleged crime he is charged with. You notice that I use the word "alleged." Any crime the state charges you with is "alleged" until it is proved beyond a reasonable doubt.

This blonde, therefore, even had she been guilty as hell, should, nevertheless, have been nothing more than an *alleged* hammer slayer until after she had been brought to trial and convicted by a jury of her peers. It is not for the photographic press to decide one way or the other.

But the psychological damage had been done. Everyone saw that picture, including members of the jury. Her attorney even had to give up efforts to reject prospective jurors who had seen the picture. *Everyone* had seen it; and no one knew better than the woman's attorney how damaging such a thing can be. No matter what facts he brought out at the trial, in the subconscious minds of that jury would remain a damning picture of a simpering woman brazenly displaying her legs and demonstrating how she had held the hammer that killed her husband.

On the other hand, if this woman had retained her presence of mind in the prosecutor's office that day and had refused to budge from her chair, we would eventually have been compelled to leave and to use our "protection" shots, which showed her precisely as she was—a thoroughly unhappy and frightened young woman sitting on the edge of her chair. This was the *true* picture. Public reaction—the jury's reaction—might have been different. Who knows?

Well, after all, why should *you* worry about all this? You're just a peaceful, law-abiding citizen who reads the news, but never makes it. No news photographer will ever be bothering you for a picture.

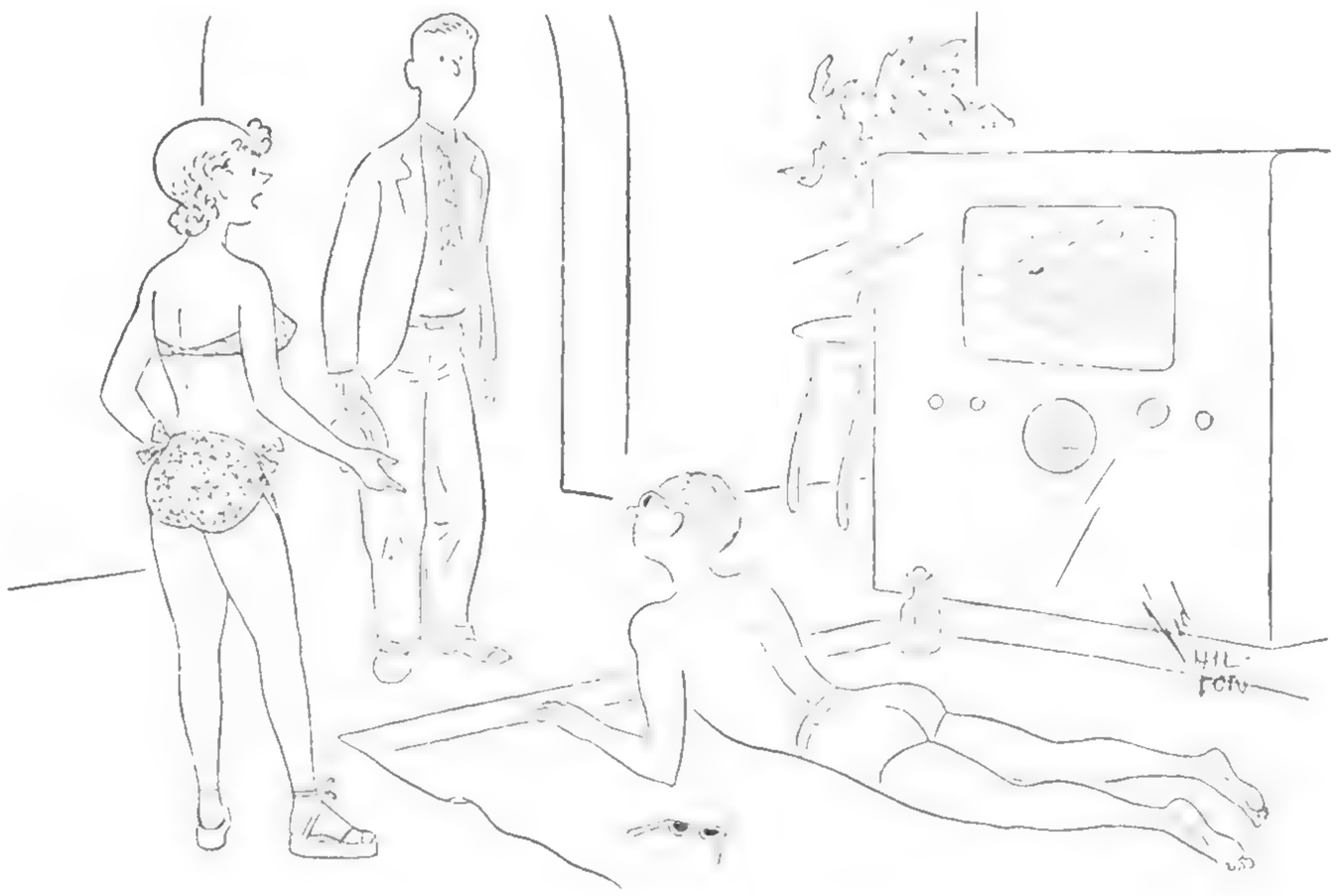
That's what *you* think, mister. You may not know it, but I'm a lot closer to you than you think. I may be buzzing your doorbell tomorrow. Actually, the chances of your becoming involved in a major news story, with page-one art, are about 1000-to-1. If you live in a large metropolitan area, it's about a hundred-to-one chance that you'll never even get your picture in the paper during your lifetime. But if you're an average middle-class American, living in a city of 50,000 or under, with a fairly active social life and an interest in community affairs, the odds drop to about three-to-one. And if there are two hotly competing newspapers in your community, then it's a fifty-fifty chance that you will, before you die, face the business end of a Speed Graphic press camera just like mine.

These odds can be wiped out completely if you dabble in small-town politics or are active in civic affairs—in which case you will get to know me (or my fellow photographer in your town) well enough to call me by my first name. Does all this frighten you? It needn't, really.

Yes, I know. You've seen in the papers and movies what horrible things we sometimes do to perfectly nice people and you feel it is just as well that you're an ordinary guy who never makes news. You probably wonder, though, why we do such crazy things. Is it the nature of the beast, you ask?

No, it's not the nature of the beast. It's the nature of the business. Actually, we news photographers are no different from the members of any other craft, regardless of what Hollywood has led you to believe. The movies, incidentally, are one of our pet irritations, because we resent being depicted as half-wits or stooges for some dashing reporter—and we never chase around with a press card in our hats. Generally, we work on assignment and alone. On certain stories, we will work along with a reporter as a team; we are not his lackey, and he is not our master.

The public fancies us as living in a perpetual whirl of excitement and adventure—flitting lightly, and cynically, from one interesting story to another, stopping occasionally for a dry Martini and a few wisecracks with some (*Continued on next page*)



"We're trying a new special broadcast from Florida"

ravishing chorus girl. If this is so, then somebody has been handing me all the jerk assignments. Or maybe I've worked on the wrong seventeen newspapers. They must be saving all the glamour and excitement for the publisher's relatives on the pay roll.

All *I* ever get is work—work that is, at times, as highly competitive and demanding as a rich man's poor relations. I am constantly being needled by my editors for pictures that are "different," whatever that means. Maybe you can tell me: exactly how many different ways can you photograph a scene where one guy hands another a check as a contribution to the Fund for the Relief of Calluses on the Backsides of Those Characters Who Sit on County Courthouse Steps All Day? When you have photographed this same scene a thousand times—the only change is in the faces of the individuals—you begin to get a little punchy.

And there you have a pretty good explanation of why we do those crazy things to the subjects we photograph. We are always involved in an eternal search for a picture that will be fresh and "different," that will perhaps even satisfy our editor for a change. On the other hand, if I were to go on, day after day, photographing each person in each assignment in the same cut-and-dried pose, I should soon wind up collecting unemployment compensation. Since I don't want to do this, I beat my poor tired brain until it bleeds for a new twist on an old picture, just so as to induce *you* to buy more newspapers.

You still doubt, perhaps, that it will ever happen to you. "I just don't do anything that would interest the newspapers," you say.

Are you sure about that? Do you belong to a fraternal organization? Do you play golf? Do you bowl? Do you fish?—Oh, you fish, do you? Well, let's say that tomorrow you go fishing and hook into a lunker bass weighing about eight pounds. Before you get home, somebody is certain to see you with the fish; he'll call my paper; my editor'll call me; and I'll call on you.

Actually, you come under my jurisdiction the day you're born. If it's New Year's Day, then I'll drop in to see your mother in the hospital. Somewhere along the line, from the moment you enter this American world to the day you leave it, my camera will be waiting for you.

All this, however, is in the realm of commonplace everyday occurrences—the sort of stuff you see in the feature section of your Sunday paper. But suppose fate singles you out for special attention, and suddenly, one fine day, you find yourself smack on page one of your local newspaper. It's a big juicy story, for a small town. Some screwball dame you have never heard of has slapped a paternity suit on you; she claims you sired all nine of her progeny.

Being a perfectly normal male, you are appalled at what you read; your wife has nervous prostration, and your own nine children have been sent to grandma's for the day.

You're feeling pretty sick, when your telephone rings and you hear my voice saying, "Could I drop down to your place for a picture, Mr. Smith?"

"Drop dead!" you shout in the phone, and then you slam down the receiver. The very thought of more publicity sends panicky chills up and down your spine.

Your reaction, Mr. Smith, was very typical—and very stupid, too, if you'll forgive me. Like the ostrich, you're trying to conceal something that everybody in town can see and read about in the newspapers. The suit is filed and the information is public property. You might, in some instances, have been able to suppress publication, but you can never stop tongues from wagging. So why knock your brains out? If I know you, though, you're determined to fight me off—with a meat ax, if necessary. Nevertheless, within half an hour you'll find me, along with my two competitors from the opposition papers, on your front porch. And there we'll stand leaning on your doorbell.

You open the front door long enough to shout, "I've got nothing to say to the press and I don't want my picture taken." Then you slam the door in our faces.

Things like that don't discourage me very easily, mister. You see, I've got a wife and nine kids myself to support and feed, along with a twenty-year mortgage on my house. Do you think I'm going to jeopardize my bread and butter just because you don't want your picture taken? Don't be naïve. It's not *my* fault that you're in a jam. And the same goes for my two colleagues from the opposition papers. I'm watching them; they're watching me; and, with our other eye, each of us is watching your house.

It's a tough racket, mister. Maybe it's raining or snowing and I'd like to go home to my family—or at least get a cup of coffee—but I don't dare. As long as my two competitors are there, I have to stay.

You can hold out indefinitely, of course, but I'll get you sooner or later. And when I do, you may, like a great many people, lose your temper and attack me or try to smash my camera. I wouldn't, if I were you. In my state, there's a year-round closed season on deer, songbirds, and news photographers. You can swear at us, but you mustn't touch. If you do, we'll sue.

Why don't you use your head and spare yourself all this? You could *use* me to your own advantage if you were smart. How? By just pretending to co-operate. Instead of fighting me, why not try to make me work for you as a sort of press agent? I can do you a lot of good, you know.

Instead of slamming the door, invite me in. Then sit down comfortably in your big chair, with your wife on the arm of the chair and your nine children gathered round. Now you need only say, "Okay. Shoot."

I probably won't like this particular pose, but I *have* to get a picture, *any* picture. You have *complete control* of the situation, and can practically force me to photograph you in any pose you wish. If I suggest a different angle, you can ignore it, because there has never been a law passed that requires you to obey a news photographer's instructions. So let us take our shots, and then say, "That'll be all, boys."

That picture in the paper will do you a lot of good. People will say, "My! Such a fine family! He must be a good father." See what I mean? Your battle is half won once you've got a good press. You'd be surprised at how many smart operators there are who have, to their advantage, learned to cooperate with news photographers.

People whose careers depend on publicity have developed this trick to a fine art. Governor Dewey, for example, will never permit a photographer to shoot him with his sleeves rolled up. It's an undignified pose, he feels. His press-relations men permit only pictures that are favorable to the Governor. The photographers have no choice but to comply, since Governor Dewey is, in most other ways, a more than willing subject—as you all know.

Perhaps we photographers are occasionally guilty of making people look mighty ridiculous, all for a picture. You see silly pictures every day in your paper. A perfect example is that of a former member of Congress who, some years back, made the front pages of the nation's press by wading in a fish pond for the benefit of Washington photographers. Then there was the well-known, beer-drinking heavyweight prize fighter who was once pictured in a hula dancer's grass skirt. When I kidded him about this, he snarled angrily, "That damn photographer talked me into it!"

In dealing with the photographic press, there is only one good rule to remember: never let yourself be talked into doing anything that violates your sense of good taste. If, so to speak, you disapprove of sitting on pianos with your legs crossed, *don't do it.* That's simple enough, isn't it? No news photographer has ever made anybody look like a damn fool unless the person *was* a fool—or wanted to appear so, for a reason.

There will always, of course, be photographers with crazy ideas and people ready to execute them. I expect to take pictures of a great many such people before I am finally led away by the hand. Right now I've got a honey of an idea for a feature shot. All I need is a young pretty girl and a few props. Would your wife or your daughter be interested? I'll get her picture and yours too, if you want, in every newspaper in the country, and you'll all get sacks of fan mail.

What's that? Oh, you say you wouldn't be interested. See, you're smart already. ##

Hula-Balloo

In the old brave days, when New England harbors were home ports for the fastest, slickest ships that sailed, little groups of brave women stood on the dunes, waving good-by to their men, outbound for sea lanes half a world away. They waved extra hard when they thought of entries in the ship's log, listing all of the desertions on the Hawaiian run the year before. Lest the log entry be incomplete, we present here: reason for desertion.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MUKY

Sun Spots for February Fun

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ever since Prohibition tried to make it a felony to bend an elbow. Havana's fleshpots have been anathema to blue noses ever since — which certainly is a recommendation of the city to baritones and other persons who love life and who want to live.

Havana is undoubtedly one of the very best spots in the world to have yourself a time. The Cuban capital's great charm for footloose Americans probably lies in the fact that its atmosphere is different, but not too different, while its tempo is definitely American. It is Caribbean in its feeling of you-mind-your-business-and-I'll-mind-mine, yet it is straight Yankee in its alert and canny service for the pleasure-seeking man who wants to spend a dollar.

First thing you'll want to know about Havana, naturally, is how to get there. It's only an hour and five minutes by air from Miami. (By Pan American: round-trip, 30-day excursion fare $30.) From New York, it's five hours via the direct Constellation service of LAV, the Venezuelan Airline; somewhat longer by National Airlines which stops at Washington and Tampa, and by Peruvian International Airways from Washington. Round-trip fare, New York to Havana, is as follows: LAV $156.40; National Airlines $167.80. Round trip, Washington to Havana, via Peruvian Airlines is $149.40.

It's nine and three-quarters hours from Chicago by Chicago & Southern Air Lines. (You can pick up the flight en route at St. Louis, Memphis or New Orleans.) Round-trip fare from Chicago is $137.40. Remember that all fares to Havana, like domestic transportation, are subject to the 15% federal transportation tax.

From Miami to Havana by boat it's overnight on the twice-weekly sailings of the Peninsular & Occidental Steamship Company. Round-trip fare is $46, including berth and meals at sea. The United Fruit Company runs cruise ships to Havana from New York or New Orleans, with stopover privileges.

Department of Precautionary Notes: Havana is such a top tourist spot, particularly in February and early March, that you'll want to make your reservations early.

Most famous hotel in the capital is the Nacional de Cuba—lush, luxurious and lazy-living, where the décor is colorful, the female guests are just busting out with energy distilled from all the infrared sunrays they absorb around the swimming pool—and the rates begin at about $15 per day, single, European plan—that's without meals.

Other leading hotels include the Presidente, in the fashionable Vedado residential section (rates begin at about $9 single), the Sevilla-Biltmore, on the Prado ($11 single), and the Royal Palm, also on the Prado ($8). The Prado, incidentally, is the beautifully landscaped avenue leading down from the Central Park to the harbor just opposite Morro Castle.

Morro Castle, in turn, is the trade-mark of the city—just about what the Eiffel Tower is to Paris, Big Ben is to London, or the Statue of Liberty is to New York. Standing at the mouth of the harbor, where the Gulf of Mexico flows into the channel, Morro Castle has been photographed so badly so often that it has become almost a pictorial cliché. But try it in color sometime, in very late afternoon, when the low-lying sun turns its beat-up old battlements into hammered gold.

You've arrived in Havana, you are checked into your hotel—now what to do? Gentlemen, if you've prowled the streets of Havana for more than a half-hour and you haven't found something to do—you're either superannuated, blind, accompanied by your wife, or a combination of all three.

Not even New York's 52nd Street—when it was 52nd Street—or the Place Pigalle in Paris offers more night life, either in quantity or in diversity, than does Havana. The whole town jumps. You sense it the minute you walk out into one of the main streets—the crowds milling on the sidewalks, the radios blaring forth from the barbershops and the grocery stores, the way people almost seem to dance as they walk.

Cubans, by the way, are just about the dancingest people on earth. Havana is the birthplace of the rumba and the more modern version of the African conga, and even the famed Argentine tango is supposed to have been born of the Habañera, cooked up right in Havana. Everybody dances in Cuba, from cabinet ministers to kids selling lottery tickets around the sidewalk cafés. It ranks with baseball, cockfighting and jai alai as a national sport.

You'll see the rumba danced in various versions in all sorts of night spots, from the country-clublike Sans Souci, a few miles out west of town, to little dives in holes in the walls off narrow streets.

It's no dance to teach the kids for Sunday-school picnics, even as it is performed in such well-known and amply illuminated places as the Eden, Tropicana, Zombie and Casablanca. And the lower down the social scale you go, the wilder grows the rumba.

Representing barnyard love life, it is more aphrodisiac than the wildest grinds and bumps ever concocted by American burlesque in its sexiest days. We're talking about the professional rumba, of course, as performed by dancers in the floor shows. But the same spirit creeps into the rumba of visiting Cuban firemen and their dates for the evening as they slide around the floor, the intensity of the dance depending on the propensities of the dancers.

Speaking of propensities, there are all sorts of interesting places in Havana, one of the best-known being the Casa Marina, where it is said that none of the debutantes has ever refused to smile, chat and pass the time of day with personable American visitors.

In the drinking department, too, Havana really comes into its own. Famous for its rum, Cuba Libres, Bacardis, Daiquiris and Planter's Punches—the place is really heaven for the tosspot.

Nobody in his right mind ever goes to Havana without stopping in at Sloppy Joe's, one of the world's most famous oases. It was founded in an old grocery store by a Spaniard named Jose Abeal, who worked as a bartender in Havana's Chinatown shortly after the turn of the century, then learned the ways of U.S. bibbing at bars in New Orleans and Miami.

Joe's been dead a few years now, and the place is much more elegant and tidy, but it's still headquarters for about nine-tenths of the American visitors to Cuba. They'll sit around the bar all night and most of the day (it only closes for an hour or so, to let them sweep it out) sipping such esoteric libations as a Cuban President, Mary Pickford, Gin Sling, Green Fizz, Morning Glory, Capitolio, Four Powers, Grace Line, United Fruit, Blue Moon, Pick Me Up, Fox Movietone, Around the World, Dr. Special and What Is Good.

Just to give you an idea of what goes on, the last-named is made by mixing a teaspoonful of sugar with two-thirds of a jigger of gin, one-third of apricot brandy, juice of a lime and white of an egg—shaken in cracked ice and served in a tall glass.

Another place to visit when your throat is parched and your tongue is hanging out is the Dos Hermanos, or Two Brothers, a true institution among the world's water-front bars.

In Havana, too, may be found the only places on earth this department knows about where you can drink all day, but you can't buy a drink.

They're the rum distilleries which operate sampling rooms for the benefit of tourists who like to taste. Take the Trocadero Rum Distillery, for example, where most of the organized Havana sight-seeing tours stop for a quick one that usually results in half the passengers saying the hell with the rest of the trip, and staying on until they close up the shop for the night.

According to young Ramon del Collado, Jr., proprietor, graduate of an American military academy, and a smart apple in any man's land, the house record is held by a forty-year-old American tourist who tossed down twenty-six drinks in one sitting, then walked out under his own power. Female record is an even dozen drinks.

The Trocadero will serve as many as 12,000 free drinks daily during the February and March tourist peaks. There are three bartenders and sixteen waiters to serve you, but you can walk around and help yourself to the rums, triple-secs, elixirs, banana and pineapple cordials, or anything else that attracts your eye.

Yet you cannot buy a drink. Of course, if you want to buy a few bottles to take back to the States with you . . .! But nobody twists your arm. After you've quaffed your quota in the cool shade of the distillery after coming in out of the hot sun, you even feel like buying the maracas and gimeracks being sold at the door by a character named Hey Charlie.

After a long rest, and a nice hot cup of coffee, you might want to consider some of Havana's other attractions. There's fine racing at Oriental Park, jai alai, the National Casino—nearest thing to Monte Carlo in the western hemisphere. And there's baseball at Tropical Park, a truly amazing and beautiful place built for the good burghers of Havana by a local brewery.

Chances are, though, that after a week or so in Havana you probably want to do something before

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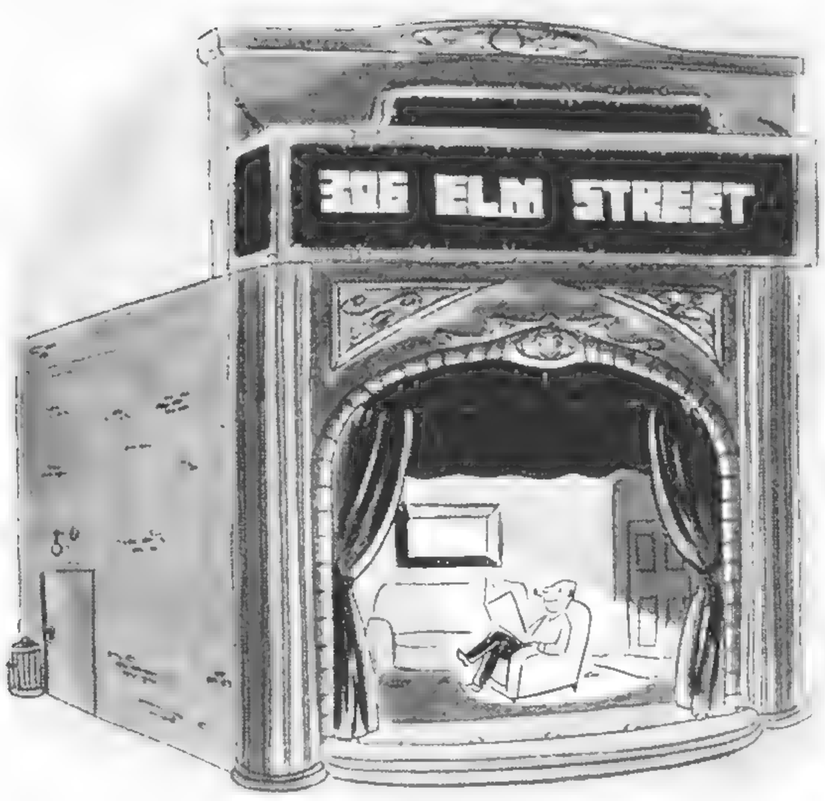
"Have you the soap powder on that program where Linda's three children get the measles on the same day her husband falls downstairs and breaks his leg?"

Your House of the Future

Modern house design insists the home must be planned to conform to the personality of the owner. Esquire presents six model homes to suit modern personalities

Planner: W. L. Prescott ***Builder: Al Kaufman***

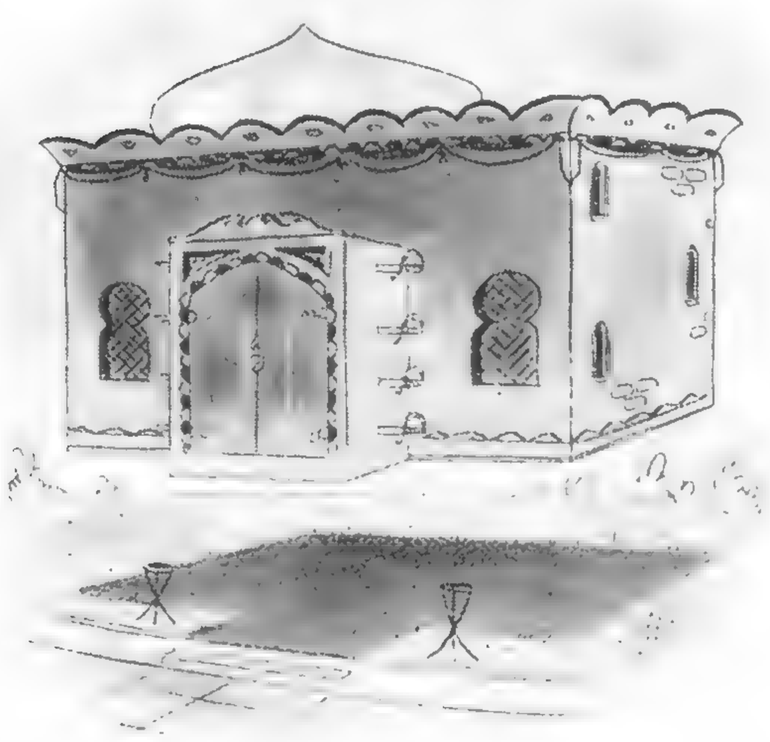


The Actor

The Hypocrite

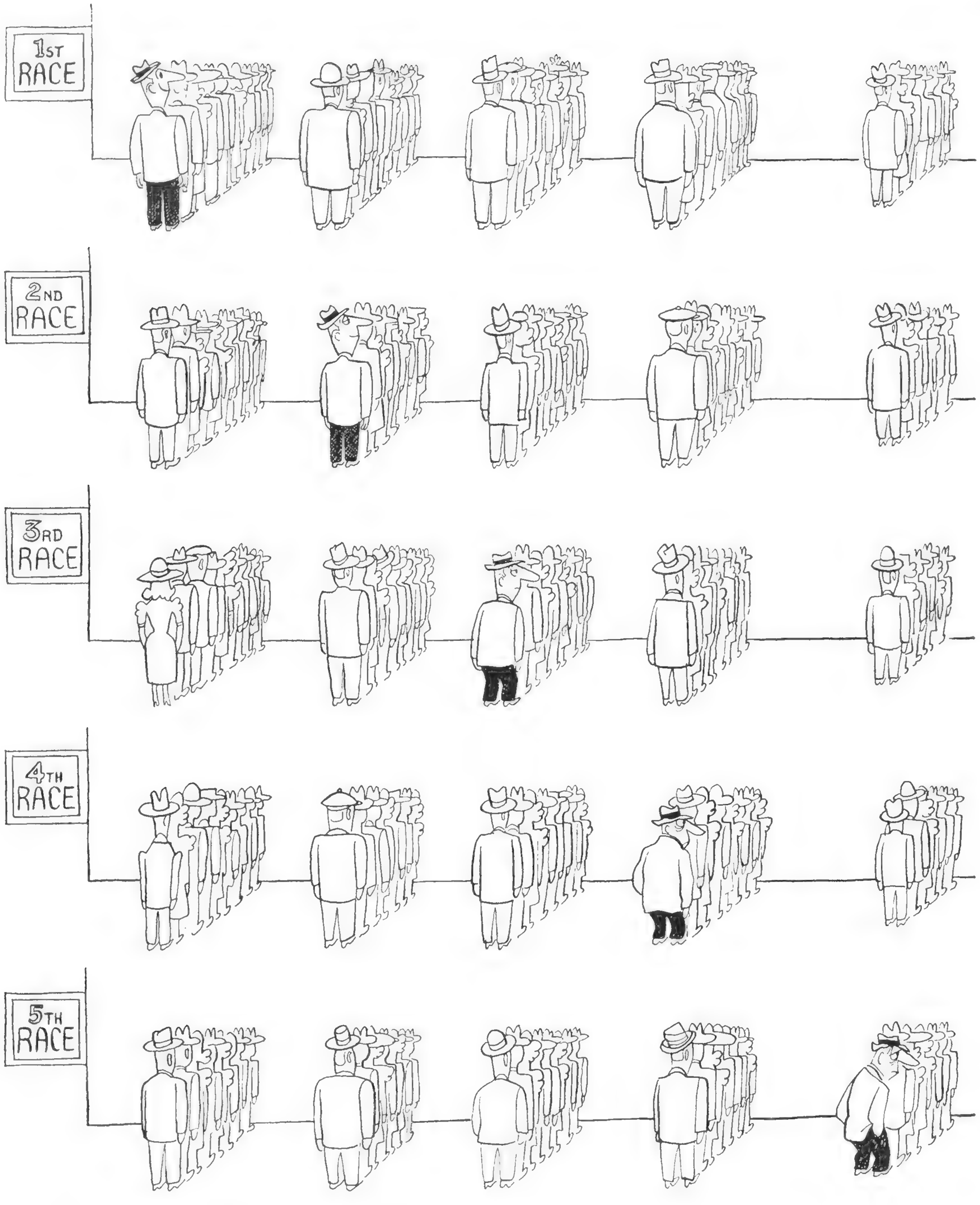
The Narrow-minded Person

The Split Personality



The Magician

The Optimist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Sun Spots for February Fun

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you go home about the bags beneath the circles under your eyes. In which case we can recommend nothing finer than Varadero Beach, a Tahiti-like place with fifteen miles of white sand and blue-green water bordered by palm trees.

It's only thirty-five minutes by air from Havana, but worlds apart in atmosphere. Just the place to pick up the tan that will hide the ravages of Havana high life on your constitution.

Leaving sunny Havana, we come to a place where it's not nearly as hot, climatically, but where the Mardi Gras fun is truly incomparable. That's New Orleans, one of America's truly distinctive cities, always a favorite resort for the pleasure-seeker, but really tops in entertainment during the carnival season.

Carnival and Mardi Gras, as a matter of fact, aren't synonymous in New Orleans. Carnival time begins officially in January and the roistering goes on until it reaches a climax in Mardi Gras. Described as the greatest free show on earth, the Mardi Gras celebration lasts for a few days —through Shrove Tuesday.

Origins of the New Orleans Mardi Gras are lost in a maze of conflicting legends. Some historians claim the first Mardi Gras feasting came with the original French settlement in the bayou country in 1699. Certainly New Orleans has had some form of Mardi Gras celebration ever since the founding of the city in 1718.

The ceremonies, though, didn't take their present form of organized street pageants until 1857, and it wasn't until 1872 that Rex, King of Carnival, made his appearance. He's been parading in New Orleans once a year ever since.

As you might expect, rooms are hard to get at Mardi Gras time, so it's extremely advisable to wire on for reservations well ahead of the outbreak of festivities. Leading hotels, in order of their size, are the Roosevelt, Jung, Monteleone, St. Charles and New Orleans. Famous French restaurants like Antoine's, Arnaud's and Gallatoire's are packed, but that doesn't affect the marvel of their cooking. And the magic of Mardi Gras brings out the richness of New Orlean's history and tradition.

Should it happen, however, that you insist on real heat with your midwinter revels, then Florida is probably your northernmost answer—or specifically the Miami region, for night life and all-round high living.

For the sporting gentry shunning the shivers, the February universe hinges on Hialeah, where a man can assist in improving the breed of fine horseflesh and still be warm enough to be able to lose his shirt without raising a goose-pimple.

These, then, are our recommendations for those who would carouse slightly while saying no to snow. Sunny lands of the south await those who would take the February plunge. Last man in's got arthritis! ##

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Advice to the Male Animal

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a masculine face-saving illusion. If there are stupid women, they can easily be matched by equally stupid males. Only ginks and goofs with an acute inferiority complex are afraid of intelligent women—or of women's intelligence. Show the gals that you've got wits of your own. The chances are that they'll be flattered—and even pleasantly surprised—to know it.

4. Therefore, give some real preference to women who stimulate you upstairs

An astonishing number of numskulls, masquerading as five-star Don Juans, are incurable push-overs for any baby face with a slight lisp and with "Ooh" and "Ah" for a vocabulary. These sophomoric Casanovas both create and promote the female cult of Dumb Doras.

Any girl you can talk *with*, as well as talk to, is a lot more than just a date. A *muchacha* who can rumba like a whirlwind may turn out to be as empty-headed off the dance floor as she is light-footed on it. What does the party girl do—and say—when she runs out of parties? Take my word for it: a girl with a pleasant variety of interests and ideas can make a typical ooh-and-ah cutie look sick.

It all depends on whether you are interested only in women's sex—in what they put on and how much oomph they've got—or whether you are interested in *women*. If you're a guy with only a single idea—and *that* just about the least original in existence—many a Jane will shut off her thinkbox and play you along for another poor fish. But any man with sense can find plenty of women who are good companions.

5. Be forceful in the pinches. Know your own mind

What most women want is a *man*, not a clod or a dishrag. The American woman, on the average, is used to having her own way; she is aggressive and inclined to be bossy. Watching her perform, you'd never dream that this restless, go-getting queen might be secretly relieved—and even pleased—if some firm-handed male would cross her once in a while. The proof of that fact is that so many women finally fall for some gander who suddenly asserts himself, even if he does it only by accident, at the most appropriate moment.

If you knock the contrariness out of a contrary little creature, of course you do it at a certain risk. I remember a college mate of mine. The poor devil was hot-and-cold over a perversely illusive coquette. She would stand him up, or duck out the back door when he came to call. She gave Bill such a run-around that he was both dizzy and despairing. He was so desperate that he even asked me for advice. Too young to be prudent, I answered by instinct. "Don't let her get away with it," I told Bill. "She's always having her own way. Make her do something *you* want her to do."

A couple of months later, Bill sent me a letter that left me gasping. "I'll never cease being grateful to you for helping solve my problem with Peggy," he wrote. "Thanks to you, we are engaged. You see, we went walking one day by a good-sized brook. I suggested we go across to investigate the ruins of an old farm. She absolutely refused. Just then I remembered what you said. So I picked her up, kicking and scratching, and carried her right through the brook, and set her down with emphasis on the other side. No kidding. She never got over that. We've got along fine ever since." I guess I was as astonished as Bill —and a lot more alarmed. My God, I thought. Now you've really got Bill into a mess . . . But the payoff is that he's been happily married ever since.

Maybe most American women are pretty spoiled, but they can't quite smother an inner weakness for the hardheaded or two-fisted type of male. Only the weaker of the not-so-weak sex really want a Milquetoast. In their hearts they long to look *up*.

The Spanish have a phrase for it. When they admire a guy, they say he is *muy hombre*. If and when you are "very masculine," you can bet you're providing something that the fair damsels, whether pal, partner or paramour, are definitely interested in.

6. Beware of any dame who insists that you spend your last weekly nickel on her

Few things tickle a roosterish ego more pleasantly than to squire some delectable doll to cocktails, dinner, a sell-out show, and a night club all in one evening. It gives one that reassuring man-about-town feeling. The only drawback is the forty to eighty bucks that it takes to do the job right. And there's another slightly pertinent angle to the thing: Does the lady betray any notion that this "wonderful evening" will probably leave her escort hanging on the ropes for another month or more? Does she wax enthusiastic because he is It? Or merely because the forking out is being done with the proper flair and without inhibitions?

For some time, it's been whispered about that our unbeatable *femmes* are likely to be excessively expensive. The idea seems to be that they are "unbeatable"—and that *you* take the beating. I suppose quite a few of them are worth the financial outlay; but a certain moderation, in the right places, can be as attractive in Susie as in Sam. I've noticed that a gal who has what it really takes generally knows where and when *not* to take.

Sure, the tightwad is just about the cheapest form of the male animal. Among us purse-proud and spendthrift Americans, however, he is a comparatively rare phenomenon. The average American is a sucker for wanting to impress the ladies with how much he can spend. But you don't have to be a Santa Claus to every moll and mopsy you take out. If she always wants the best and the most expensive, let some other guy play Santa Claus.

7. Bear in mind that sex appeal is far more common than sex appeal —plus

It's an understandable masculine notion that sex appeal is a splendid thing in a woman. Quadruped or biped, the stag is a born sniffer of the winds that blow. The spice of life simply won't be denied; and the male of the species who is absolutely immune to sexual attraction is so unique that he scarcely merits attention. But, after all, one of the commonest characteristics of human beings is sex appeal. It's almost as universal as arms, legs, and noses.

Before you're corralled, roped, and branded, it would boost your chances considerably if you'd cling obstinately to the plain fact that the first receptive frail—and possibly even the twenty-first—cannot possess any absolute monopoly on what certainly is a widely distributed endowment on her side of the fence. She will probably try to convince you that she is the personification and epitome of *it*. That's a sound principle for Diana the huntress, since, to be successful in her primary objective, any fiercely competing female has to entertain a generously high opinion of what she's got. But don't kid yourself that Old Mother Nature was miserly about sex appeal. The old dame knew what she was up to. She had a multitudinous array of prospective clients to satisfy. Just look at some of the incredibly unattractive samples, male and female, who have no trouble attracting mates. All kinds of wine somehow find their way into all sorts of unorthodox bottles!

Here's where the sex appeal—plus comes in. Partnership be-

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Advice to the Male Animal

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tween the sexes covers a lot of territory. What you really get with any girl is only as much as she has to give. If most of it is all of one kind—whatever kind that be—well, fellow, in that case you almost certainly haven't taken anything very spectacular out of circulation. A good two-thirds of anybody's life is spent perpendicularly, and for a large part of that time the normal mind (counting you in, I hope) requires a certain amount of stimulation and entertainment. The number of dames who can drive a man to drink are much more numerous than you might think—and none are more ruthlessly on the prowl, none more replete with simple sex appeal, than they.

8. Make sure she wants to please you and doesn't think of pleasing merely as a one-way operation

Every male spends a surprising amount of time helping on with coats, opening doors, lighting cigarettes, and assisting the fair sex in and out of automobiles. He also spends much more than time on a tremendous variety of things, from hats and bracelets to washing machines. Of course, all this is both a pleasure and an ego-gratifier. It gives the tamed wolf, and even the untamed one, a special kind of compensation. To one degree or another, these attentions and actions serve to demonstrate his peculiar value as a male.

But the more expertly that Maurice Evans plays Hamlet, the easier it is to take his performance for granted. That's the predicament which a majority of American men seem to have worked themselves into.

The percentage of spoiled, egotistical females in our society is shockingly high. Here's an extreme example, but you couldn't duplicate it in a year of Sundays in foreign countries. I recently read a newspaper story about a hard-working fellow in New Jersey who had just won $100,000 in a lottery. His wife was naturally so excited she could hardly talk to the reporters, so she talked *naturally*—for her, I mean.

"I'm going to use the money to buy a home—a real home," she declared. (Mr. Blank hadn't yet heard the good news.) "But first," continued the Missus, "I'm going to let my husband take a day off to see the Giants play."

Now, wasn't that kind of her?

In most other countries, it is a part of woman's routine activities to cater in little, everyday ways to her man—such simple matters, for instance, as using a brush to remove the lint on hubby's suit before he leaves the house. Why shouldn't we Americans, too, make it a point to *expect* a few minor attentions from the feminine end of the line? If your lady really has some interest in you, she will want to please you in little things. If it simply never enters her pretty head—and you don't know any better—you can live out your days as a one-way valet to some sadly inflated skirt.

9. Choose a woman who acts like a woman, not a goddess

Those self-confident, glamorous, wilfully tantalizing, and provocatively shaped creatures—the American women! So easy on the eyes, yet so unpredictable about performance! If you judge these fascinating fillies only by their appearance, think of all the blue ribbons they would accumulate. But you'd better qualify your judgment. Maybe modern woman's place is no longer in the home in any all-inclusive sense; but a major portion of her responsibilities remain primarily domestic. Perhaps that's not what you're thinking about when you first start after her. Remember, though, that you are almost certain to end up within four walls—with her, or with some other Diana who pulls a sharper arrow.

Since your chances of escape are only slightly above zero, it might be smart to pay women the same compliment that they inevitably pay you. When a female looks over the field of eligibles, she seeks a "good provider." As applied to womanfolk, the inverse of that is the "good disposer." How much does she know about making adequate use of what you're expected to provide? Can the luscious, curvacious Delilah do much else than clip hair? Is she really interested in her main, long-term job as a helpmate? Is she orderly and cleanly, or is she messy about everything except her own looks? If she can't cook now, does she recognize that good food is of some importance?

Nine times out of ten in America, the ardent male suitor is ashamed to be so vulgar as to ask any embarrassing—if highly practical—questions about efficiency in housework. One of the curious credos of our times is that the male is supposed to be promisingly able in his sphere of the contract while the female is only expected to be promising, if that. In considerable degree, at least, the guy is picked for performance. But the gal gets taken on faith. Perhaps this helps to explain the frightful decline of faith in this century. There's an idea worth chewing on.

There's no law to oblige you to fall for either a princess or a wench who isn't interested in doing a good job as a woman. Give the poor darlings some incentive. Let them know that you *expect* them to be well-rounded females. If they don't and won't respond, you'll have saved yourself from chronic indigestion and other equally debilitating woes. I suspect that one big trouble with American women is that the requirements of most American men have sunk to an all-time low. What you don't insist on, son, is what you're almost never going to get.

10. Above all, don't make a man or a near-male out of her

The deadliest affliction of the modern woman is *trouseritis*. Freud, Jung, and modern psychoanalysts have probed into this *a profundo*, and with cuttingly descriptive phrases. But you don't have to be a psychologist to see what the perversion of essential femininity has come to. On any day, in any city, you can see women of all sizes and assortments actually wearing pants. Even the young cuties in our classier suburbs go to school, or parade around town, in blue denim overalls. It seems that one of the deepest subconscious yearnings of our overemancipated females is to find an excuse for wearing trousers.

But why should any woman want to wear pants? I confess I've never had an urge to get into a skirt. Yet the modern female seems to suffer from a fatal urge to ape men. There's no room for debate about this. What is necessary, however, is to try to answer the inevitable question: how come?

Well, my own conviction is that it's certainly in part the fault of American men. What do you see in daily social life? In any bar you see some Big Brawny inviting Matey, his feminine companion, to plant herself on a bar stool (like any male). Sooner or later, you see him cracking Matey between the shoulder blades or across the buttocks (just as he'd crack any *other* guy—if you get me). It's all part of the general trend. The woman is encouraged to believe that she's expected to be a "good egg," "one of the gang," a "good sport." Rather than be a bum sport, she winds up by acting, to some degree, like just another masculine roughneck.

This mechanized civilization has drawn unprecedented quantities of women into a fantastic assortment of jobs in the business world, and even in factories. As soon as a female accepts such work, she is either competing with males in the same kind of work or competing for the approval of the male who is her boss. She rarely works by choice or successfully under another woman. She finds it easier to "get along" with men. But in order to get along she has to be a smart chameleon. She has to think like the men who are around and above her.

The result of all these pressures is as simple as it is devastating. Without realizing what she is doing, the "smart" girl in business—or the "good sport" in society—is stripping herself of her most precious possession by pulling off one layer of femininity after another.

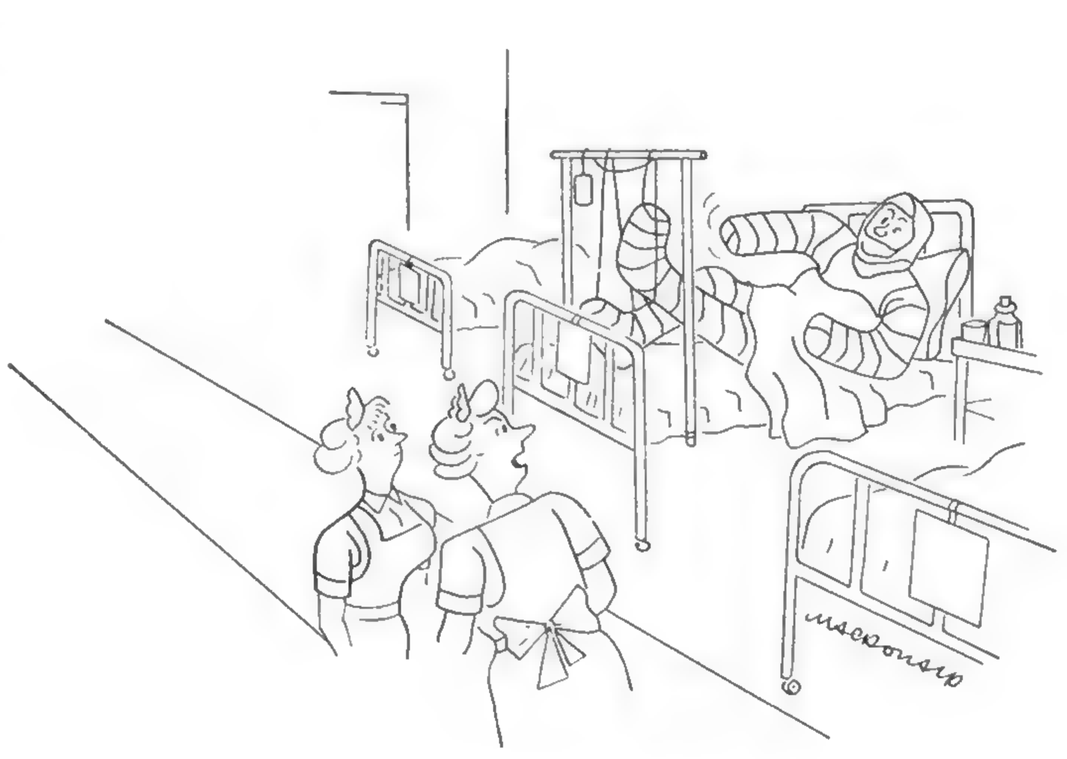
It's the damn-fool males who haven't had perception enough to see what they were doing to the modern American woman. And she hasn't been a bit brighter in seeing what she was doing to herself. A tragic performance all around—and the proof of the tragedy is that so many of our women today are lost souls, frantically grabbing out in all directions and trying to be almost anything except themselves.

Where do *you* come in? Well, you might develop some aesthetic appreciation of Mother Eve, of woman as Woman, and of feminine instincts as a highly complex mechanism, not to be tinkered with lightly or with impunity. You might develop an antitrouseritis attitude where women are concerned. You might make yourself so unique, among the current masculine crop, as to give the women you meet the idea that they don't have to copy mere males at their loudest or most obvious to be attractive. In short, you might put a premium on the long neglected conception of femininity as a fine thing in itself.

What to do about our women?

Make 'em *more so*, son. Make 'em more so—and then, *watch out*.

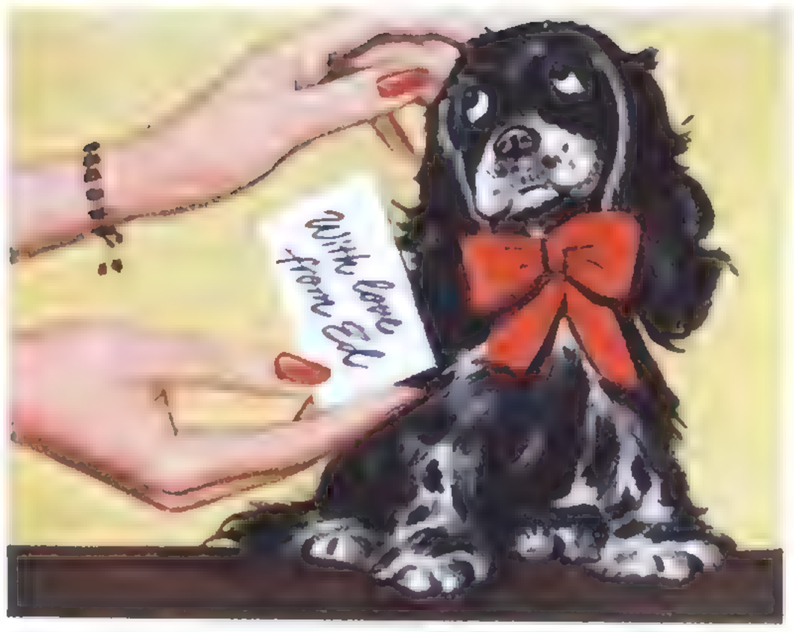
But you'll have to watch out anyhow. So, since you've got to duck and dodge the swinging loop, you might as well have the satisfaction of making sure that the loop is being swung by the real article. ##



"See what that hypochondriac wants now"

Continued from page 23

These got Ed off to a good start...



2 This didn't do him any harm, either...

Looks as though sound tactics are beginning to pay off...

4 BUT—don't forget that the world's best-looking, can't-be-copied collar, ARROW, was in there pitching for Ed day after day!

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A Bloody Dollar

Continued from page 30

would do. But Curley refused.

"I'm going real good with wrestling," he said. "Every time I get mixed up in the fight business I lose money."

Mike Jacobs was then a ticket speculator. He had been affiliated with Rickard, though, and was considered an authority on the financial angles of the business, so Ed Frayne approached him with the proposition. At first, Jacobs refused, but after a good deal of bickering, he finally agreed; and the 20th Century Sporting Club came into being with the Ross-Petrolle fight on January 24, 1934. It was to dominate boxing in this country without any serious opposition until last year, when the Tournament of Champions was formed.

The Ross-Petrolle fight was an immense success; the police around the Bronx Coliseum estimated that 10,000 people had journeyed up into the suburbs only to be chased home because every seat in the place was filled and the fire department closed the doors. A week before the bout, the Garden had announced a bout between Tony Canzoneri and Cleto Locatelli, but it had to be called off because of public lack of interest.

The 20th Century was still a small outfit, but Mike Jacobs learned his business fast. On March 8, 1935, a heavyweight out of Chicago named Joe Louis fought Red Barry in San Francisco. Barry lasted three rounds. He went down on a list that included Art Sykes, Stanley Poreda, Buck Everett, Charlie Massera, Patsy Perroni, Hans Birkie, and Lee Ramage. All over the country, promoters began to spar for Louis' services. Recognizing a good deal when he saw it, Jacobs asked Sam Pian—one of Barney Ross' managers—to get in touch with Julian Black and Johnny Roxborough, who did Louis' business.

At the time, the Louis party were aboard a train on their way back from California to Chicago. Jim Mullen and Nate Lewis, Chicago promoters, had decided to lock up Louis for the home town, and they planned to meet the Louis outfit at the station and to try to get an exclusive contract signed immediately. Pian got there first, though, by pulling the Louis party off the train before it reached Chicago and persuading them to sign up with Jacobs.

"I had a real good argument," Pian told me later. "You know how bad people can get with a Negro fighter and how they sometimes try to take advantage of him. I told Julian and John they would be protected by three of the biggest newspapermen in the country. That clinched it, and they went into New York and put in with Mike."

The 20th Century started to control the fight racket on the night that Louis knocked out Primo Carnera in his first showing in New York. The heavyweight champion at the time was Jimmy Braddock, who had licked the unpredictable Max Baer in what must go down as the biggest upset of what the promoters still call a sport. It is the accepted theory that the man who holds the heavyweight title runs boxing, and so Jacobs decided to try to break the contract that the Garden had with Braddock. There was many a lawsuit, but Jacobs finally succeeded; he took the Braddock-Louis fight to Chicago—where the nagging of local statesmen convinced him that this was a town a promoter should avoid. He had won his battle with the Garden, however, and a partnership was formed between the Garden and the 20th Century. Mike moved into a suite at the Garden and operated the boxing, sharing profits with his landlords. It was one of the most amazing deals put over in sports.

The 20th Century, affiliated with the Garden, now enjoyed an almost complete monopoly of the field in New York, and Jacobs was ready to branch out. Farnsworth and Frayne left their newspaper jobs and joined him as partners in his vast promotions, which included a national tour by Joe Louis, in which he went from town to town, cuffing local heavyweights into insensibility. No one could sell a ticket for a Louis fight without sharing profits with Mike, and he made many a tough deal; but the minor leaguers were enthusiastic about any arrangement, because an appearance by Louis guaranteed everyone a big payday.

The three newspapermen who started the whole thing are all dead now. Damon Runyon, incidentally, might have been a great promoter himself if he hadn't decided to give up the fights for Hollywood. Damon always liked to tell about the time they were trying to arrange the Baer-Louis fight in a hotel suite in Chicago. Ancil Hoffman, who managed Baer, was a careful man and his terms were enormous. They realized they would have to wear him down with arguments and were prepared to go through the night to finish their business. Runyon noticed that Hoffman was going into the bathroom every half-hour or so, and he discovered that Hoffman had a toothache and was trying to ease the pain by gargling. "Don't get eager," Damon informed Mike. "All we have to do is wait. This guy will quit before we will." Runyon was right.

Now, with the Tournament of Champions coming along in the promoting world, the 20th Century Sporting Club no longer completely dominates boxing. In December, 1946, Mike Jacobs fell sick and Sol Strauss, his cousin, took over for him. Strauss, an alert and quick-tempered lawyer, was the original attorney for the 20th Century. When Larry Atkins, a capable Cleveland promoter, offered $200,000 for the Jacobs piece of the 20th Century, Strauss said the layout was not for sale at any price.

"Why should out-of-town guys come to tell us what to do?" said Mr. Strauss, when I called on him the afternoon that the Atkins story broke in the papers. "I am a born New Yorker. I was a member of the New York State Assembly. I was also the Superintendent of Re-indexing and Records in the County Clerk's office."

I asked Mr. Strauss if this qualified him to be a fight promoter.

"Who am I?" he asked. "Who is Mike Jacobs? What do I know? Who was side by side with Mike? Boxing today is great, but boxing is also law-abiding. Put that in the headlines. Boxing is virile. What do I know? I brought Tommy Farr over here from England for Mike. I brought Marcel Thil here from France. No one could arrange the Braddock-Farr match. I arranged it. I went out of town to do so. I've been secretary of this corporation ever since its inception. I've always been one of its directors."

"Does that mean you run all the racket guys out of it?" I asked.

"I do not wish to exploit that side of it," said Mr. Strauss. "I will just state that boxing is law-abiding."

The fight mob disliked Jacobs when he was healthy and operating the 20th Century, and they had valid reasons for their attitude. It was impossible to admire Jacobs during business hours because he was a cranky and stingy old man who had little grace. It was his method to use people. While they were up there and showed a profit, Jacobs rubbed them down with praise and acted as though he were committed to their service. When they were down—well, as I said, fight promoters can't always afford to be governed by principles.

But the fight mob also knew that Jacobs worked harder than anyone in their racket, and in his personal life, he was generous. They knew that they would have acted as he did in his place—if they had had *his* ability.

He always doubted his own promotions and would never believe that they'd come off until the profits were counted down. He hounded himself by taking on mean jobs that anyone else would have assigned to an office boy. If Mike couldn't discover imperfection in his shows, he searched for irritating details to agitate himself. Whatever happened at his fights he was personally responsible for—because he himself did everything connected with them, including ushering on the main floor of the ringside.

On the night of an outdoor fight, Mike used to go up to the ball park at five in the afternoon and hurry around the premises in a continual round of inspection that didn't end until the main event was in the ring. It was only then that he sat down and watched the pugs earn their money. As soon as the fight was over, he always rushed back to the dressing room and stood at the entrance to sanction the passage of legitimate visitors. Mike never believed that a promoter was a white-collar man, and he even did manual labor when he felt it necessary. During the week of a fight that drew over a million dollars, early comers to his office found him down on his knees helping a carpenter nail a gate to the floor.

When Al Ettore was batted out by Louis in Philadelphia, Mike made a nervous journey around the joint, going out one entrance and cutting back through the next one in a swift chase of the crowds coming in. Returning to the arena through a gate, he was stopped by a special who insisted he must have a ticket.

"I'm Mike Jacobs," the promoter declared.

"I don't care who you are," the special said. "You got to have a ticket to get in."

They quarreled—the big promoter and the Philadelphia watchman—and Mike became inarticulate with rage and frustration. Finally, a police captain came by and okayed Mike. The special stepped aside and Mike denounced him for his ignorance. Suddenly, though, he settled down into an apologetic calm.

"I'm wrong," he said, grabbing the guy's hand. "You're my man. Keep protecting me this way."

Once I asked Mike what his philosophy was.

"If I made a hundred thousand dollars this morning, I'd be out hustling for a quarter this afternoon," he said. "I can't help it. I got to be on the go."

But a cerebral hemorrhage dragged him over in a heap in the doorway of a Broadway office building, and since then the 20th Century has had its troubles. The Tournament of Champions is stopped in the winter because they have no New York building to shelter their attractions and have to go to Jersey City to rent an armory. But they have challenged the older outfit, and there are some battles ahead. Shortly after the beginning of the season this winter, the 20th Century announced that Harry Markson, former head of the publicity department, had become the new general manager. Markson, who used to be a boxing journalist, enjoys a unique popularity in his business. He goes into the biggest job in boxing with fewer enemies than any comparable person I know. "But in that spot he could make them awful fast," one manager said to me when he heard the news. "I never knew a promoter I liked."

Sam Pian once said that Jacobs was the perfect promoter. I asked him why. "When Mike's got you, he'll choke you," Pian said. "When you got him, he expects *you* to choke *him*." ###

Cold Water and Cherry Pie

Continued from page 45

suddenly into men on horses riding in the swale grass and up the slope toward the column. Captain Forester thought, waiting for their report, how the days were a never-ending structure of this same obscure pattern of slow, steady advance toward an unseen enemy, with some equally obscure destiny to be worked out and climaxed by himself and these men when they met that enemy. He had these barren, cynical thoughts in the last moments of waiting, as he heard, to his rear, the sounds of weary men talking thickly about water and action.

The two scouts reined up before him, and the older, a solemn-faced man, wiped face and forearms with careful deliberateness and then nodded toward the distant ridge. This scout was Henry Epps, and he said, "Big war party moving northwest, Captain."

"How far to water, Henry?" Captain Forester asked.

"Four hours," Epps said. "On their line of march, it looks. A good spring."

"We'll camp there," Captain Forester said. "Better keep the same interval, Henry." He turned and gave his men a sharp look, noting the condition of horses and of men alike—the men's dusty clothes, the murmur of their speech, which differed from that of regular troops. Five minutes later, when the advance scouts were once more dissolved to beetle size, he raised one arm, called, "Let's go on," and urged his black down the ridge's dropping swell.

Captain Forester was tired and cotton-mouthed and worried; and when his men straightened out from the slight bunching incurred by their halt and rode in easy swing, he thought of Lieutenant Payne riding the rear and wondered if Payne still held to his illusions of grandeur about the West and the bold manner in which a man could gain fame and fortune overnight. Payne would sit beside him after dark and talk of cities and lights and women as if all things were beyond the horizon; and the strange part of that, he decided, was the fact of nature and time and the mind all combining to make such a belief possible. Civilization was just over the horizon, that was true, but had Payne ever given a thought to where the horizon started or ended? The same horizon lay before both of them, and in that direction were two things: life or death. No glory and no love; just life or death.

Captain Forester was a quiet and sober man through the afternoon march, leading his column and holding a steady interval behind him, and thinking of the way things happened to bring about the oddity of two officers—a captain and a second lieutenant—leading a party of fifty-one civilians into the middle of Indian country. Captain Forester was old at this game; but Lieutenant Payne was only four months out of the Point and too young to appreciate the vagary of fate that sent them out with a group of hard-bitten men, the least of whom was equal to (and most of whom were better than) the regular troopers of their regiment.

Understrength had caused this situation—that and the continued, increasing action of the Northern Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Oglala Sioux under the canny leadership of a tall chief named Roman Head. Roman Head had led his warriors for months, killing settlers and travelers, until orders came down to Colonel Adams, and Adams was forced to move into the field with an inadequate force. But Adams was an old head and called for a volunteer company of frontiersmen to act as the bait in a trap for Roman Head; and here he was, Captain James Forester, leading that small company of experienced men in a deliberate effort to close with Roman Head and catch him in a trap. Most of these men, Captain Forester knew, had lost friends and relatives in Roman Head's raids; there was no question of their fighting ability. They had enlisted for that single purpose.

At sundown, topping a high ridge that ran from northeast to southwest across their line of march, Captain Forester saw his advance point galloping up the slope.

Henry Epps pulled up harshly and said, "What's left of a train around the spring."

"In this area?" Captain Forester said. "The damned fools!"

"No sign of life," Epps said. "All wiped out, I reckon."

Captain Forester said, "We'll go down and take a look."

Flanking details rode out along the ridge without command, and Captain Forester led the column down the ridge and around the tree-shaded pool to the burned wagons.

Epps said, "A young 'un, Captain, beside that upset wagon."

Captain Forester saw the boy squatting beside the wagon, holding a dirty rifle at the ready, the boy's face trying to smile. The smile turned into tears as Forester and Epps dismounted. Captain Forester took the rifle from the boy and placed it carefully on the ground; then he saw the girl lying on charred blankets and knelt down beside her. The boy's face was near his shoulder, dirty and wan, tears cutting white gullies in the caked grime on his cheeks and along his snub nose. He was about fifteen years old or so, this boy, with taffy-colored hair and scratched bare feet and a skinny, wiry body. Captain Forester touched the girl's arm gently and wondered how these poor fools had strayed so far from the regular trail across the plains in this troubled time.

Roman Head, so named by the whites, listened to the reports of his scouts as they rode in from the compass points. He stood six feet tall and broad-shouldered, naked but for breech clout and moccasins, a dark-skinned man with sharp wrinkles cutting his face deeply on each side of his prominent nose. He had around him in these hills five hundred warriors, with yet another half thousand half a sun's fast ride to the north—and all of this power untouched by the soldiers. He was south of the great trail in the wild land that could hide one man or a thousand with equal facility; and two suns behind him lay the burned embers of the wagon train, last blood in a long series of such coups for his warriors.

This man, intelligent and brave beyond the meaning of the words, now possessed two new facts from his scouts. A column of fifty-three men—two soldiers and fifty-one plainsmen—was moving steadily from the southeast, following his trail; and far to the northeast, marching in a tightening circle, rode a larger column of two hundred soldiers whose goal must be a meeting with the smaller column.

His subchiefs were around him, awaiting his decision, but knowing it before he spoke. This was the chance given once to a warrior in his lifetime: first, a wagon train strayed foolishly from the great trail; and now a small column of fifty-three equally foolish men who believed they could drive all before them and eventually catch the warriors of Roman Head in a trap between them and the larger column.

He spoke with mouth and large hands, giving them his decision: to allow the small column of fifty-three men to advance freely one more sun into the valley of the Yellow River; and, with the larger column still three suns distant, to fall upon and kill every man of the smaller column before wheeling north to give undivided battle to the larger column. This was his strategy and it was good, for it was simple. He gave his orders, and the subchiefs rode out fanwise to their warriors.

Captain Forester said, "Are you hungry, son?"

Johnny Hammond nodded mutely and pointed to his sister. "She's sick. Are you a soldier?"

"My name is Captain Forester. What's your name, son?"

"Johnny Hammond," the boy said. "That's my sister Mary. She's eighteen."

Captain Forester motioned to Lieutenant Payne, who came up quickly and dropped to one knee at sight of the girl. Captain Forester said, "A burying detail at once. Save everything of personal value. Send Harris up here."

Lieutenant Payne looked again at the girl and said, "Yes, sir," and hurried away.

Johnny Hammond wiped his tears, looked at Forester, and felt better. "Can you take us home?" he said.

Captain Forester took the wet rag from Johnny Hammond and wiped the girl's face. He said, "Of course, Johnny. But we'll take care of your sister first. Don't you think we'd better do that?"

He could not tell the boy, not right away, that returning him and the girl to the nearest post was an impossibility; that he needed every man, and more, to face the immediate future; that the boy and his sister would be forced to march with the column. His orders were bound by duty and strict command and the unspoken wish of his men. Such unforseen human elements as a boy and girl were not included in the war plans of an army.

"Yes, sir," Johnny Hammond said. "That's best."

Mary Hammond opened her eyes and saw her brother's dirty tear-gullied face, and then she saw Captain Forester—a heavy-shouldered squat man in his late thirties, deeply tanned and dust-covered, wearing the blue uniform she remembered from other days. As she stared and moved her tongue slowly, an older, thinner man in faded black clothing stooped beside Captain Forester and smiled warmly at her, giving her a strange but comfortable feeling.

"Will you take a look, Harris?" Captain Forester said.

Harris took the wet rag and bent over the girl. "Now, miss, do you feel better?" he said.

Mary Hammond found her tongue, surprising herself, and said, "Thank you. Some."

"Gosh, Mary," Johnny Hammond said thickly. "I thought you were never gonna talk any more."

"Let Harris take care of your sister, Johnny," Captain Forester said. "I think we'd best go down to the spring and wash and have a drink. All right, son?"

Johnny Hammond said, "Yes, sir," and smiled at his sister, and followed Captain Forester down to the spring; seeing the brush and swale grass, he remembered Mrs. Murphy and shuddered.

"I'll bet it's cold water," Captain Forester said. "Where's the best place to drink, Johnny?"

Johnny Hammond pushed into the brush and went on his knees above the pool. "This is where I got our water, sir."

"Fine," Captain Forester said gently, feeling his way cautiously among the dark shadows of this boy's immediate memory with more care and thought than he had given any man for many years. "I need a good drink. Where are you from, Johnny?"

"Illinois," Johnny Hammond said. "Will you take us home?"

"Of course," Captain Forester said once more. "Now take your drink and wash your hands and face, and then we'll eat."

Johnny Hammond felt much better and said, "Yes, sir. I'm sure dirty." This made him remember his mother, and he had to splash water all over his face and hands to hide the quick, hot tears.

Meanwhile, Harris was bending over Mary, talking softly and bathing her face. "Why don't you sit up, Miss Hammond?" he said at last. "A drink of water and a bite to eat, and you'll feel much better, won't you?"

"Yes," Mary said. "Johnny—?"

"A fine boy," Harris said. "Down scrubbing his neck and ears with the captain, Miss Hammond. He'll be back in a minute and you won't know him. Are you hungry?"

"Hungry?" Mary Hammond said. "Why—I guess I am, Mr.—"

"Harris," Harris said. "Now, let's try to sit up."

He had to get this girl on her feet, ready to ride, for he knew what lay before them. He hoped she was a strong-minded girl, with a backbone. He slipped one arm around her shoulders and waited for her reaction. He felt her body tense and draw away, and then she sighed and leaned heavily against his arm and smiled; and Harris kept smiling, though the effort was difficult, and lifted her to a sitting position and braced her against the wagon. He was holding her in this way when Lieutenant Payne returned and stood beside them, watching the girl.

"Lieutenant," Harris said softly. "Can you find a dipper?"

Lieutenant Payne wanted to kneel down and assist the girl and tell Harris to go find a dipper; but he swallowed the impulse. He searched around the wagons and found a dented dipper, scoured it

Continued on page 105

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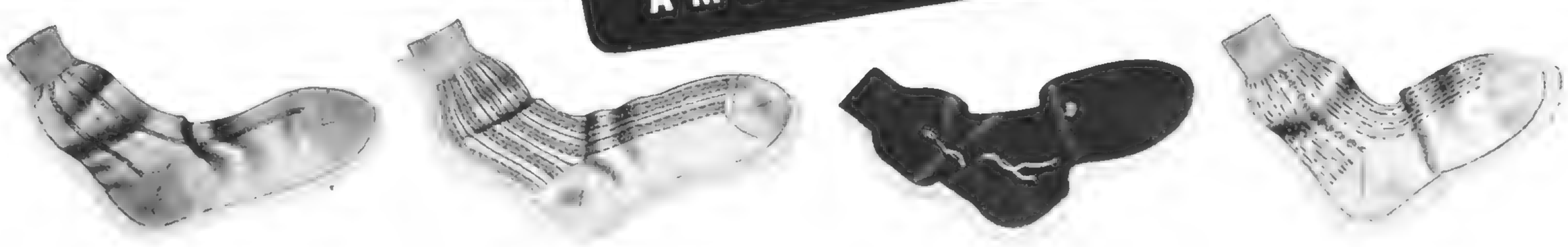

"And where did your garbage truck take you today, Dreamboat?"

clean in the cooling sand, and brought it to Harris. Harris held a dipper of cool water, taken fresh from the oak bucket, to her mouth. She sipped timidly and suddenly she gulped deeply.

"Not too fast, Miss Hammond," Lieutenant Payne said.

Mary Hammond drank two more gulps before caution touched her mind. Harris nodded approval, and she looked at Payne and felt better.

"Good," Harris said. "Now sit back, Miss Hammond. You can have another drink in a little while and then we'll eat. I'll go see about your supper."

Lieutenant Payne, at this moment, was a young man watching a pretty girl hopefully. Harris said, "Lieutenant, would you—?"

"With pleasure," Payne said. "Tell the captain where I am if he calls."

Harris smiled and turned away, and smiled again to himself, enjoying this situation and feeling a new admiration for the young officer who seemed to possess, beneath his strict and still shiny school ideals, a good amount of common sense and judgment.

Payne said, "I'm Lieutenant Payne, Miss Hammond."

"Glad to know you, Lieutenant." Mary Hammond smiled. "I'm a little tired, I guess."

"Don't worry," Payne said. "Food and sleep, and you'll be as pretty as ever."

He let the words slip out, and wondered if he had said the wrong thing; but Mary smiled at him, and he was immeasurably pleased with himself and surprised at this feeling over a mere waif of a girl.

Henry Epps stood beside the spring with Captain Forester, chewing the last bite of a scanty meal. Epps said, "They're around us now, Captain, but they'll pull off in an hour."

"How far to the river?" Captain Forester asked.

"Five hours steady ride," Epps said. "I figure we'd best go on tonight, Captain. Roman Head is looking for us by now. I say get to the river and be ready for him, come morning."

"Do you think he'll jump us in the morning if we do?" Captain Forester asked.

"Maybe," Epps said. "If he does, we're half a day closer to the colonel."

"Yes," Captain Forester murmured. "How many warriors do you estimate, Henry?"

"Thousand," Epps said dryly. "Give or take a few."

"All right," Captain Forester said. "It'll be hard on that boy and the girl, but we have no choice. We'll ride at once."

Johnny Hammond's legs were stiff and sore from the long, fast ride in the darkness. He remembered eating a hot supper and expecting to sleep, but Captain Forester had lifted him on a big horse, and he had seen Harris and the other soldier lift Mary to another horse; and then he rode and dozed off and felt Captain Forester's big hand steady him time and again. Now he sat beside the captain and watched the fire burn down to glowing embers. He knew they had ridden down a long slope to a river and were camped on the bank in a willow grove, but where they were, or why, he did not know.

Across the fire, wrapped warmly in well-shaken blankets, his sister looked better every minute, and talked with Lieutenant Payne, the other soldier. And best of all, the smell was gone and he could talk without choking up. A single thought remained constant in his mind, though: to go home and never return to this land.

Captain Forester sat cross-legged like an Indian, his face reflecting the red fire glow, his big hands cleaning his heavy revolver and rifle. Johnny Hammond reached over and touched the rifle.

"Feel better, Johnny?" Captain Forester asked.

Johnny was sleepy, but he said, "Yes, sir. When are we going home, sir? Tomorrow?"

Captain Forester sighed and moved his stiff legs toward the fire. He needed sleep desperately and could hear the men around him snoring and rolling in their blankets; but he had to make this boy understand. He wasn't sure of the girl's feelings, but give Payne another hour with her, if she didn't fall asleep, and she might stand the gaff. Long blond hair under a campaign hat, he thought, did more to assuage a girl's worries than all the philosophy in the world.

Henry Epps drifted silently into firelight from nowhere, and said, "Double pickets, Captain. They won't surprise us."

"Good," Captain Forester said. "Get a little sleep yourself, Henry."

"Maybe," Epps said, and drifted away again, making Johnny Hammond think of a short, wide ghost.

"I'll tell you, Johnny," Captain Forester said heavily. "You know what it means when someone gives you an order, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny Hammond said. "Like doin' chores."

"Exactly," Captain Forester said. "I take orders from my colonel, Johnny. The colonel commands our regiment. You understand a colonel is much higher in rank than a captain like me?"

Johnny Hammond nodded, wondering where this colonel was right now. Captain Forester said, "I take orders from my colonel and he takes orders from the general, and the general takes orders from a bigger general in Washington, our capital. And in some cases, Johnny, the biggest general takes orders from a man called the secretary of war, and he takes *his* orders from the President. Do you understand?"

"I think so," Johnny Hammond said. "Do they send the same order way out here to you, sir?"

"Yes," Captain Forester said. "But when it gets here, it is broken into little orders and other men like me each get one little piece, and if we do our piece correctly, all of them finally carry out the first big order. Is that hard to understand, Johnny?"

Johnny was confused, but said, "I think I understand."

"I'm a soldier, Johnny," Captain Forester said. "I must obey my orders, no matter what happens. That is my duty to my country. That's why I can't send you back to the post right away. I'd like to, but my orders won't let me send even one man with you, and you'd have to have at least four. But don't worry. We'll be all finished with our business in a few days, and then you'll be on your way home."

Johnny Hammond felt the sickness grip his stomach. "We can't go back right away?"

"I'm sorry," Captain Forester said. "Johnny, have you ever had a licking?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny said.

Captain Forester smiled. "If I sent some of my men back with you now, my colonel would give me an awful licking, not with a stick, but with his tongue. You see, the colonel depends on me."

Johnny Hammond could hear Mrs. Murphy scream once more. He said thickly, "You're gonna fight the Indians, ain't you?"

"Maybe," Captain Forester said. "We might not see a one."

"I hope we don't," Johnny Hammond said. "I don't want to see any more Indians, never again. I want to go home. I don't want to go to Oregon." He paused. "My uncle is in Oregon already."

"Oregon is a beautiful land," Captain Forester said. "It will be a fine place to live in soon. But no land comes easy, Johnny. We must work for it, and some of us must give our lives to make the land safe for our friends."

"I hate Oregon," Johnny said tightly. "I want to go home."

"We'd best go to sleep," Captain Forester said. "We'll talk about it tomorrow. Wrap up warm, Johnny, and go to sleep."

Across the fire, Lieutenant Payne talked with Mary Hammond. He said, "It's my dream to see Oregon."

"It was mine," Mary Hammond said. "I don't know now, Lieutenant. Our uncle is there, but I've got Johnny to care for. I think we'd better go back home. When will you take us back?"

"Soon," Payne said. "We have our duty, Miss Hammond. But don't fret over it. I'll watch you all the time, and so will every man here. We'll contact the colonel and then go back. It won't be long."

"I hope not," Mary said.

"Ah," Payne murmured. "It's not impossible that I'll be in Oregon soon."

Mary Hammond looked up cautiously and said, "You might?"

"Yes." Payne smiled. "An escort for a large train. Our troops may be assigned."

"Oregon," Mary Hammond said sleepily. "They told us it was beautiful."

"It is," Payne said. "I love the West, Miss Hammond. I intend to stay out here."

"Oh," Mary Hammond murmured. "The captain is going to sleep. I'd best, too. I'm very tired."

"Good night," Payne said softly.

A good commander reforms his plans to suit conditions. Roman Head began moving that night on hearing of the march to the river by the smaller column: this meant a complete change and he was equal to the task. He sent two hundred warriors northeast to harass and delay the advance of the larger column in such a manner as to make its commander believe he was fighting the entire force of Roman Head; and by delaying him as much as possible perhaps five suns—to give Roman Head ample time to annihilate the smaller column. Roman Head reasoned this out, not in the words or diagrams of his enemy, but in his own simple, crude way. He rode now at the head of his great war party, eight hundred strong, threading a rapid path through the hills, moving toward the broad, sun-baked valley of the Yellow River where cover was at a minimum and a dawn attack upon the smaller column, now camped on the river's east bank, was certain of complete success. Roman Head formed his attack as he rode: to split his warriors into two parties, one on each side of the river, to attack in grey dawn, kill or drive away the horses, and leave the whites on foot, where they could be picked off at leisure.

Captain Forester woke at four o'clock as Henry Epps came from the greying shadows and crouched beside him. The boy and girl were sleeping soundlessly; this was a sign of their improvement, which would make it possible for him to question them about the attack on their wagon train. He had a great many important questions to ask: how the attack had come, the names and former homes of the dead, and a hundred other things needed to fill out his report to the colonel.

"Hear the horses?" Epps said softly. The horses were sneezing and moving restlessly on the picket line.

"I know," Captain Forester said. "Are they around us?"

"I'm not likin' this now," Epps said. "I can't tell is it scouts or the big war party."

"Either one," Captain Forester

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"Hook it up close, so people will think I'm pushing you"

Cold Water and Cherry Pie

said. "We'll be ready for them, Henry."

A picket shouted suddenly and fired, the sound breaking all silence. Captain Forester was out of his blankets, leaping toward the picket line, buckling on his holster and scooping up his rifle as he ran. Henry Epps ran to the left, passing Harris and calling, "Watch the boy and girl," and disappearing into the outer fringe of willows facing the slope. Epps had half-expected this dawn attack, but not in force. Rifle fire was suddenly a heavy pattern around the willows, and a horse screamed and fell on the line. Epps remembered the small island in the middle of the river, directly out from this grove, and ran for Captain Forester. He heard now, clearly, the drum of hoofs, tried to count their number, and failed; this was the main war party of Roman Head, and today was the fight they were looking for.

Johnny Hammond had no time for fright. He sat up, drugged with sleep, and felt strong arms lift him, blankets and all, and carry him across level ground and then downhill. He heard the shots and then a familiar yell. Frozen with fear and wide-awake, he opened his mouth, but sound stuck in his throat and was released in a hollow gasp. Harris said, "Don't be frightened, Johnny," and he heard water splashing beneath him and wet sand sucking at Harris' boots. All around *him was a confused jumble of* shouting and horses galloping through shallow water and yells growing more distant. Harris laid him flat on night-dampened sand, and he squirmed up from the blankets and looked around in the grey light of rising dawn.

Harris called, "Get down, Johnny!"

"Mary," Johnny yelled. "Mary!"

"Right beside you," Harris cried. "Keep your head down, Johnny. You're all right, son."

He was on a small sand-bar island in the middle of the river. He saw one cottonwood tree and a thin copse of willows, the only cover on the island. He rolled on his stomach and fought back the terror as he watched Captain Forester, knee-deep in water, shouting commands from mid-channel, and he saw the men whipping their horses past the captain onto the island. They were all around him now. Each man tied his horse to a willow bush, dropped low on the sand, and started to dig a hole. They did not seem frightened, and this gave him more confidence. He watched Captain Forester and Lieutenant Payne, with ten other men, walking backwards toward the island and firing at the bank and the slope beyond; and, as he watched, one of the men stumbled and fell. He saw the pack mules running wild up the slope and had his first close look at Indians riding their spotted horses, running down the pack mules and turning them away and shaking long lances in the air. And then Captain Forester and the backward-walking men were on the island, and the captain knelt beside him and began throwing sand with both hands, and said sharply: "Dig, Johnny. Dig yourself a hole!"

Johnny Hammond wiggled out of his blankets and dug like a gopher in the soft sand. He was not frightened as he had been three nights ago; this was a different kind of fright, and he understood vaguely that it was because he could see the Indians and yet felt secure with the men all around him.

Horses were plunging and dropping dead. Captain Forester shouted, "Shoot the horses and use them for cover!"

Epps repeated this order, and Lieutenant Payne, squatting on the other side of the island, murmured, "Too bad," as he shot his big roan behind the ear and rolled him over and began pushing more sand over the still quivering body.

Captain Forester called, "You all right, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny Hammond said squeakily. "Can I have a rifle, sir?"

"Not yet," Captain Forester said. "You stay low. We'll do the shooting."

All the horses were dead now, and Johnny Hammond wondered hazily how they would get home. It would be a long way to walk.

His sister called, from the hole Harris had helped her dig, "Will they kill us, Captain?"

"Of course not," Captain Forester answered cheerily. "We have a little surprise for them if they try it. Stay down, Miss Hammond."

Captain Forester did not tell Johnny what the surprise was; if Johnny had known more about rifles, it would have been apparent. For Captain Forester's company, while short in numbers, was strong in fire power. Each man had been issued one of the new Spencer seven-shot repeaters; and this was that single factor unreckoned for by Roman Head. This would make up the difference. This was the unknown quantity which, as the life blood of a man's body keeps replenishing itself from strange depths, gave the power of seven rifles to each man and made them nearly equal to the thousand warriors of Roman Head, who had single-shot rifles and war lances and even bows and arrows. This was the balance on which Colonel Adams had placed his gamble: the new power of the Spencer against the older rifles of the warriors.

Roman Head sat his great horse on the western ridgeline and watched his warriors make their attack. He felt an inner admiration for the chief of that small band as his warriors were met with stubborn resistance while the small band retreated to the little sand-bar island in the middle of the Yellow River. He watched his warriors crowd on both banks and pour a withering fire into the island, and he saw the white men's horses plunge and drop dead. This was as he had planned: these whites might be safe for a few hours, but they could not ride away. Nor, he thought, would they walk or crawl. He dispatched scouts to tell the warriors to line the riverbanks and keep up their fire. He would give them the whole morning to kill the small column, and, failing in that, he would lead a charge himself. Such was his courage that he gave no thought to the possibility of his own death in such a charge; it simply did not occur to him.

Lieutenant Payne crossed to the east side of the island in midmorning and stretched himself beside the captain's sand hole. Payne could see Mary Hammond, ten yards away, by moving his head a trifle; and, noting that she was lying in a deep and long hole, with good cover, he dismissed the nagging worry that she might be hurt by accident or otherwise. Payne had done himself proud in this fight, his first engagement against the enemy, and he was already past that beginning state of flinching when bullets passed overhead or an arrow came winging down in a high arc and thudded into the sand. Payne had got three warriors he knew of—and another he wasn't going to count because his eyes had blurred with sweat as he squeezed his trigger.

"Good work," Captain Forester said. "It's not so bad, once you wet your whistle, George."

Lieutenant Payne grinned knowingly. "Yes, sir. I was frightened stiff when they hit us, but I seem to be over that stage. Any orders, sir?"

"Not at present," Captain Forester said. "They'll do something soon. Have to wait and take the correct action. Ah—" Captain Forester wiped one grimy hand across his mouth "—you might talk a while with Miss Hammond."

"Yes, sir," Payne said gravely. "And the boy?"

"Fine," Captain Forester said. "He's over there with Harris."

Payne crawled the ten yards to Mary Hammond's hole and smiled down on her. She was lying on her back in the grave-shaped trench, a luckily salvaged blanket under her, Captain Forester's canteen at her side. Her eyes were clear, but her fingers were clenched tightly.

"I understand now, Lieutenant," Mary Hammond said. "About the delay before taking us home."

"I'm sorry," Payne said humbly. "I couldn't tell you last night."

"It's all right," Mary said. "Somehow, this isn't so bad."

"Nothing is so bad," Payne said, "when you can see what you are fighting. I'll have to get back over, Miss Hammond. Call me if you need anything."

"Thank you," Mary Hammond said. "I will."

At high noon, the Indians withdrew from the immediate riverbanks and gathered out of rifle shot on the hill to the west. Captain Forester saw the tall chief on his great red horse and turned to Henry Epps, who had crawled from the upstream point of the island and lay beside him.

"Roman Head," Epps said. "The old one himself."

"What are they brewing?" Captain Forester asked. "A direct charge?"

"I reckon," Epps said. "He don't want to waste time on us. Figures he can ride us down and wipe us out with one wave of the hand."

"Good," Captain Forester said. "I'll place all but ten men on the west side. We'll give him an unexpected greeting."

When the council on the hilltop broke up, the majority of warriors returned to the riverbanks and began their persistent shooting; there remained on the forward slope of the hill some three hundred warriors, the youngest and best of the war party. Johnny Hammond, poking his head up from the hole he lay in, watched them swing out and form a long line, with Roman Head in front of this line on his great red horse. Johnny felt his throat get tight and the blood pound in his neck, but he could not duck down or close his eyes. He had to see this.

Roman Head raised one arm and dropped it quickly. The line of warriors walked their horses down the slope and, gaining the flat river bottom, lifted this deliberate pace to a trot. Two hundred yards from the riverbank, Roman Head shouted and the trot broke into the full running charge of the plains Indian, with its sound and fury and flashing of color radiating savagely from the running line of horses. Johnny Hammond wondered how Captain Forester and fifty men could stop all those warriors from riding straight through the shallow water and across the island. He watched and could not close his eyes.

Captain Forester called, "Fire on my command!" and waited patiently behind a dead horse, settling his body solidly and taking aim.

They reached the deep grass fifty feet up from the bank and the ground shook beneath their hoofs; and in one eye-closing they were on the bank and plunging downward into the river. Captain Forester shouted, "Fire!" and shot, and shouted again, "Fire!" and waited two breaths and again called, "Fire!" and then levered

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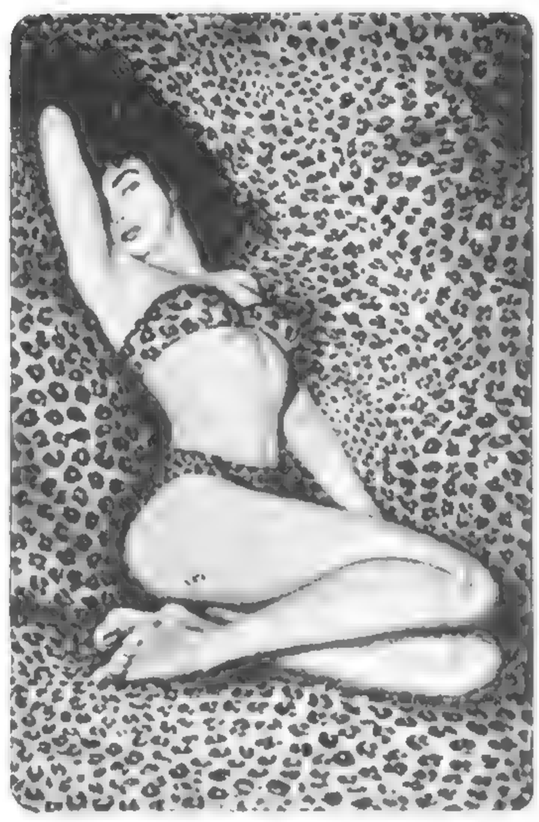

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his Spencer and roared, "Pour it in!" and abandoned his cool logic and gave himself to the battle.

Henry Epps fired rapidly and straight, and watched the line of warriors melt away before this smashing, unceasing rifle fire. He wondered what Roman Head must be thinking at this time, plunging squarely into the face of rifle fire completely out of proportion to the number of men on the island. Epps saw the charge break, stop, and recoil up the bank and away from the river. One horse, its warrior clinging to its back, ran wild, galloping through the shallow water and reaching the edge of the island. Someone shot the warrior, and the horse came onto the island. Epps dropped the horse with one shot and said, "Good eating." Then he put three more shots into the warriors retreating up the slope.

Captain Forester called, "Henry!" and Epps turned and saw the captain lying on his side, slitting his own right trouser leg and sopping up the spreading blood with his free hand. Epps saw two other dead men on the line, and one man shot in the chest. He got up and ran, bent over, to the captain. Captain Forester said, "A little water would help, Henry. Miss Hammond has my canteen."

Epps said, "We got Roman Head, Captain."

"I know," Captain Forester said tightly. "I saw him go down. The horse was killed at the same moment. Pull this trouser leg apart, Henry."

"Where is it?" Epps asked.

"Upper leg," Captain Forester said. "A light ball, half spent, I believe. Wash it off, Henry, and I'll take a look."

Epps poured water on the bared leg and watched Captain Forester spread the opening with his thumbs, probe with a forefinger, and produce a knife from the sheath inside his shirt. Epps said. "Let me get Harris, Captain," but Captain Forester shook his head and murmured, "Harris is needed on the line." Then he tested the knife on his tongue and went to work. Epps poured more water and held the opening with his own thumbs while Captain Forester inserted the slender knife blade, probed a moment, struck a solid object, and swore harshly. After a minute of moving and probing, he popped the misshapen ball from his leg.

"Not a full shot," Captain Forester said. "Pour a thimble of brandy in the wound, Henry. That will do for now."

Epps took a flask, measured a capful, and poured it into the bloody opening. Captain Forester gasped and turned white. "Never was a stoic," he murmured, and lay back while Epps bandaged the wound with a strip of shirt.

"What now?" Epps asked.

"It remains to be seen," Captain Forester said thinly. "They'll hold council and make their decision. Spread the men around again, Henry, and tell Payne to count casualties and report to me." Captain Forester grunted and touched his leg. "My usual luck, getting something like this early in the fight."

"That Roman Head," Epps said. "There was a man."

"Can they do better than that, Henry?" Captain Forester asked.

"I say no," Epps said. "Twenty years I've been out here, and I never saw them press a charge this far."

"Then we've got them," Captain Forester said, and added, thinking of Col. Adams, "maybe."

On the north fork of the Yellow River, Colonel Adams re-formed his battalion after their third brush in as many hours with fast-riding warriors who rode down from the hills and made their wide dash around the column, firing from behind their horses and sending yells of defiance across the plain. Colonel Adams was not certain about the size of the attacking war party and, for this reason, being a cautious and saving man, kept tight rein on his force and waited for a decisive move on the enemy's part—or a withdrawal that would give him time to send out scouts and determine what he faced. He did not like this skirmishing, and he wondered how Forester was making out.

Johnny Hammond saw Henry Epps help Captain Forester across the island to the captain's hole. Johnny could see the torn trouser leg and the bandage around the captain's white thigh, and then he looked around and saw other men bending over their friends, and Harris was moving along the line, stopping and working and moving on again; and Johnny Hammond knew the charge had not been stopped without cost. His sister looked up from her hole and bit her lips, and then called to

Continued on page 110

"I wonder if you realize what a frightful discrepancy this will cause in our books"

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Cold Water and Cherry Pie

Captain Forester, "Can I help?"

Captain Forester rolled on his good leg and gave her a quick, warm smile. "No," he said. "Not yet, Miss Hammond. You stay right where you are. Johnny, you get down there!"

Johnny Hammond said, "Yes, sir," and ducked back in his hole, and then the firing started from both banks as the warriors crept through the long grass and laid their curtain of shot across the island while other warriors pulled their dead from the west bank. Johnny was hungry and thirsty, and when afternoon waned and night dropped slowly over the land and the firing fell away to a sullen, irregular mutter in the darkness, he realized that food was scarce on the island. He remembered how the pack mules had bolted up the slope to be turned and captured by the Indians, and with the pack mules had disappeared all provisions but those few small pieces of food in the pockets of the blanket rolls of the men.

Strange sounds filled the night. Johnny heard wailing and did not know what it was; but the sound was harrowing. He learned later from Harris that the squaws had come up with the war party and were wailing for the dead warriors. He heard the water slapping softly on both sides of the island and the wind rustling in the willow bushes and through the bullet-tattered limbs of the long cottonwood tree in the center of the island. There were five dead men on the island and seven wounded, and two of the wounded men were unconscious and groaning. A night bird cried once, far above the river, and flew away; and Johnny Hammond looked at the deep blue sky and white stars blinking far away and remembered his home in Illinois.

He discovered that night about food. If he wanted to eat, he would eat horse meat and wash it down with river water. Henry Epps dug a deep hole in the center of the island, beside the cottonwood tree, and in the bottom of this hole he built a tiny fire on which he roasted the best cuts of meat from the Indian pony shot when it bolted onto the island. Johnny Hammond shook his head when Harris brought him a piece of horse meat, and his sister murmured, "Not yet, please," and drank from the captain's canteen. Harris offered his canteen and Johnny Hammond took a big drink.

"Feel better?" Harris asked.

Johnny Hammond said, "We'll never get home now. How can we get away from so many Indians?"

"Don't worry," Harris said. "They can't get us, Johnny, and we'll have reinforcements in a day or two."

"You ain't soldiers," Johnny said. "Why did you come so far out and let the Indians catch you?"

"We're not soldiers," Harris admitted. "But we're citizens, Johnny."

"What do you want out here?" Johnny Hammond asked.

"We live in this land," Harris said. "Some of our friends have been killed by the Indians, just like your friends in the wagon train. We came to teach the Indians a lesson."

"Don't you want to go home?" Johnny Hammond asked.

"When we finish our job," Harris said.

Johnny Hammond wrestled with many hazy questions and said, "Then you never had to come?"

"No," Harris said. "We volunteered. There weren't enough soldiers and the colonel needed our help."

Johnny Hammond made no sense of this. He said, "Dad told me it was foolish doin' something you had no business doin'."

"Johnny," Harris said softly. "Remember this is your country, too, just like it is our country, me and my friends. In a way, we are doing this for our country."

"Do you think so?" Johnny asked.

Harris got to his knees, took a bite of horse meat, and said, "Why, yes. Yes, I do." Then he disappeared in the darkness.

Two of the wounded men died during the night, and that left forty-four men, less five wounded, making a total of thirty-nine able-bodied fighters. Captain Forester did not sleep the first night on the island. He lay on the sand with his wounded leg stretched out before him and worried about Colonel Adams and whether the colonel would understand upon reaching their planned rendezvous the next day and would continue south with all possible speed. The colonel might be fighting against a delaying war party; and this thought was more than enough to make the captain take immediate action.

"Henry," Captain Forester said, late that night. "Can we get a man through?"

"A long chance," Epps said. "And tough for any man, on foot."

"Did you count the warriors in this party?" Captain Forester said. "I didn't see a thousand."

"No," Epps agreed soberly. "About three hundred or so shy. Maybe they got tired of scalping and went home."

"Or northeast," Captain Forester said. "Henry, we can hold out a good while, with some luck and horse meat, but we've got to send a man through if we can."

"I'll go," Epps said.

"No. Not yet. I need you. Do you know a man?"

Epps said, "I know one. Any particular orders to him?"

Captain Forester said, "The men all know our situation. Tell him to get through to Adams. That's all."

The chiefs gathered beyond the west ridge in council and counted their dead and sat in silence, listening to the wailing squaws. The chiefs stirred and spoke in turn: they agreed to lay siege to the island and take, in time, with sun and starvation helping, every scalp on the island in payment for the death of their warriors and their chief. They knew, now, that the men on the island were armed with new rifles which spoke many times without reloading. And for this reason they vetoed another charge as a waste of lives. They would surround the island and watch closely for any man slipping out at night, and when word came from the northeast, from the war party delaying the larger column, they would know how much time they had. But they were implacable in one thing: no

one would walk away from that island.

Johnny Hammond said, "I can't eat no more, sir. It makes me sick."

"You did very well," Captain Forester said.

"They're still eating," Johnny said. "They must be hungry."

Captain Forester moved his leg and felt sharp pain far up in his groin. "We have strong stomachs, Johnny. A man can do a lot of things when he has to."

This was on the second night, following a quiet day of heat and lying behind the swelling horses, waiting for something to happen. And nothing happened. Unless a man showed his head, his leg, his hand. Then the rifles spoke from the long grass and the arrows rose in their lazy, endless arc and fell on the island.

"I never want to see a horse again," Johnny said. "It makes me feel funny to my stomach."

Captain Forester lay on his good leg and stared about his circle of defense. Another day, he thought, and the war party could take them without trouble if they made one more charge. But the charge would not come; he was certain of that. And just before sundown a lone warrior had ridden past the island, fifty yards back from the bank, waving something black and stringy on his lance. Captain Forester saw this object and looked at Henry Epps, and knew they would have to send another man out tonight.

They had lost another wounded man on this second day, and one other man was killed by a falling arrow. That left thirty-six fighting men. Captain Forester thought of the colonel and hoped the battalion was moving south.

Payne watched Mary Hammond eat a well-cooked piece of horse meat and remembered her face only a night ago when she had refused a similar piece. Mary ate slowly, chewing the meat thoroughly and swallowing with apparent difficulty—but eating. Payne decided she had more courage than any girl he had known; she was showing her breeding in the face of odds far beyond the expected strength of any woman. He wondered, then, about her breeding, her ancestors, and what his parents would think of this slender, white-faced girl. Well, Payne decided, it didn't matter. When they finished this business, he would ask a lot of questions.

"Aren't you hungry?" Mary Hammond asked.

"Oh," Payne grinned. "I was thinking."

"About what?"

"You," Payne said. "I was thinking you are a brave girl."

Ten yards away, Captain Forester smiled to himself and waited for Henry Epps, and when Epps came to his hole, the captain said, "We'll have to try again, Henry. Tonight, and the next night, until we get a man through."

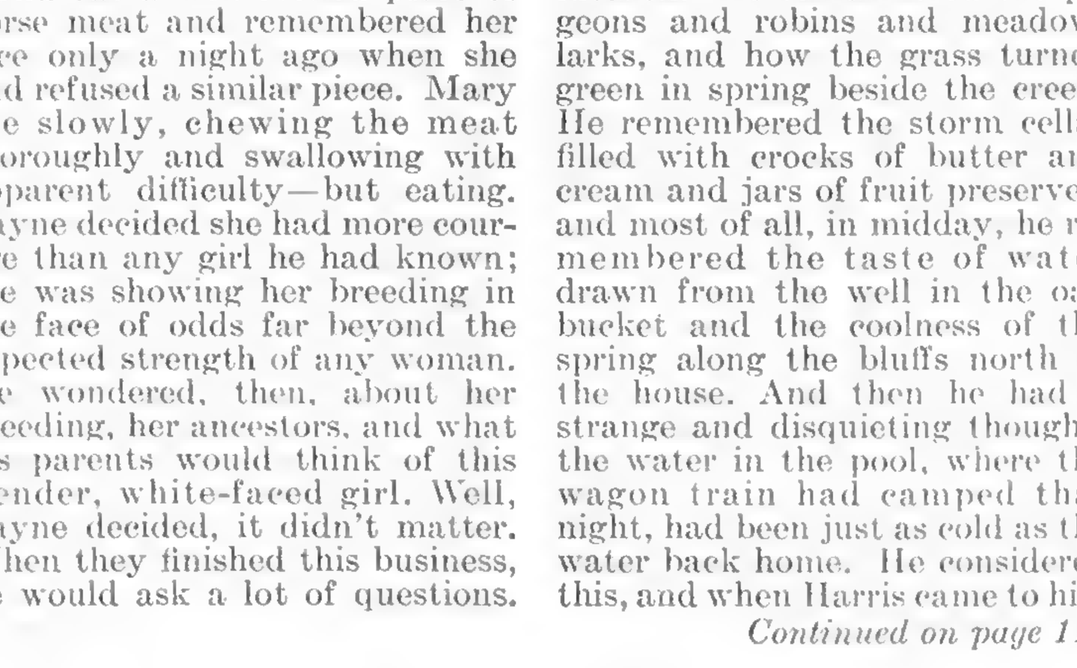
"I'll go," Epps said. "Now look, Captain. Don't start giving orders. I'm goin'. I've cooked enough horse meat to last all of you a week. If I ain't back with the colonel in three days, send somebody else."

"Very well," Captain Forester said. "Good luck, Henry."

Johnny Hammond lost the thread of passing time on the third day. The sun was too hot and he was hungry and thirsty, and his stomach seemed to shrink every hour until he was afraid to put his hand on his belt. His sister did not move from her hole, and he crawled over once and looked down on her and saw the dried tears on her cheeks and the thinness of her body. After that, Johnny Hammond sat in his hole and listened to the rifle fire that rose and fell in scattered flurries, waited for the thud of arrows dropping, and wondered why people were so foolish as to come way out here and get killed. He could think about his mother and father now and hold back the tears, and it was good to remember them.

He remembered the farm and a jug of sugar water in the corner of the big field and the smell of hay in the barn loft, and apples on the trees, and eating cherry pie in the kitchen. He remembered the pigeons and robins and meadowlarks, and how the grass turned green in spring beside the creek. He remembered the storm cellar filled with crocks of butter and cream and jars of fruit preserves; and most of all, in midday, he remembered the taste of water drawn from the well in the oak bucket and the coolness of the spring along the bluffs north of the house. And then he had a strange and disquieting thought: the water in the pool, where the wagon train had camped that night, had been just as cold as the water back home. He considered this, and when Harris came to him

Continued on page 112



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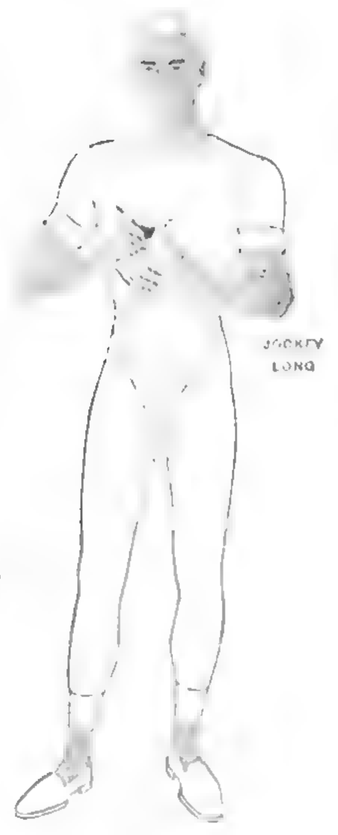

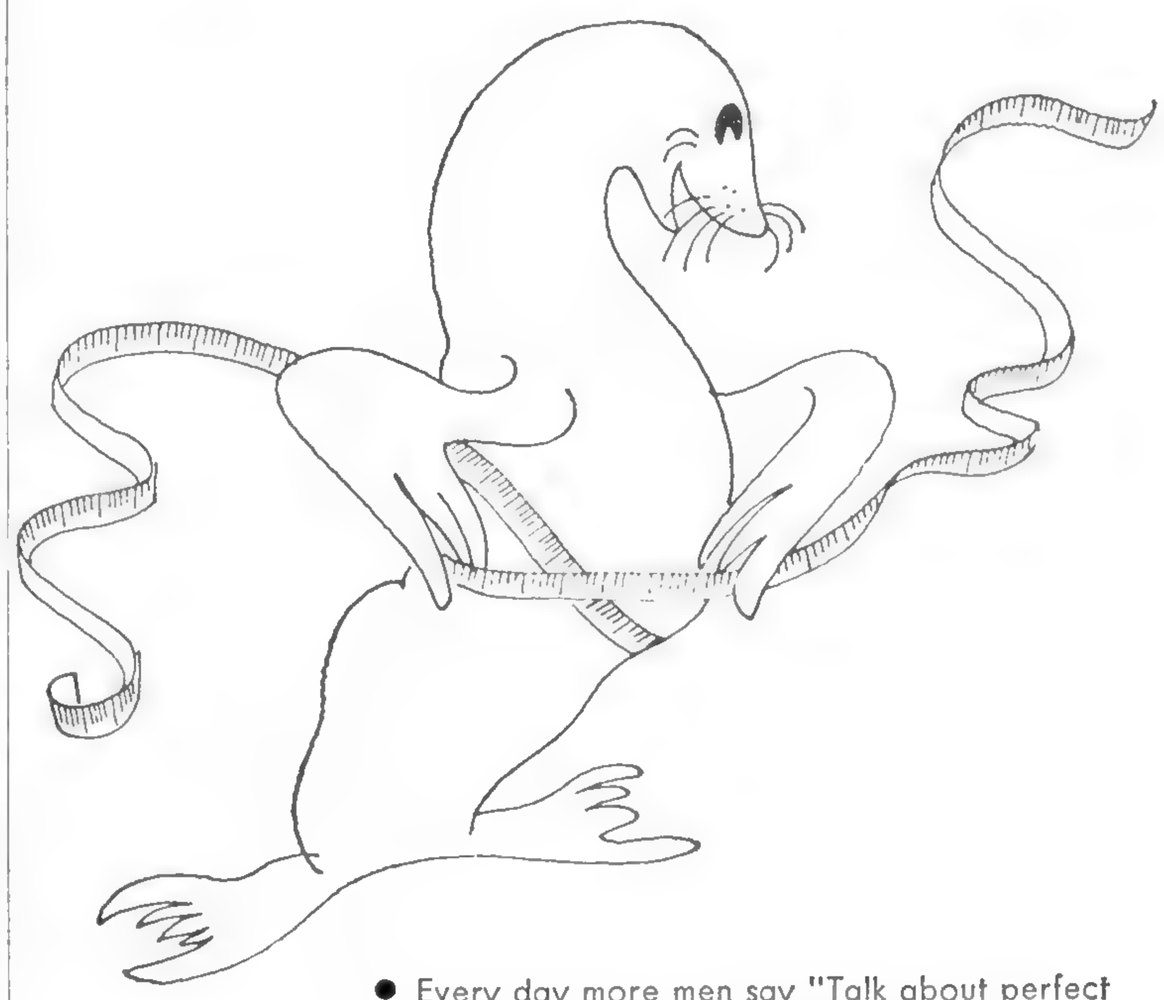

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Cold Water and Cherry Pie

after dark, he asked his question.

Harris swallowed and coughed thickly, and said, "Everything is good, Johnny, if you use it or see it in the right way. That spring is cold, like your well back home. Did you ever stop and think, Johnny, that all of these men came from back there? All of them drank from wells and ate cherry pies in the ripe time and smelled the hay and the fields."

Johnny wondered how Harris knew he had thought about cherry pies and hay and well water. He said, "It was pretty cold. It sure tasted good that night."

"And it will taste good again," Harris said. "All of us came out here, Johnny, and found cold water and the same smell of hay and cherries and smoked hams. And those same things are just as good in Oregon as they are in Illinois. It's all our country, Johnny, and all of it is good. You just have to look at it right, and feel right, and go on living. You can't go back, Johnny. You're a man now, and you can't be a little boy again. You think about that, Johnny."

Captain Forester touched his leg on the third night and decided it was going to be all right. The heat had gone down some and he could touch it without biting back a yell of pain. Harris had washed the wound carefully, six times every day, and somehow found clean pieces of cloth for dressings. Captain Forester was immeasurably encouraged by this fact, and also by the fact that Epps must have got through the line of warriors. Harris brought a heated piece of cooked horse meat from the fire hole, and the captain chewed it slowly.

"How are the other wounded?" Captain Forester asked.

"Feeling better," Harris said. "And so are you, Captain."

"Too mean to die," Captain Forester chuckled. "Make the rounds again, Harris, and be sure every man is on guard. They want us badly and you never can tell what they might try."

"I will," Harris said soberly. "Lieutenant Payne is coming around right now."

Captain Forester chuckled again, and murmured, "The places you find young love, Harris!"

"Like ragweed," Harris said. "It flourishes anywhere."

On the fourth day, Johnny Hammond lay in his hole and watched the sun climb, hang, and drop away to the west; and night closed on the island and he ate horse meat and drank river water and listened to his sister talk with Lieutenant Payne, noting that she called him George and he called her Mary. He slept fitfully the fourth night, and the fifth day came with a burning sun and the fifth night was hazy, for the meat was getting very "ripe" as Harris called it, and the river water made Johnny's stomach gurgle and turn over, and he was itchy from sand and chiggers; and when Harris came to talk with him on the fifth night, he was lightheaded and could not give decent answers. He dreamed of home, but the dream was shot through with another of spring water and mountains and his father walking steadily beside their wagon, heading west. He fought up from this dream in the early morning, waiting for the expected shots and the smell and the sun; but the valley was quiet with a new stillness.

Captain Forester woke on that sixth morning with Payne's hand on his arm. He sat up, wrenching the wounded leg, saying, "What is it? A charge?"

"Look, sir," Payne said huskily.

Captain Forester said, "Adams?" and Payne nodded and pointed north. Captain Forester raised himself a little farther, shaded his eyes with his other hand, and looked to the north in time to see the advance point of the battalion racing from the distant hills and debouching into the valley of the Yellow, spreading out in a wide, hard-galloping line, and sweeping down the river toward them. Captain Forester looked around him and saw his men standing erect for the first time in six days, waving their rifles and shouting hoarsely.

Captain Forester said, "Fire a rifle."

Harris raised his Spencer and worked the lever, firing seven shots into the sky. Captain Forester said, "Lieutenant Payne, have the men fall in. Harris, bring the boy and girl over here."

Johnny Hammond came at Harris' call, helping his sister, and stood beside the captain, watching the advance point closing on the last five hundred yards from the island. Johnny Hammond looked at the valley, at the hills, and said, "Where did they go?"

Captain Forester smiled weakly and said, "They went away, Johnny. We licked them—this time."

Captain Forester sat with his back against the rampart composed of his dead horse and packed sand, and watched Lieutenant Payne line the men up before him, and then cross to his side and smile broadly at Mary Hammond. Harris saw Henry Epps riding at the front of the advance point and grinned broadly. Then he turned to Johnny Hammond.

"It wasn't so bad, was it?"

"Not so bad," Johnny Hammond said cautiously. "Do you think I could get to Oregon after we—?" He felt funny, asking that question, but knowing why, watching the line of scarecrows standing before the captain, waiting for the battalion.

"Why, sure," Harris said quietly. "I think you can, Johnny. But first we'll go back to the post and eat a while and drink some good water. And say, we can get water at the spring on the way."

"Sure we can," Johnny said. "I'll bet it's mighty cold." ⊞

Continued from page 45

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In a Manner of Drinking

Continued from page 42

field, and the stricken and palsied were assisted into the night at frequent intervals by a corps of practiced waiters. A portion of the staff of the *Tribune* got themselves daily and handsomely plastered, but they contrived to do it with a minimum of inconvenience to others and at no abatement of their professional and exacting occupation.

Quite aside from the matter of psychological pattern, the imponderables of the individual metabolism as they affect a man's drinking are almost infinite in their extent. What he has had to eat and how long ago, whether he is fatigued or refreshed, how recently he has taken his last drink, and even climate and altitude are not inconsiderable factors. It is, for example, proverbial that hangovers in Los Angeles can assume the most ghastly proportions and that, some three hundred miles north in San Francisco, they are almost unknown.

Altitude is worth considering. A few years ago, the writer of this article was standing at the bar of the Teller House in Central City, Colorado, with the late Spencer Penrose, silver king. Central City is nearly two miles high, and your reporter, uninformed in the matter, was hoisting chalices of bourbon in an only mildly conservative manner. "Hold your horses, young man," said Penrose. "This is an economical sort of place. At this altitude you have only to drink half as much to get twice the lift." The truth of this statement became apparent when a gutter of abysmal proportions yawned before your reporter as he stepped into Eureka Street, and the ensuing collapse was both humiliating and prodigious. It may be added in extenuation that in Central City the gutters are sometimes two feet deep.

It is the belief of the author of this article that, as far as his personal experience extends, the old-time Irish bartender—solid, prudent, friendly, garrulous, and inevitably possessed of a pair of walrus mustaches (modified in later years) and a gold Albert watch chain—has practically disappeared. A nation-wide survey conducted only a few months ago in the interest of this important social phenomenon and ranging in its extent from Lock Ober's Winter Place Wine Rooms in Boston to the Switch Key in Kansas City and from the Players in Gramercy Park to the Pacific Union on the top of Nob Hill failed to reveal more than a handful of the prototypical Gaelic Ganymedes of the old school. Charlie Connolly of the aforementioned Players, incidentally, is one of the fast-vanishing and altogether wonderful breed, and there are a few others—notably the Costellos and two or three less publicized publicans on New York's upper East Side; but, for the most part, their once universal congress gaiters are now filled by much younger men of Swiss, Italian, or French descent.

The transition has several explanations. The archetypal Irish suds slinger, with his gruff and hearty ways and his preoccupation with local politics and sports, notably horse racing and box fighting, did not recommend himself to the female trade, and vice versa. Many a veteran Mike, Timmy, or Pat hung up his apron for the last time and in disgust when his glasses became fouled with lipstick and the demand for elaborate mixed drinks began rising like that of a Union League member's blood pressure during the Roosevelt regime. Then, too, the gradual unionization of bars didn't appeal much to old-timers, who were generally individualists of heroic proportions. All of this is a pity because, as has been suggested, the character, temperament, and personality of a bartender have more to do with the conduct of his bar and manners of his patrons than anything except the drinks they order.

There are, of course, almost as many legitimate attitudes toward, and opinions about, drinking customs and standards as they exist today among American males as there are persons to consider the matter at all. It happens to be the belief of the writer that the intrusion into the drinking scene of women, whose demands for attention are constant and an imposition upon masculine tolerance, has set back the standard of drinking manners to an almost incalculable degree. The double standard by which women can insinuate themselves into premises where they are neither welcome nor ornamental on terms of masculine equality and where they still, none the less, demand standards of conduct and language to which they are elsewhere accustomed is patently spurious. Men, simply, are fools to put up with such impositions. A woman standing at a bar deserves no more deferential treatment than a woman soliciting on the street. (In her defense, it may be said that sometimes she doesn't demand it.)

On the other hand, as an answer to those who see nothing but decline and decay in the field of masculine absorption of alcohol, it may be pointed out that, whatever debasing influences may be at work, the rise in popularity of the simple drink, as opposed to the fanciful arrangements so much in vogue only a decade or so ago, is a matter of universal record. Spirits and water or soda, and the basic simple cocktails—Martinis, Old-Fashioneds, Manhattans, and one or two others—are ahead on a ten-to-one basis in every bar in New York and probably elsewhere.

Whatever goes up must, proverbially, come down. Fortunately, in so far as hoisting drinks is concerned, the repeal of Prohibition once and for all eliminated the converse of this proposition. ##

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Lex Thompson: Eager Eagle

Continued from page 39

in casts and slings that upon finding him whole and unbandaged, they are likely to ask if he has been sick.

When he had finished his education (St. Paul's, Andover, and Yale), Thompson looked around for something to do. In college, he had suffered from hay fever and he remembered a doctor who had prescribed a solution that took the sting out of his eyes. He went into the drug business and in a few years was selling millions of bottles of eye lotion. But his drug business kept him busy only in spring and summer, and so, for a time, he became what so many young, handsome millionaires become—a playboy. His first marriage had failed and he had time on his hands. He began appearing at the Stork Club and El Morocco in New York, at the Cocoanut Grove and Ciro's on the Coast. He dated models and movie stars, including Betty Grable, Lana Turner, and Anne Shirley. It looked as though he was on his way to a harmless, expensive, and virtually purposeless existence.

"Oh, the painting's finished—he's trying to think of a title now"

But all the while the sports yen kept nagging at him. He participated whenever he could—mostly in bobsled meets at Lake Placid, St. Moritz, Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the Bavarian Alps, and Cortina d'Ampezzo in Italy. There was hazard and fascination in sledding.

That wasn't enough, though, and so he decided to get into the business end of sports, to make them a career instead of a pastime. In 1939, at the age of twenty-five, he set down his highballs, hung up his dinner jackets, cancelled his reservations at the night clubs, and drove up to New Haven to see his old friend Greasy Neale, who was the backfield coach at Yale.

It was (no fooling) at the tables down at Morey's that Thompson took his first step into professional sports. Greasy agreed to coach a pro team if Thompson could find one for sale. He found one after months of frustrating negotiations—the Philadelphia Eagles, whose franchise he bought for $165,000. When Thompson and Neale took over, the team was a scrawny, losing club with little box-office appeal. Surveys of newspaper and radio coverage, however, convinced them that Philly was potentially sports-minded and that the fans would come if you gave them something to see.

Lex went after the problems scientifically. In picking a place for the ticket office, for example, he used a chart that showed him exactly the number of cars and pedestrians that passed the spot each day.

The Eagles had been playing from the powerful but unspectacular single-wing formation, so Thompson ordered a switch to the T. Since Neale had never coached the T-formation, Thompson obtained films of the Chicago Bears, then the outstanding T-club in the league. These he turned over to Neale along with the keys to his New York apartment. The coach went half-blind studying the movies, but the Eagles opened the season with the flashiest brand of offensive football ever seen in Philadelphia.

Neale's study of the T, incidentally, won him $100 from Curly Lambeau, the coach of the Green Bay Packers. Lambeau bet him $100 to $5 that Neale could not remember how all the touchdowns were scored in the 73-0 pasting the Bears gave the Redskins in 1940.

Greasy took a deep breath and recited every touchdown play in order, including the blocking assignments and plays that set up the scoring plays. At the time he made the bet, Lambeau of course did not know that Neale had seen movies of that game a hundred times or more in Thompson's apartment.

In 1946, Lex opened private training quarters for his team at Saranac Lake, New York. The deal cost him $75,000, but in a few years it will have saved him twice that amount in rent and additional traveling expenses. (The team used to train in Wisconsin.) The camp has modern rooms and kitchens, a projection room for movies, a private refrigerating plant, and hospital and recreation rooms.

He is acutely conscious of the appearance of his squad. During the season, the players have orders never to appear in public without shirt, tie, and coat. Once, to help get his feeling across, he had his own Fifth Avenue tailor flown to training camp, where, for a bill of $2000, the entire squad was fitted with made-to-measure sport coats.

Here are some more Thompson touches:

Players failing to make the grade are sent home first-class with spending money.

The team gets an all-out banquet and party at the season's end—win, lose, or draw.

A job-placement bureau ob-

tains off-season employment for the majority of the team.

Off-season athletics—basketball, softball, bowling, and so forth—are organized and paid for to keep the men in trim.

Above all, the players get top salaries. This year the pay roll was nearly $275,000, one of the highest in the pro pigskin industry.

The season-ticket sale for the Eagles has climbed from 75 tickets in 1941 to 21,000 in 1948. In 1947, the Eagles won their first Eastern Division championship and a profitable play-off with the Chicago Cardinals. The team is now a top-flight attraction wherever it plays. Today, if Thompson chose to sell his franchise, he could no doubt earn a substantial profit for his eight years of smart management and promotion. But he doesn't choose to sell.

When one reflects on the choleric personalities and the dubious ethics of many sports owners and promoters, it is amazing to find Thompson still in business. As a calling, the management of professional sports has been peopled with frauds and phonies, shrewd and able businessmen, grandstanders, publicity hounds, and get-rich-quickies—some honest and some dishonest, some good and some bad.

"But in Thompson," as one of his friends put it, "something new has been added." He is quiet, refined, intelligent. At his apartment in New York's fashionable east sixties, he entertains constantly and informally, holding a sort of endless open house. He has a beautiful wife who, fortunately, is able to share Thompson's feelings of hospitality toward a couple unlettered halfbacks or a grease-stained race driver as well as toward his friends in New York society.

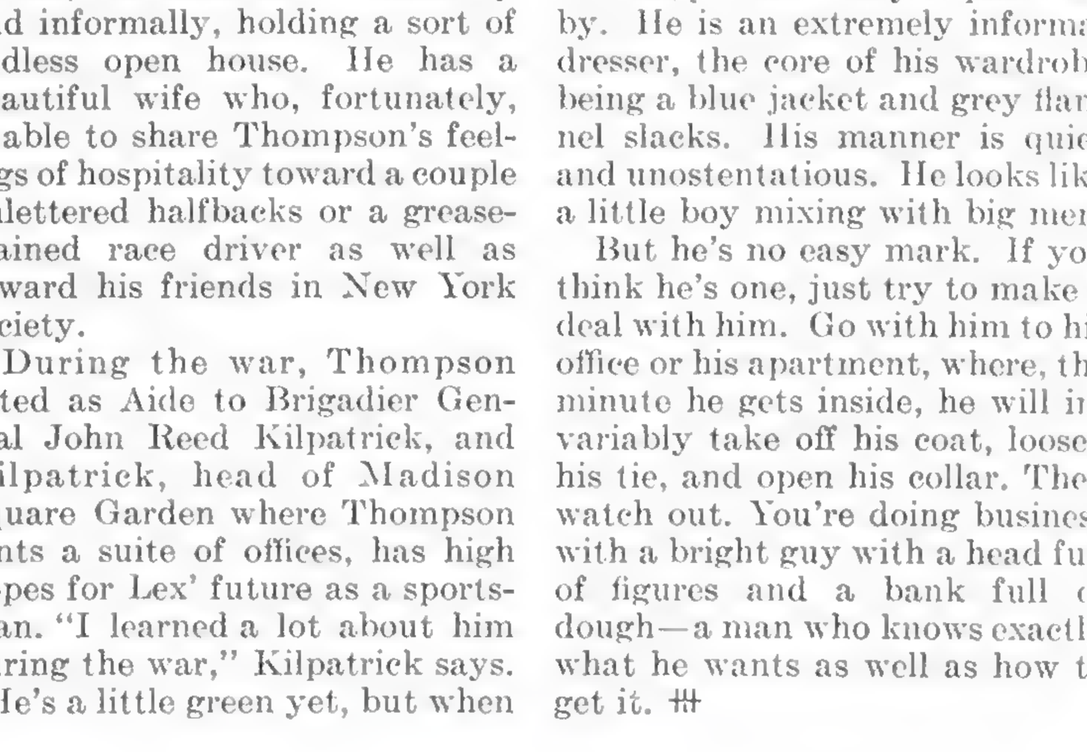
During the war, Thompson acted as Aide to Brigadier General John Reed Kilpatrick, and Kilpatrick, head of Madison Square Garden where Thompson rents a suite of offices, has high hopes for Lex' future as a sportsman. "I learned a lot about him during the war," Kilpatrick says. "He's a little green yet, but when he gets to work on something he can't be stopped. He's a bright boy, almost brilliant, and with a naïve honesty that you have to admire."

Thompson's offices in New York are ultramodern and ultramasculine. They include a well-stocked bar and kitchenette, and a handsome, carpeted, leather-chaired conference room. The walls of his private cubicle are lined with photographs, many of himself driving bobsleds around icy curves. He is gadget-happy, and his desk drawers are filled with scores of practical-joke gimmicks—trick lights, fake glasses, squirting nickels, mysterious sponges. He buys these gags down the street at the Eighth Avenue Magic Center, where you are likely to find him as often as not, practicing some new stunt or ordering a supply of jumping neckties to be sent to his friends. When he entertains a large group, he will put on a jocular show himself or hire a professional magician.

As befits a millionaire, he takes the check every time. He has spent a lot of money and energy helping friends, lending them money, getting them started. He pays his own debts promptly, but never duns people who owe him money. As a result, he has acquired a reputation for being a soft touch, and he has had to learn through bitter experience to be careful whom he trusts.

If you see Thompson on the street, in a restaurant, or at the movies, you are likely to pass him by. He is an extremely informal dresser, the core of his wardrobe being a blue jacket and grey flannel slacks. His manner is quiet and unostentatious. He looks like a little boy mixing with big men.

But he's no easy mark. If you think he's one, just try to make a deal with him. Go with him to his office or his apartment, where, the minute he gets inside, he will invariably take off his coat, loosen his tie, and open his collar. Then watch out. You're doing business with a bright guy with a head full of figures and a bank full of dough—a man who knows exactly what he wants as well as how to get it. ##



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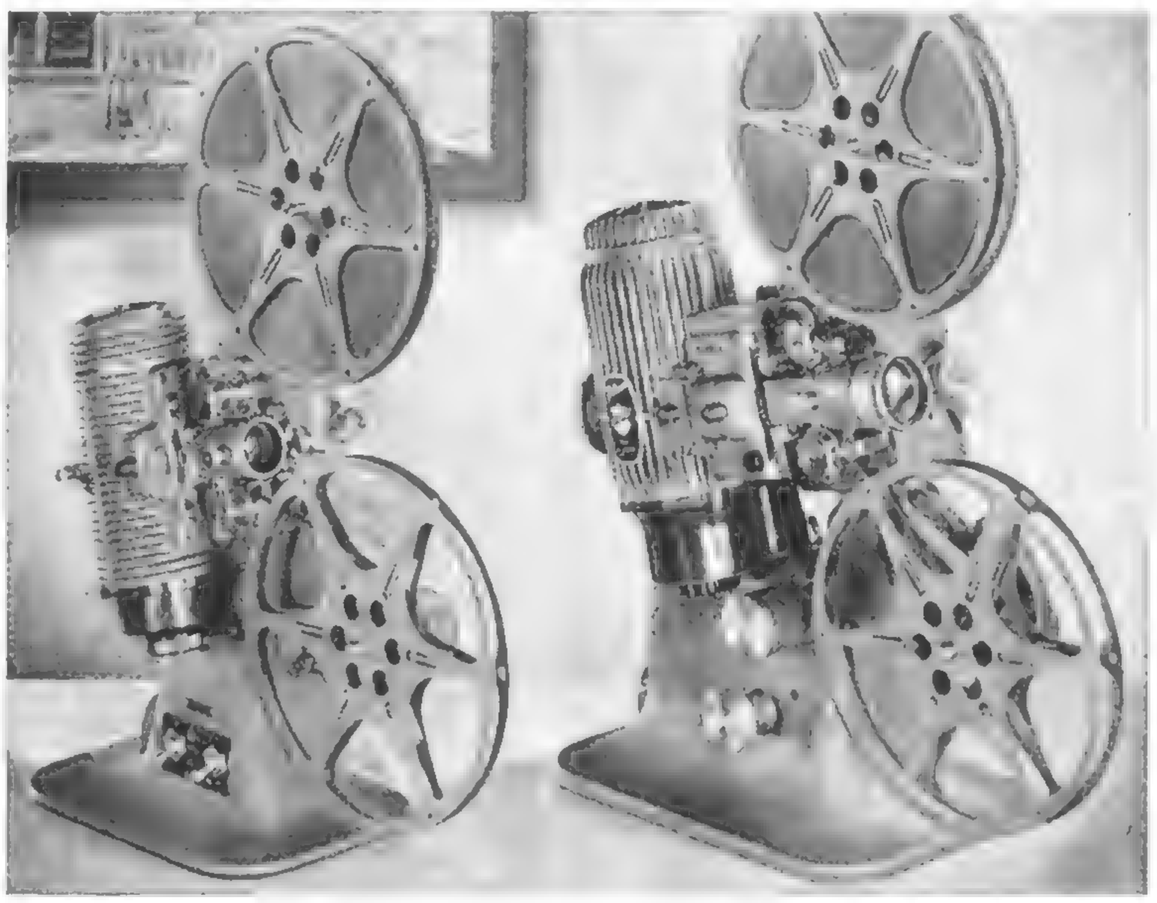

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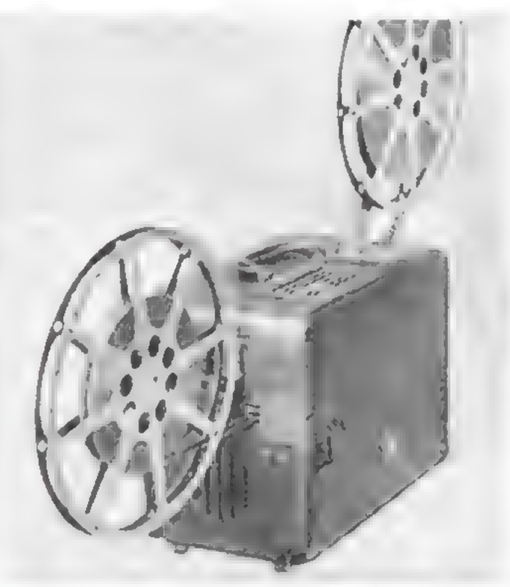

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Plan for Disaster

Continued from page 27

him the broad disaster plans for New York City. What he said is no hush-hush secret. It takes no crystal ball, for instance, to foresee that millions of New Yorkers are going to have to sit tight and take it. They may want out. But they will have to stay, at least for a time.

They are going to live in shattered, fire-ridden wreckage. They will gladly drink water from a tank truck which, the week before, was delivering fuel oil. If they have a Park Avenue penthouse, they will find that the fireplace is a nice spot in which to cook meals—something more than merely atmosphere for a cocktail party.

There is one truth that the public has been shielded from for too long: for two miles around an aerial atomic blast (more if it is an underwater explosion), only local aid can be given to the victims. The main medical points of defense will have to be many miles away from New York, at towns like Princeton, New Jersey; White Plains, New York; and Mineola, Long Island.

Within New York City are great hospitals—more of them than in nearly any other city of the world. They have fine physicians, keen nursing staffs, splendid equipment, and tens of thousands of beds. Yet if an atom bomb, or bombs, exploded in the city, these hospitals could be only the local "expendable" defense. If they were not destroyed by the A-bomb blast itself, they would do what they could to aid the injured in their immediate vicinity; but even if still standing, they would be of little help in the larger sense—if only because they would already be filled with the sick. The emergency appendectomy, the baby that must be born, the little girl with mastoid, the mangled victim of a traffic accident—every hospital in New York or any other large city has many such cases each day.

Thus, the planners for the medical defense of New York cannot rely on any major medical assistance from New York's hospitals when and if an A-bomb strikes.

Indeed, the high concentration of hospitals in the target area of New York City is, in its way, a weakness, for it means that many of the best-trained medical brains will undoubtedly be lost in the initial attack. Yet, since the sinister bomb will probably arrive secretly and suddenly if it arrives at all, there is no way to evacuate the staffs of the major hospitals of New York prior to the attack. One can only plan and depend on the SOP—that old Standard Operating Procedure again—to handle the emergency.

Actually, the GHQ of medical defense for New York will sit with a master map of the city and series of transparent plastic disks sealed in concentric circles for one mile, two miles, and so on up. If a bomb falls at Times Square, say, down will go the plastic disk on the map, with the disk's center over the point of explosion. Then, by the concentric circles, the defense will know which zones are hopelessly blasted, which zones are borderline in their destruction, and, finally, which zones are likely to be safe to work in. If two or more bombs fall at once, a series of such master defense disks will cover the map of the city with their concentric circles, and the GHQ will still be able to put defense plans into operation. If the explosions are underwater, the pattern of the radioactive mist will have to be plotted at once, for the mist can blank out still other areas.

The first impulse of New Yorkers—especially of nurses and physicians—might be to rush into the stricken area to save lives. This is a laudable goal, but exactly the opposite of what the plans call for. Doctors, nurses, and first-aid workers will be barred from such headlong plunging—not because of a callous disregard for human life and suffering, but because the greatest good must be provided for the greatest number.

Brigadier General George E. Armstrong, the Deputy Surgeon General, made this clear in a speech at a recent Congress on Medical Education. "I ask your assistance," he said, "in 'selling' two concepts to the medical profession—concepts which are contrary to all previous teachings, yet which are vital to the proper handling of casualties in event of an atomic catastrophe.

"The first is that medical personnel must not rush in with the idea of rendering immediate aid to the stricken victims. We must wait until trained technicians (radiological officers) consider it safe to enter the radio-contaminated area.

"The second has to do with the economy of therapeutic means—particularly with the supply of blood. If we are called on to deal with thousands of atomic casualties, about one-third of them will in a few hours present symptoms indicative of the gravest prognosis. Blood transfusions and other available therapeutic means will be of no avail. The profession must steel itself to make those persons comfortable and to concentrate every effort to save those who have some chance of survival."

Translating General Armstrong's statement into reality—on the basis of just one atom bomb over New York in the light of what happened at Hiroshima and Nagasaki—it is probable that 75,000 persons will die immediately and another 75,000 to 100,000 will suffer injury. Of these wounded, according to General Armstrong, about 25,000 to 30,000 will soon die despite everything that can be done for them. Therefore, in the event of atomic catastrophe, physicians must concentrate on

lifesaving measures for the other 50,000 to 70,000 casualties who need not die.

Fearful as this picture is for a single bomb, you can multiply the figures of dead and injured by two, three, or four times if several bombs strike the city at once.

The problem, then, becomes one of finding—within a few hours—tens of thousands of hospital beds for the victims who can be saved. And the only way this can be done is to have large buildings in outlying areas like White Plains and Mineola already earmarked for just such a use. In addition to emergency hospitals, there must be storage warehouses for vast amounts of medical supplies. These, too, must be located outside the target area.

To move all these supplies into, and to move casualties out of, the disaster area involves a problem of military medical transportation and co-ordination far greater than any similar problem of the last war. For as many persons may be destroyed and injured in one *day* of atomic bombing as were killed in months or years of World War II!

In military language, logistics is the science of having proper equipment and personnel available at the right place at the right time and in the right amount. It is fortunate for New York that General Denit, while stationed at Governor's Island, could bring the benefits of his great experience in military logistics to the problem. General Denit is one of the very few Army doctors who ever taught logistics and tactics from the purely military—and not specifically medical—approach at the Army's Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

As much as anything, it was Denit's ability to handle staff problems as an Army officer and not just as an Army physician that led to his assignment as Chief Surgeon under General MacArthur in the last war. Our island-hopping campaign all the way back from Australia to the Philippines demanded staff work in a virgin field of military tactics; and General Denit appreciated those tactical problems. When, as sometimes happened, he had to stand up to MacArthur's line officers and fight to have the medical requirements that he knew were essential, they always respected his judgment, because they knew that he knew tactics and logistics as well as they.

Moreover, along the way, General Denit became recognized as a master diplomat. His dilemma, in the Pacific, was that he had to operate under dual command. One boss, his big boss, was the theater commander, General MacArthur. His other boss was the Surgeon General of the Army, then Major General Norman T. Kirk. That Brigadier General Guy Denit could reconcile and resolve the sometimes conflicting orders of his two bosses is a tribute to his diplomatic skill.

He was able to use all that skill in planning, organizing, and reconciling conflicting opinions of the civilian, public-health and medical agencies which will have a hand in disaster planning for New York City.

So much for the man who had so much to do with the preparations for meeting atomic disaster in New York. What about the target itself?

Geographically, New York is a city both good and bad for disaster planning. On the debit side, it is bad to have all your eggs in one basket—a platitude that especially applies to the tightly packed island of Manhattan. On the credit side, however, is New York's gigantic transportation system within the city, as well as its bridges, tunnels, and ferries that daily permit hundreds of thousands of workers to come and go without a hitch.

It's impossible to envision an A-bomb attack that could destroy all the exits from New York City. And, because traffic in and out of Manhattan must depend on bridges, tunnels, and ferries, it would be easy to control the flow of traffic when needed. In an atomic catastrophe, such traffic control would be absolutely essential in the first, frantic hysteria that would sweep the city.

It is not uncommon, on a sum-

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"Has anybody got a rubber band?"

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Plan for Disaster

Continued from page 117

mer Sunday, to find more than a million persons at the far-flung beaches of Coney Island and the Rockaways. They arrive and depart in a few hours in orderly fashion except for little personal problems of who steps on whose toes. Under military control, in a catastrophe, far more millions could probably be moved with equal safety.

There is one aspect of disaster planning that will greatly aid the defense of New York (or any other large city) in case of atomic attack. This is the American version of the Pulheems system which the Canadians and the British used in the late war. (Our Army has what it calls a Pulhes system, which does not apply to civilian defense, but some variation of which would doubtless be put into effect for civilians in case of total war.)

Whether you are a baker, a tinsmith, a bookkeeper, a plumber, or no matter what, there is a job for *you* when and if disaster comes. And your Pulheems profile—or its American equivalent—will tell the authorities the niche into which you best fit.

What is a Pulheems? Break the word down into letters and it makes more sense. Spell it out P-U-L-H-E-E-M-S.

P—stands for your general physical ability.

U—provides a rating on your upper extremities, your two arms. Do you have them? If so, how good are they?

L—stands for lower extremities. Can you walk? Are you crippled? Do you have stiff joints?

H—is an index of your hearing. Are you deaf? If so, how badly?

E—stands for the right eye. Is it 20/20? or 20/40? Do you even *have* the eye?

E—stands for the left eye and gives it comparable rating.

M—denotes your mental ability—your IQ. Are you a genius? A moron? Your Pulheems M number tells the story.

S—provides an index of your emotional stability. Are you calm in a crisis? Are you hysterical? Can you take it in a jam? Do you blow up?

Put them all together and they spell Pulheems. More than that, they spell You; for each category receives a number from one to five. A man or woman who is tops in all categories would have a Pulheems number of 11111111—physically, mentally, and emotionally perfect. In the Army, such a person would make an ideal combat soldier.

Yet, as World War II proved, the combat troops are only the cutting edge on the giant knife-blade which is total mobilization. In the border base are limited-service troops. And behind them is the civilian population.

For civilian duties, all sorts of Pulheems profiles are useful, down to the 3, and 4, and even 5 level. A telephone operator may have only one leg, but she's a mighty handy person to have around in a crisis.

To see how the thing operates, let's take a mythical cab driver named Mike. Mike, let's say, is fifty years old and has been driving a cab for thirty years. Since he is no longer young, Mike's physical ability (his P rating) is down to about 3. On U, he classifies at 2—that is, he has two arms even if his right elbow gets a bit stiff on rainy days. His L number is 2 also, for his legs are good enough to push brake pedals and the accelerator even though Mike can't march twenty miles a day as he did when he served in the First World War.

H, his hearing, isn't quite what it used to be. It rates as 3. But he can still hear the roar of traffic and catch an insult from Bronx cab drivers who wander down into his province of Manhattan. EE, for Mike's eyes, drop down to 4 and 5; but that's because he's getting a bit nearsighted. Yet, with glasses, he corrects to 1 and 1. He's a good driver with his specs on.

As for M—well, he's not too smart and, as he says, he never did get beyond the sixth grade at school. His M is about a 4, let's say. But in a disaster Mike doesn't need to be an Einstein. He's a good driver, and we'll need lots of them.

Where Mike hits the top of the meter is on his S rating—his emotional stability. Here he rates a solid 1. He has to, to stand up under the myriad problems one meets in New York traffic. Otherwise, he would go crazy.

Add up Mike for his Pulheems profile, and the profile runs to 32234541. Our cab driver looks like a bad risk except for that stability rating. Yet, come disaster, Mike is going to be a fine man to have around in a pinch. You might even find him driving *you* in an emergency ambulance if catastrophe ever comes.

The same type of Pulheems classification can be worked out for the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker—for anyone. If we plan as we should, all will have their task to do in time of disaster. All will mesh into the proper spot in the over-all picture, thanks to their profile numbers. In the next war, there are going to be no 4-F's. There will be a job for everyone.

There *is* a defense against atomic warfare, and unless the nation wishes to surrender the next war on the day it starts, that defense must be planned right now, while the United States holds a big lead in the atomic league. For someday one of the pitches from the boys in the State Department may not quite take off and some foreign big shot is going to get a piece of the ball and try to knock it for a home run. It's up to you and me—to all of us—to plan against that day. ###

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Question and Answer

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so; but, knowing Lissa, I don't think she tried. That was Joe's job; she was there for him when he got free.

Of course he never *did* get free. First the boys were too young, then they had to be put through school, then they were off to war and he had to stand by, and always there was Florence. She had married Joe young and wasn't much help, but she'd made her bargain and borne his kids; she was Mrs. Bowers of Bowers-Inyo, and the way she read the contract there was no cancellation clause. I didn't dislike Florence Bowers—no one did—but I was glad she was married to Joe, not me. She was a snapping turtle of a woman; give her a bite on you and she wouldn't let go till it thundered. Lissa said she understood, she didn't blame her—they both wanted Joe and he had to decide.

The way she told it, Joe never thundered. He blew up gales and clouded over and he struck off lightning now and then, so she'd think she saw her way clear in the flash, but the rumble of the crack-up never came. Someone had to get hurt and Joe couldn't do it.

I said, "Lissa, Joe's an advertising man. He can't stand losing an account, big or small. He has to keep all the clients happy."

She gave me that twinge of smile, for being bright and trying to be funny, and went on talking. Of course that's how Joe was: he had to have everyone love him, and that was all right, but it had been ten years now and Joe wouldn't change and she couldn't, and when there was no hope left in you, when you knew that what you had was all you'd get, what did you do?

It wasn't Joe's fault and it wasn't hers; they had woven their lives together, warp and woof, and it had been wonderful to watch the fabric come off the loom. It had been warm to the touch and quite becoming, and she'd wrapped herself in it, thinking it was lasting. Now the nap was gone and the softness, the pattern was lost and the edges were frayed; but what frightened her most was that life came through the cloth and chilled her. What she had to decide, she said, was simple: could she get a few more years out of this cloak she'd worn, or should she give it to the Salvation Army?

"It isn't pretty," she said with that smile, "but sometimes I think all that keeps us going is my self-pity and Joe's sense of guilt." She said, "I'm tired of thinking. I love the guy. I simply don't know what to do."

I started to tell her to go away, get a job in Los Angeles or San Francisco, call it quits and start over while she still had time. Then I looked at her, sitting there lovely and worn, and I knew she'd used up the easy answers.

I said, "You want my opinion?"

She looked down at her empty cup. "No. I'm sorry. I thought I did. Thanks a lot. But you understand."

She started to get up.

"Harry Inyo," I said. "Have you said anything to him?"

Her eyes went sharp. "No. I couldn't. I couldn't dump my private mess on Harry."

I wasn't Beatrice Fairfax; all I could say was, "Hell. Harry wouldn't mind."

She looked away and shook her head. "It wouldn't be fair. To him or Joe." That was that, and we went back to work. Going up in the elevator, she said, "I'd wish you luck on the new job, but I know you won't need it. Susie's so proud you're taking her with you."

"Thanks," I said. "I'd be lost without Susie."

She laughed. "She's a sweet child. Be good to her."

After that we were uneasy with each other, the way it always is when you've talked and listened too much, and I think it was a relief to Lissa when Susie and I got out of Bowers-Inyo. She was almost gay at the farewell lunch, and that's how I was trying to remember her now. My hands were as clean as I'd ever get them, so I rubbed them almost dry on a paper towel, straightened my

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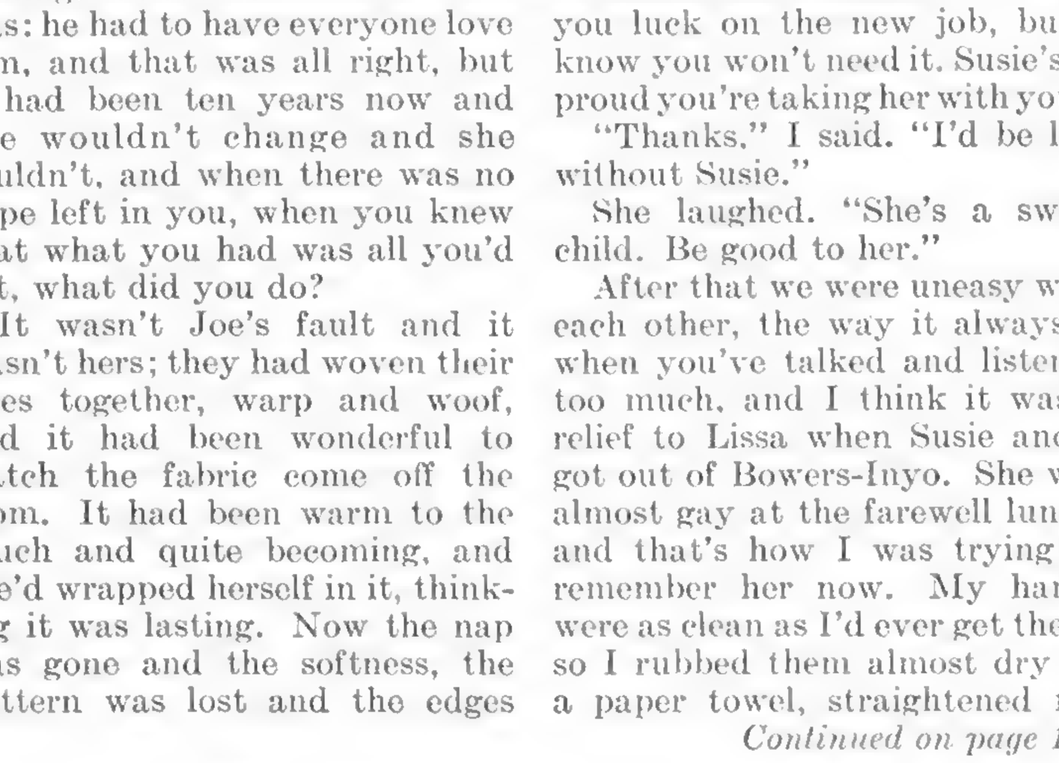

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Question and Answer

Continued from page 119

tie, and went back to my office.

Susie said, "I've canceled your appointments for this afternoon. I didn't think you'd feel like seeing people."

"I meant to tell you," I said, and then it struck me she sounded funny. I looked and her eyes were funny too. I said, "Baby, what's wrong?"

She blinked. "Nothing."

I thought about her and Lissa, and said, "Look, baby. Would you like to come along?"

She shook her head. "They might have the casket open."

"Well, I'll tell you what. You hold the fort till I get back and I'll buy you a drink. Just you and me—a drink for Lissa."

"Oh, would you?" She was trying to smile.

"Sure. We'll have a couple." Somehow it made me feel better. "Now go blow your nose and call me a cab."

The cross-town traffic was all starts and stops, and by the time I got to the restaurant I had to fight my way through the epicures to Harry's table. He was reading the menu, looking like a ferocious saint, and Joe Bowers was counting the house and seeing who was who. We had a Martini and sat talking deals and media—three men in dark suits and dark ties making shoptalk. It was like any other business lunch, except that we were a little too offhand with each other from ignoring the fact that Lissa was dead and we were going on to her funeral service.

It was a proper thing to ignore. Death was a full stop and it was too late to change the punctuation; The Gourmet's food was superb and we might as well enjoy it. Joe ordered a Martini for the other wing, and it might have gone off decently if I hadn't called for a third. The first two were working on empty stomachs, and when this one came Joe forgot himself.

He lifted his glass. "To Lissa."

I took mine in a gulp, and it hit me in the solar plexus. It made me think of Susie and our drink and the question she'd asked that I couldn't answer. I looked at Joe and then at Harry—none of us any good in a pinch—and suddenly I was angry.

I said, "Goddam it, why did she have to kill herself? Why did we let her do it?"

I wasn't sore at Joe and certainly not at Harry. I wasn't even sore at myself. Maybe I was just sore for Susie.

They both sat there stunned, as if they'd been slapped.

Finally, Harry Inyo looked me dead in the eye and said, "It was my fault. She asked me to take her to lunch one day last week. She said she had a problem. At the last minute I broke our date. Something came up. I said I'd call her back. I thought it was office trouble, that it would keep. I didn't call. I forgot. You know how it is. I got busy and I forgot." He paused. "You can imagine how I feel, knowing I could have stopped her. Knowing I'm to blame."

He was saying it to me, speaking straight at me, but it wasn't *for* me he was saying it. He was saying it for Joe, and I got a shocking sense that he had known about Joe and Lissa from the beginning. Known about it and loved her just the same, loved her so much in his cool, queer way that even now he was trying to make it easy for her, taking the blame off Joe.

Joe felt it too. He set his eyes blank across the table between us, his mouth slack with something like fear, and his voice was almost inaudible.

"No," he said. "No, Harry," and for once he was coming clean, not giving a damn who loved him. "I saw her last. The night before. I flew in from Washington and stopped by late. We talked. I can't remember what we said. I saw the sleeping-pill bottle empty on her bedside table. But I knew she'd been having trouble sleeping. There she was dying and I thought she was drowsy. She didn't say a thing and I didn't suspect. I was sleepy myself and I went on home. Caught the last train out." He turned to Harry and then turned to me. "Florence knows why she did it and so do you. I killed her and that's the end of it."

Confession may be good for the soul, but it was no help to Joe Bowers. His square tan face still showed humor lines from making people laugh, his eyebrows still had a boyish tufted devilment, he had all his hair and the curl still in it, but now he looked soft and old and beaten up. He was hurt as deeply as he could feel—the man who never wanted to hurt anyone—and I remembered about his sense of guilt and I was glad I didn't have to live the rest of his life. Maybe it was his fault and maybe it wasn't, but I couldn't let him come apart.

I said, "Joe, you're drunk. Before I left I had a long talk with Lissa. I knew all about it. If anyone was to stop her, it was up to me. Now for the love of God, let's not be maudlin."

Joe's eyes thanked me for trying, but the knife was still in him. He said, "You're right. One thing Lissa hated—sentimentality."

"Sure," I said, and called the waiter. "How's a chance of getting a round of drinks?"

Harry Inyo always said too many cocktails insulted good food, but now he seemed to have forgotten. He said, "Splendid. It's the way she'd want it. I remember once Lissa said to me—now let's see—when was it? . . ."

I think he made it up as he went along, but after that it was easy. We took turns singing Lissa's praises, just like at an Irish wake. We ate and we took a taxi to the chapel and sat together, a

united front against the others. It wasn't so bad—simple organ music and the final prayer-book words; it was over soon and we found a neighborhood bar and had one last drink together. Then Joe walked away and we let him go, let him go off by himself.

I said, "The poor bastard."

Harry said, "Yes. Of the two, Lissa's better off." Then he changed the subject. "How's the new job?"

"It's rocky right now, but it'll work out."

"Fine," he said. "Is Susie still with you?"

It hit me like a brick, sharp and painful. I looked at Harry in the back-bar mirror and there was nothing in his face. Coming from any other man, it could have been just words to fill a gap, but Harry didn't like the sound of his voice that well.

I said, "Sure. Susie's my ace in the hole. She seems to like it."

He turned and I turned and we looked at each other. Then he smiled, gentle and kind as God, and said, "Well, you're a good man to work for."

I'd never touched the girl, I'd sworn a hundred times I never would, but I couldn't tell that to Harry. He'd believe me—that's the way he was built—and all of a sudden I couldn't be sure.

I said, "Thanks for the drink," hoping he knew what I meant. Then we went out and caught him a cab.

I walked back across town, stopping in every saloon for a drink and a look at myself. I'd stare at the guy staring back at me and tell myself that this was Harry's idea of a little joke, this guy was old enough to be Susie's father, he had a wife he liked and he meant to keep her. Susie was too smart to be trapped the way Lissa had been. It didn't make sense. There was nothing to it.

Then I was back in the offices, and there she was—the smooth mouth and the silky tan hair, the blue eyes watching me and knowing I'd been drinking. Somehow she always knew.

She smiled. "You're late. Was it awfully bad?"

I remembered noticing that everyone was gone. "I'm sorry. You shouldn't have waited."

"And miss my drink?" She shook her head. "But when you didn't come by six, I called your wife."

"Did you?"

"I said you'd gone out with Mr. Inyo and Mr. Bowers. And not to wait dinner."

She was as lovely as Lissa ever was, young and fresh and just turned ripe. I said, "Susie, after our drink. After a lot of drinks. Suppose we have dinner together."

She did something to her eyes, almost as if she'd put on her office face. "If you're sure you want me. I think it would be nice."

I said, "Susie, baby, come here and kiss me."

She hesitated, trying to look behind my eyes, then came at me in a rush.

Her mouth was softer than I had expected and her arms were warm around my neck. I stopped kissing her and she leaned against me, and it was hard to push her away.

"Run along, baby. That was good-by."

She looked up at me, confused and uncertain, like a bride the first night of her honeymoon. She took a step back and her eyes were blue as the night sky. "No drink?"

"No drink. No dinner. No nothing. I was just teasing."

"I don't like to be teased."

"I know. And I don't often tease you." There was mistrust in her now, and it made me sad. "But we had to celebrate your leaving, even if it was only talk."

The office face was there now, calm and blank: "Oh. Am I leaving?"

"Sure." I tried to sound happy. "Harry Inyo's got a job for you. Junior copywriter."

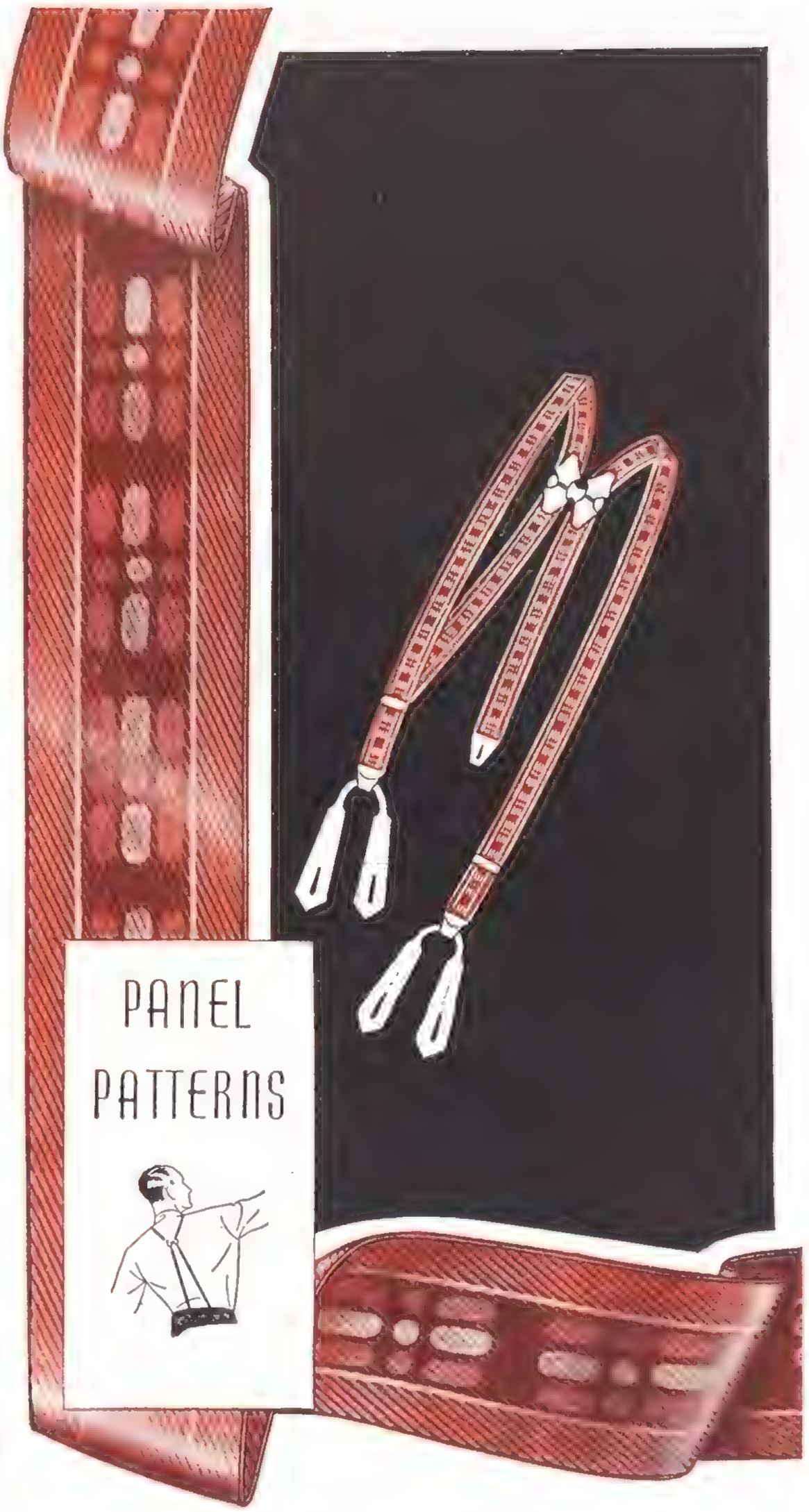
"But I've never written copy."

"Harry says you can, and you can trust Harry." I let myself pat her shoulder. "Now get the hell out of here and let me work."

After she left, I called my wife and told her I'd meet her for dinner uptown. I tried to get Harry, but I couldn't reach him. It didn't matter. Any time I got him, he'd have a job for Susie. ###

Continued from page 25

"May! How many times must I tell you, I want my husbands in sequence"



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Three-hour Caper

Continued from page 65

touched his manicured hand and figured he'd been settling his accounts for about three hours; I could have been off an hour or two. It was ten o'clock then, and seven seemed like a nice hour for him to have died.

I didn't hear the door behind me open. All I heard was the voice. "Just sort of hold your hands still and turn around."

I just sort of did both.

The guy was another rat. There's a resemblance between all of them; it comes from keeping their expressions dead pan, from spitting their words out of one corner of their mouths, from greasing their hair back like a patent-leather cap. But the resemblance between these two went further. They might have been brothers.

This one was short too—and dark, beady-eyed, and soft in the chin. He was as big as me with the gun in his hand though. He gave me the standard hard-guy look. Then he looked past me at the guy who'd left.

"Come, come, Miss Reynolds, a little champagne never hurt anyone"

"Somebody got Georgie, huh?"

"It's Georgie?" I asked.

"Yeah, it's Georgie."

"Then somebody got him," I said.

"You?" he asked.

"Walked in on it," I said. "About five minutes ago."

"Who are you?"

"Duke Wallace."

"That's a name. What else?"

With a gun in front of me I'm a great conversationalist. I've got a pact with myself to live ten more years.

"I was hired to take Georgie off someone's back," I explained.

"You earned your dough. For the dame."

I shook my head. "Not me. You know the dame?"

"I know the dame; I know the setup. With Georgie out you can deal with me. Just one less split is all. You got the dough?"

"It didn't call for dough." But I knew enough then to know that it had called for a double cross on Georgie's part. I walked over to a chair and sat down. He watched me reach into my pocket and get my cigarettes; for just a second, the trigger finger whitened under pressure, but I figured that was nerves.

"It called for dough," he said. "It called for twenty grand."

"If you were in this caper with Georgie," I said, "you were in for a double cross. He didn't ask for dough. He asked for marriage."

"Marriage?"

"You know her," I said, "and you know what she's worth now and how much she'll be worth from now on. Georgie was after a stake in her future."

The guy's face betrayed its first expression of the evening—admiration. "Well, I'll be damned," he said.

"Only," I said, "he wouldn't have cut you in on it."

That didn't faze him. "Yeah," he said. "So now he's dead and the deal still calls for twenty grand just like it was supposed to. You tell the dame to get the dough, see. I want it tomorrow morning. I'll be waiting at Joe's place. Have her bring it, or you bring it—it don't make no difference which."

"You haven't got the letter," I said.

He thought it over for awhile. "Look, punk," he said finally, "Georgie was my brother. What he had I had. I got the letter."

I shook my head. "Not unless you gunned him for it."

He laughed without mirth. "I gunned him? That's a hot one. You think I'd be coming back if I done it?"

"No."

"All right then. I didn't gun him."

"And you haven't got the letter either, because Georgie had it and he wouldn't have let it out of his hands. He planned to marry the dame and he wouldn't have wanted anyone putting the bite on her afterwards. Figure?"

That was a hard one for him, but he got it. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah. When you figure Georgie got it?"

"Three, four hours ago. Why?"

"Never mind. You sit for awhile, say ten minutes or so. I'll be seeing you again."

He kept the gun on me while he backed out the door. He needn't have worried: I didn't want to follow him. I sat and finished my cigarette. And I thought for a little longer than the ten minutes he had recommended, and then I got up and took the letter out of the breast pocket of Georgie's coat. It was the right letter. And then I checked the ash trays and found five butts that had lipstick stains. I left them.

The street was dark and deserted, and I had to walk two blocks before I picked up a roving cab. It took me to Main Street, gaudy in red and green neon. I found my man in the third dive I visited.

He drank gin with a beer chaser and told me all about Georgie. "Ganged with his brother and a guy name Dinky West," he said. "Funny you should ask because

about a half-hour ago Georgie's brother was in here trying to find Dinky."

"What about Georgie's girl?" I asked.

"Effie? Used to work right here. She's got a room up on Eighth Street, above Hill. You know her?"

"No."

"Part Mexican. Hell of a temper."

I bought him two shots of gin and a bottle of beer and left. I had twenty minutes to get to the Hollywood Roosevelt. I made it. The cab let me out in front just as Gale drove up in her convertible. She was dressed for traveling and her eyes were red-rimmed from crying. I slid into the seat beside her.

"Just drive," I told her. "Georgie won't be here."

She pulled away from the curb without saying anything.

"I'm staying at the Biltmore. Drop me off there."

"What happened?"

"I got the letter. Georgie is dead."

Silence. Then: "Did you—? I mean . . ."

"I know what you mean, and I didn't."

That was all until she pulled up at the Flower Street entrance of the hotel. Then I gave her the letter. A quick glance was enough for her. She started crying again.

"Stop it," I said.

"I'm so happy."

"Stay that way, then."

She dabbed at her eyes, and she took my hand and said, "I want to thank you, someway." And she kissed me on the cheek.

I liked it; I'll tell my grandchildren about it.

"So long," I said.

"Come out to my place for lunch tomorrow, please."

"Sure. Good night, honey."

"Good night, Duke, darling."

So I stepped out onto a cloud and rode it through the door and all the way up to my room.

But in the morning there was the memory of mink and convertibles and diamonds; and by lunchtime I was really up in the clouds —but this time it was a plane and I was headed for New York.

The Old Man said: "So?"

"So I gave her the letter. The end."

"And Georgie's brother?"

"I heard a news flash at the airport. He was caught right after he gunned Dinky West; caught searching the body, as a matter of fact."

"But who killed Georgie?"

"A dame."

"Gale Kane?"

"It looked that way. It looked like she sent me there to find the body and take her off the hook, and for awhile I believed it. Georgie was double-crossing his brother and Dinky. He was supposed to collect the dough for the letter and split with them, but he had the bright idea of making Gale marry him. That way he would be in for as long as she kept earning big dough. The other two could whistle. When Georgie's brother walked in on me, I'd turned the body over and it looked like it had been searched, so he got the idea that Dinky did it and had the letter and he went to find him. He did."

"I understand."

"The thing is that when I found the body it was on its face. It hadn't been searched at all. So whoever killed Georgie hadn't even bothered to go for the letter. That meant he was killed for a different reason. His girl had the different reason; she was getting the brush from him. I heard she had a temper."

"Any real proof?"

"I didn't look for any," I said. "I hope she gets away with it."

"All right. Miss Kane phoned me. You broke an engagement."

"Yeah."

"She's quite beautiful?"

"Plus."

"But you still broke the engagement?"

"Yeah."

"Why, Duke?"

"I'm hard to get." I stood up and walked out. I didn't want to talk about it. I didn't want to tell him that Gale Kane, deep down inside, and whether she admitted it or not, still had a yen for Georgie, and in a twisted way she was sort of a jilted bride. And it's easy to make a jilted bride. Too easy. ###

"I'm afraid his intentions are more serious than we thought, Papa"

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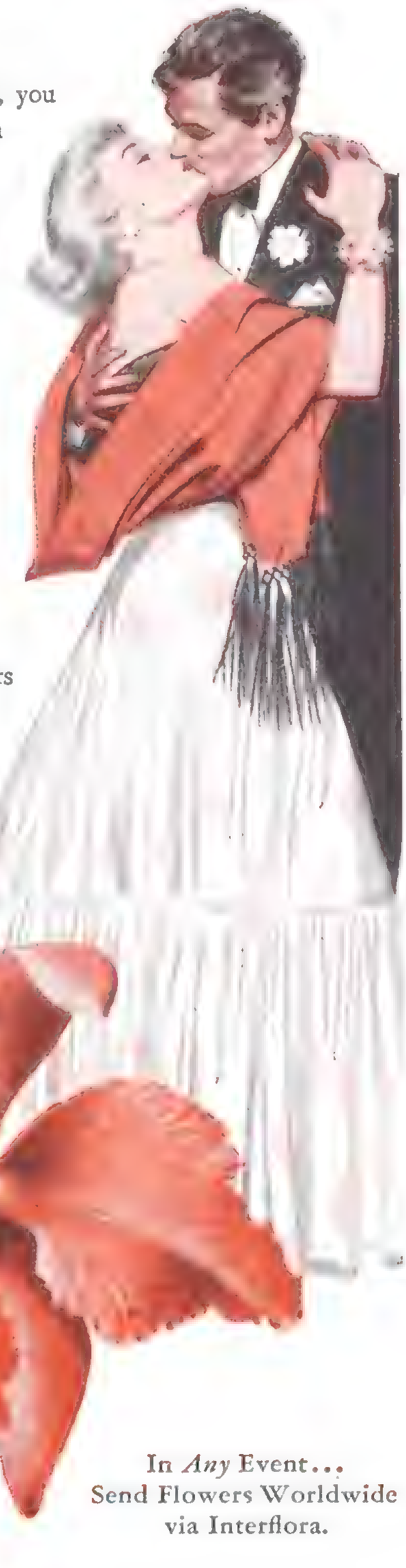

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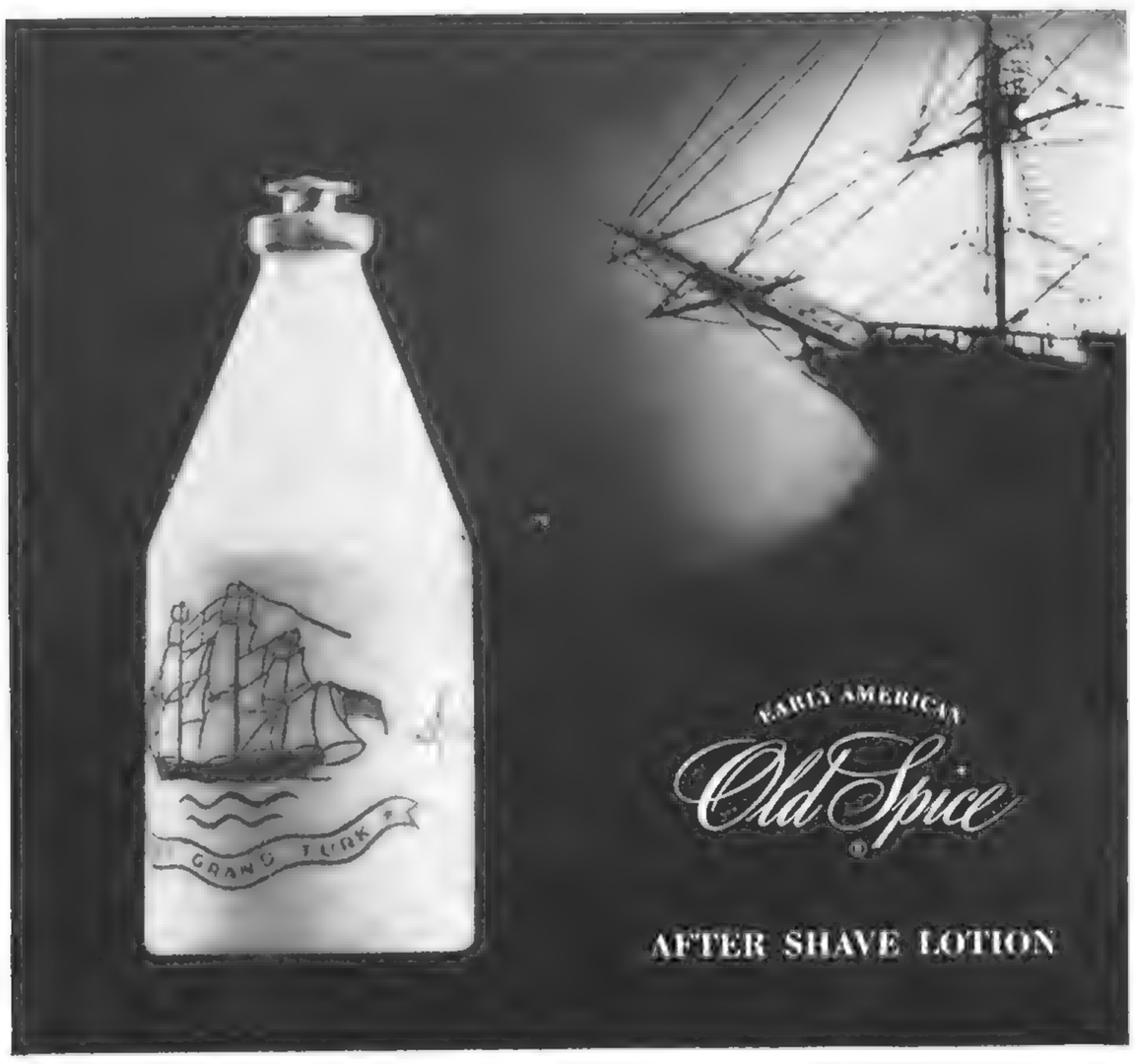

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Confessions of a Nightcrawler

Continued from page 46

ler was recently giving advice to Frank Conniff, a younger columnist who was worried about getting stuff for his column. Conniff mentioned that he had certain material about Faye Emerson and Elliot Roosevelt, and before he could finish, Pegler said, "Write it, kid, write it!"

"I already did," said Conniff.

"You mean," said Pegler, "you only wrote it *once*?"

To those people who feel that columning is easy (and I hear that such people do exist), I should like to point out that such creative geniuses as Orson Welles, Robert Benchley, and H. Allen Smith tried it and gave up. The suggestion that some of the rest of us might as well give up too has been made—but, we hope, in fun. My missus, whom I have named "the Beautiful Wife," or B.W., tries to keep me at my drudgery by arguing that the only thing hard about a columnist's job is getting the job. Yet she knows that I spend sixteen hours at it, tottering to bed around six in the morning.

Assuming, then, that a columnist is going to write something and not just sit there staring at his typewriter till his wife comes in and wakes him up, what is he going to write about? In the picture, *Gentlemen's Agreement*, there was a wonderfully relevant line. At a cocktail party, a little old lady who was not too bright said to Gregory Peck, who played the part of a writer, "How do you writers work? Do you get your ideas first and then write your articles? Or do you write your articles first and then get your ideas?"

I'm a celebrity-chasing columnist covering Broadway, Hollywood, Washington, and Miami Beach, and if I get any ideas, I try to conceal them as I might a social disease, because Broadway columnists aren't supposed to have any. Editors are likely to quit using a Broadway column if it expresses ideas. Walter Winchell has been scolded by out-of-town editors more than once for having opinions. Once when I was careless enough to slip an opinion into a column, an editor who disagreed with my viewpoint threatened that in the future he would run a line at the top of my trivia saying, "The opinions expressed here are those of Mr. Wilson and are not necessarily intelligent."

Choosing not to be a "thumb-sucker" or thinker type of columnist, but a specialist on people—"a carpetsweeper in the Hall of Fame, an anecdopist," as Irving Hoffman puts it—I concentrated, at the start of my columning career, on glamour girls' anatomy. This led me into fascinating research.

I was entranced, for instance—perhaps unduly—at the widespread use of false bosoms, and so I asked nearly every top glamour girl my impudent question, "Truesies or falsies?" When one of them told me the truth, I became her devoted slave. (This, however, was when the glamour girl, still tops, was much younger. She grew up; and where there used to be plenty of nuttin', now there's plenty of somethin'.)

I abandoned this fascinating research after a time and decided to interview the great about other things. But that proved harder than it looks, for the great do not need publicity.

It's good for a columnist to be rebuffed occasionally by people he wants to interview, because he sees his picture in the paper every day, he reads his syndicate's extravagant promotion material about him, he hears himself quoted, he gets phony adulation from press agents, he is implored to speak—and pretty soon he is convinced that he is a great man.

He sits in a café (all right, I sit in a café) and, instead of digging for news, I am brooding to myself, "I have a suspicion that the people at the next table are not talking about what a great columnist I am."

A gushy couple from Rochester told me at the Copacabana one night that they loved my column, and I was quite happy about it until I found that they thought I was Billy Rose. This experience, I insist, was good for me (so good, in fact, that I don't need any more of it), just as it was very good for me when Dr. Albert Einstein's secretary declined even to ask him whether he'd see me. She said. "No, we're trying to save him."

Generally, though, I've found the interviewing part of columning easier than I make it out to be.

One hot June afternoon in '46, I was hanging around at the Waldorf with some reporters who were covering John L. Lewis' negotiations with coal operators, and I kept wishing I could talk to him.

"Impossible," one reporter told me. "He's been growling and grunting and giving us nothing."

Not long afterward, though, I wandered over to the Hotel Roosevelt, where Lewis was stopping, and lay in wait for him there. I caught him at the newsstand and asked with many a gulp and stammer whether I could have five minutes with him.

"Of course. Come on up to my room," said the alleged ogre, and, leading the way to the elevator, he said, "After you."

His greying, tumble-down hair dipped wildly about his forehead, and his enormous eyebrows in profile resembled the visor of a fur cap as he lumbered about his room, answering my questions.

"You don't mind being attacked by everybody?" I asked.

He smiled—yes, I know it seems impossible, but he did.

His granite face crinkled up sunnily. In actually soft tones, he said, "I'm an easy target. I may have some personal characteristics that lend themselves to visibility."

Once opened, the spigot of his speech was hard to close. I had

asked for five minutes, but I could hardly get away at the end of forty-five. I finally did, because my notebook runneth over.

There's some truth in the charge that we columnists make a lot of errors. But it's not true that we're scoundrels without ethics who arrive at a true item only by accident.

I've been accused at least once of misquoting an interviewee—and a very pretty one at that. I'd brought, as always, a nickel notebook (now six cents), which I produced once the girl had started talking, and I took down verbatim the things that interested me.

She did not know then what she knows now (it is also the trade secret of every interviewer): that the spoken word when seen in print can be a shocking thing. (I really should not be confessing this because it may hurt my racket.) Anyhow, pretty soon we got around to the subject of anatomy. (I wonder whether *I* could have brought it up?)

The Hollywood lovely intimated that she'd been told by a designer at Paramount Studios that she was the only one of the glamour pusses who wore her own figure. She mentioned that another screen lovely, poor girl, took her pads out during a rest period while making a costume picture, and fanned herself with them.

I printed this. It seemed to me to be a subject in which the whole nation had a vital interest.

Hollywood executives quickly rebuked the Hollywood starlet by phone, and she denied having said what I had printed. Fortunately, I had a witness, who was also a friend of hers, and he confirmed my story. Four years have passed, and I imagine that by this time the pretty one has convinced herself that on that occasion I was a liar. But I wasn't.

It's the gossipy public, which passes on to us the most horrendous fabrications—always as gospel truth—that is without ethics. We columnists check and double-check these rumors. Frequently we discard them, because the persons involved have denied them, and then learn in a few days that they were true. No wonder one columnist says, "Why check? I'm going to print everything."

Curiously, a certain lady who lied to me recently when I called her in another city, to ask her about a rumor of her own divorce, was—another columnist.

One misinformer was heartless to Columnist Louis Sobol. This villain, Harry Kurnitz, the Hollywood writer and producer, made up a false news item one afternoon over a few Martinis and gave it to trusting Louis, who printed it.

Sobol had to retract it.

Hunting down the foul fiend Kurnitz, Sobol exclaimed, "Harry, that story you gave me wasn't true!"

"It wasn't true," admitted Kurnitz, "but it was exclusive."

I don't drink on the job. Only a couple of columnists do. We all know that in this job of covering bores and rumors, it's easy enough to make mistakes when you're sober. Besides, if we drank, we might get like the people we write about, and then somebody'd be writing about *us*.

Some of our chums are odd fish.

My life among the inhabitants of this Booze Zoo has included even a visit to Polly Adler, the famous madam.

I was searching for information only. Meeting Polly one night in the old La Conga Café, I told her I was doing some research into her career, for a publication. She was horrified. She sought to dissuade me. "Come and have a cocktail with me," she said, and, as she handed me the address, she added, "That's the address of my home—not my place of business." Just so there would be no misunderstanding, I took my wife along. Polly quite frankly told me, "If you write anything about me, you'll get me thrown into the can."

Bigheartedly, I gave up the project. Frankly, I was touched by Polly's story that I might send her to jail.

Later I heard that she said, "What kinda sucker does he think I am? If anybody makes any

Continued on page 126

"Well, I really didn't expect to be asked to play—but it just so happens I have it with me"

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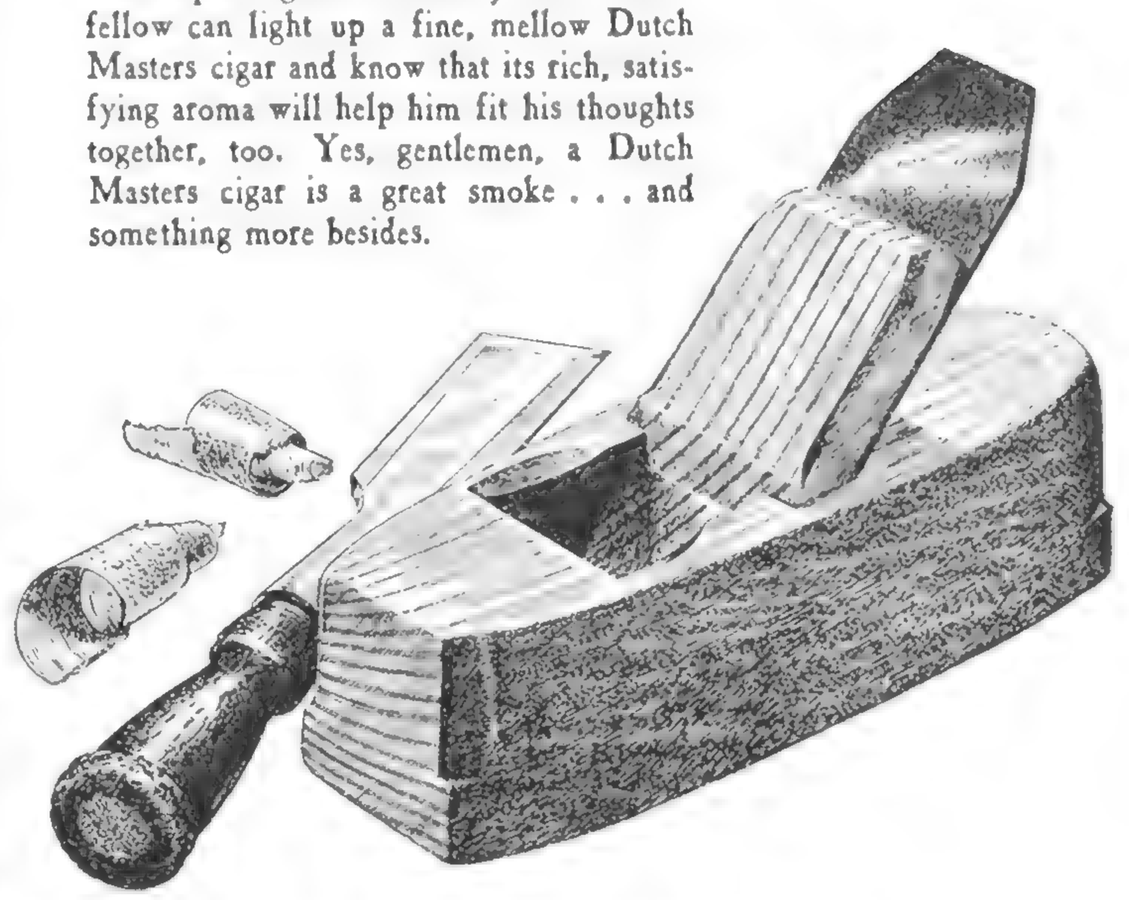

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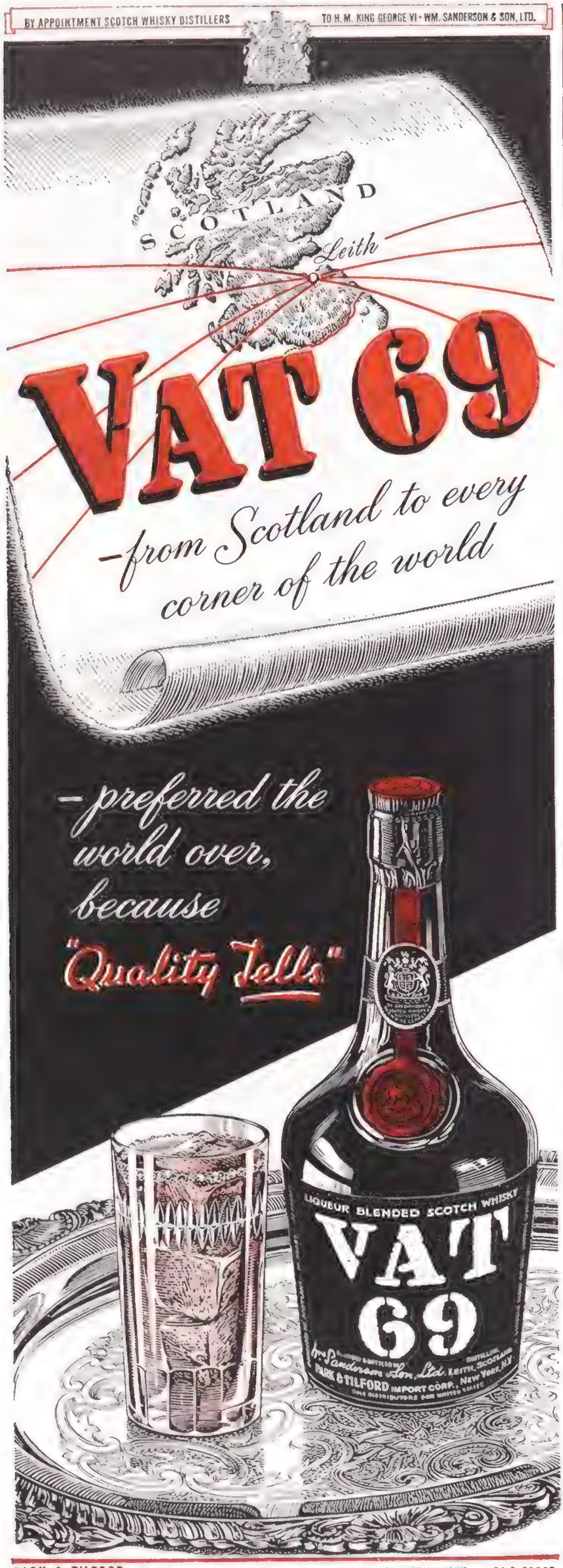
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Confessions of a Nightcrawler

Continued from page 125

dough writing about Polly, it's gonna be Polly!"

I've also become quite a student of Tommy Manville, who for years was more enamored of publicity than wives. He used to carry his own photographer, which is perhaps the height of bashfulness. One bride—No. 6, I believe—told how, at their wedding breakfast, she found Tommy pasting in his scrapbooks the newspaper clippings about their marriage. Each breakfast, he pasted clippings. At first the bridegroom was blissful, for the stories were large and on Page One. They got smaller and smaller and Tommy got unhappy. He began pasting her as well as the clippings. The stories dwindled to mere mentions in the gossip columns. At last, one breakfast, Tommy gave her not a kiss, but a hiss.

"There wasn't a line in the papers this morning," he said. "Here are your tickets for Reno."

We're all guilty of having favorites. One of mine is Groucho Marx. I became his true fan back in the days between his marriages when he was speaking to a pretty girl and said, "I'm a man after your own heart—and that's not all I'm after."

We talked of the high prices, and Groucho said, "When I was a boy, my father was always complaining about the prices. And the Prices, who lived right next door, were always complaining about my father." Coherent conversation, it can be seen, often becomes difficult with him—but who likes coherent conversation anyway?

Groucho assured me that his father was the least reckless man he ever met. Sitting in a theatre once, the elder Marx overheard two men arguing about whether the Marx Brothers were really brothers or cousins.

"My father horned in—and he had the horn for it," Groucho told me. "He didn't tell them who he was. He argued, until one man offered to bet him ten dollars they weren't brothers, but cousins."

Groucho said his father, not satisfied with this sure thing, cautiously asked, "What odds'll you give me?"

At a cocktail party not long ago, a photographer decided it would be a nice idea to get a picture of one of the screen's favorite stars and me in a semiclinch. She put one arm around me, and my right elbow was up against her middle-rib section somewhere. In the brief silence while my elbow rested there, I said, "This job gets better and better."

The screen beauty answered, in a voice that several could hear, "Yes, and they're real, too."

Next day, when she saw an account of this in the paper, she said, "My God, he *printed* it!"

But she didn't object.

While confessing, I must admit that I played a fiendish, treacherous role at the famous occasion when Mrs. Frank Henderson put her gams on a table at the 1947 Metropolitan Opera opening.

I was straight-arming my way through the ermined dames in the bar when a photographer told me that Mrs. Henderson had put her legs up on a table for a picture. He was angry because only one photographer had got the picture, and he wasn't the one. "Can you help us get another one?" he asked.

"Count on me," I said.

I had just squatted at Mrs. Henderson's table when Margaret Carson, press agent for the Met, whispered to me that she hoped Mrs. Henderson wouldn't do any more such posing—as that publicity would be bad for the Met.

"Count on me," I said.

Thereupon, I began needling Mrs. Henderson, saying I doubted she had as pretty legs as Mistinguette, which she had claimed; in a few seconds she had them up on the table again—and all the photographers got that one. But I was punished: my own paper didn't get the picture.

We columnists are mostly dissatisfied with our work because we think we could do better if conditions were right. But we're called on to do dozens of things—benefits, promotion stunts, radio and television appearances, and so on—which take time, yet contribute nothing to the column. Personally, I work two shifts a day. I find no time for a vacation. I often wonder whether it's worth the money I wish I were getting.

And being a nightcrawler is, of course, a backward life: although I get up at noon, I work at home most of the afternoon and don't shave till about five p.m.—when some men are shaving for the second time that day. *I* get my second shave around midnight.

Columnists, in the end, are always a disappointment. Even when they're very good, they only please half of the readers, for when one reader likes something, you'll find another who'll knock it. Some columnists try to get popular by making personal appearances. This hasn't worked with me. I've found that the people who were disappointed in my column were also disappointed in my looks. I guess they thought I should sport diamond pencils, platinum notebooks, and exquisite tailoring. As I've often said before, however, I'm a clotheshorse—if you ever saw a horse wearing clothes.

As for my speaking voice, it *is* what it's cracked up to be and that's evidently what's wrong with it—it's cracked. My speaking voice has entranced even Tallulah Bankhead. On an occasion when I was interviewing her over the telephone, I became so enchanted with her husky tones that I said, "Tell me, Tallulah, were you ever mistaken for a man over the telephone?"

"No," said Tallulah. "Were you?" ###

Continued from page 46

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BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

ALLIGATOR Rainwear

because...IT'S SURE TO PAIN!

A Woman Is Only a Woman

Continued from page 49

has been *Saratoga Trunk*, in which Gary Cooper practically chain-smoked the things with the complete approval of the beautiful lady played by Ingrid Bergman.

Women have been the bane of our existence, naturally. Most ladies are tolerant of cigarettes—cigarette-smoking being a rather firmly entrenched female habit—but just let a man prepare to ignite a cigar and he has an argument on his hands. Why, I'll never know. A good, even-burning cigar has a completely delightful aroma all its own, and the girls ought to love it. Maybe, though, too many of them have encountered what Emily Post calls the twins of bad smoking habits—thoughtlessness and carelessness.

If you want to smoke cigars and retain your wife's love, here are some things to remember. First, although the preservation of a long ash on the cigar end fosters cooler and slower burning, don't overdo it and let the ashes drop on floor or furniture. Secondly, relax and puff your perfecto gently instead of dispensing a smokescreen that would alienate the most tolerant of nonsmokers. Butt disposal, also, is of extreme importance, and even the most rabid cigar fancier will agree that the mangled, burned-out stump is hardly a thing of classic beauty. Don't grind it out when you've finished with it. Simply set it down gently in an ash tray; if it is a well-made cigar, it will go out by itself. Then, when you're sure it's out, drop it in a wastebasket. The practice of chewing the butt of a cigar to ribbons is an unappetizing spectacle, and, in addition, it impairs the draw and aroma. Finally, don't try to talk with a perfecto lurking in the corner of your mouth. It is an impolite and unlovely habit and might lead, if we all give way to it, to another cycle of gangster films. Heaven forfend!

Cigar smoking is not exactly a flash in the pan, nor a fad that will eventually fall of its own weight. It has been around for quite a while—exactly how long, nobody knows. The first white people ever to lay eyes on a cigar were probably the crewmen off the *Santa Maria* one morning in November, 1492. Several of the sailors were, according to the story, aghast to see some natives of San Salvador inhaling smoke from what looked like long lighted sticks or "firebrands." The seamen sampled the smoke and, finding it fragrant and oddly soothing, took quantities back to Europe with them; and civilization greatly changed its social customs with a luxury borrowed from the savages.

Although they have had over four centuries to get together, pedants still argue about the etymology of the word *cigar* itself. An examination of the briefs of all the partisans leads me to side with the nicotine historians who maintain that the name derives from the Spanish *cigarra*, a harvest fly with a body shaped like a cigar; hence *segar* (Early English), and from this, *cigarrillo* and *cigarette*.

While we're on the subject of nomenclature, it may be well to add that nothing is so upsetting to a cigar-fancier as the misuse of terminology. Particularly irritating is the use of *cheroot* and *stogie* as synonyms for *cigar*, when they are only types. Actually, a *cheroot* is a long, very thin cigar consisting of a roll of tobacco bound in a wrapper of the same leaf and cut off squarely at both ends. A *stogie* differs from a cigar only in that it is a little longer and has no binder. The name is derived from its association with the hard-bitten, professional wagon drivers of Conestoga, Pennsylvania. They themselves were known as *stogas* or, later, *stogies*, and the name was transferred to their chosen smoke. When the big trek westward was in full swing during the past century, these gentlemen would move pioneers from the eastern seaboard inland to Pittsburgh and Wheeling, West Virginia, on the first lap of the journey. No driver would leave for

Continued on page 128

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A Woman Is Only a Woman

Continued from page 127

the trip without a supply of this highly volatile twist, storing it in his long boots. During the journey, he would occasionally reach down, draw out the length he desired, break it off, and light up. The body warmth and moisture within the boot acted as a crude humidor, and the tobacco was often chewed as well. It must have been pretty heady stuff. Nevertheless, the habit stuck; and today the Pittsburgh area is still the stogie and chewing-tobacco capital of the world. Many of Pittsburgh's top executives still draw contentedly at the refined version of this molasses-cured twist. It is not, however, a recommended smoke for beginners.

MARCH OF DIMES
FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS
JANUARY 14-31

Among the fabulous connoisseurs of fine cigars were the European aristocrats of the nineteenth century. There was the occasion that one of the marshals of Napoleon III decided to do a little apple-polishing. He sent to Havana and had a special lot of cigars made, each tipped with gold and bearing the imperial "N" in like metal. The gift cost him around $120,000—a tidy little batch of hemp no matter how you look at it. (In those days, the Army pay scale must have been considerably higher than it is today.) The storied Rothschilds loved good smoking as well as good banking. They used to order special Henry Clay Sobranos at the turn of the century—40,000 at a time, packed in huge inlaid cedar cabinets.

In America, one of the famous cigar cognoscenti of the last century was the elder J. P. Morgan. On his first yacht *Corsair*, he went to Cuba for a vacation, and there he acquired a taste and appreciation that bordered on idolatry for big, mellow Havanas. His favorite was the eight-inch, torpedo-shaped Meridiana Kohinoor, named for the renowned diamond. It was used for after-dinner smoking, and it served, too, as a most imposing sort of scepter of authority—his "conference" cigar—with the big man sitting at the head of the table in countless directors' meetings. For other occasions demanding quicker, less expensive smokes, J. P. preferred the 6½-inch Meridiana Selectos and a quickie five-inch Regalia de Morgan. The heavy Kohinoor artillery cost around $1.25 the copy, even when purchased in multi-thousand lots.

Back in the good old days (a term which, for the purposes of this paragraph, will be construed to mean the first ten or fifteen years of the present century) a high starched collar and a derby were considered incompatible without the inclusion of a cigar somewhere in between. Lillian Russell had a small, neat little cigar named after her. It was a dainty thing, tapered at both ends, and rumor had it that Miss Russell was one of the foremost consumers.

Cigars were one of the first products to rent space on a starched white shirt front. Some of you who read this will doubtless remember a character in tails walking up and down Broadway harboring a sign in his bosom that electrically declaimed: "Smoke Such-and-Such Cigars." He was a sort of ambulatory, electronic cigar-store Indian.

All the big shots of the period—the executives, the socialites, the yachtsmen—had their cigars bought especially for them by retailers who used either to go to Cuba for selections or to visit the huge import humidors on the lower Manhattan water front. When the desires of the buyers were satisfied, the cigars were carefully boxed for the customer and packed with a band bearing his initials, the name of his favorite yacht, or any other distinctive device. A few boxes would be sent to each of his favorite restaurants and clubs, where they would be carefully stored, awaiting his visits. Places like Luchow's, Delmonico's, and Martin's maintained extensive and elaborate humidors to store the fine cigars of the Astors, the Carusos, the Morgans, the Bradys, and other luminaries of the era. Many restaurants were known for their excellent stock of cigars in much the way that they are noted today for cuisine and cellar. And, in those days, the Racquet and Tennis Club, the Metropolitan Club, and the University Club all managed to have a cigar lover on the executive committee; it was his chief duty to buy the thousands of superb cigars that the members consumed.

Today, the consumption of cigars is increasing so steadily that optimists among the manufacturers feel that this may be the best year since the Crash—touch wood. This statement has a nice ring to it because cigar consumption closely parallels the jagged line on the graph marked *National Income*. One of the reasons for the increased demand is the fact that many men acquired a taste for cigars in the Army when confronted by boxes of gorgeous, tan cigars in the PX at tax-free, and extremely low, prices.

Unlike the pipe smoker, who carefully conditions his pipe over a period of time, the cigar-smoking beginner must condition *himself* to the cigar. If you're just starting, choose a mild, thin panatella (your cigar dealer will be glad to suggest one) for your early training and smoke it only until your tobacco appetite is sated for the moment. It is not necessary to inhale in order to enjoy. Leave

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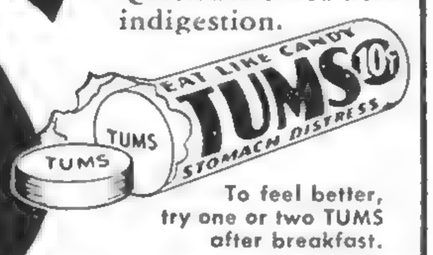

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that for cigarette smokers. The connoisseur knows that a cigar is designed to please the palate and the nostrils, not the lungs. Although the confirmed cigar smoker usually has at least five or six a day, you will find that one after each meal will suffice during your apprenticeship. In this indoctrination period, it will help to remember that nothing seems to make a cigar more completely gratifying and easy to take than smoking it to the accompaniment of a good liqueur or strong black coffee.

Once you have completed your novicehood, you may wish to branch out and get acquainted with many kinds of cigars. There is almost infinite room for exploration, since there exist at present well over seven thousand brands of cigars, each brand covering a large variety of shapes, sizes, and colors. But remember: no man can pick out the right smoke for you. It is entirely up to you to match your palate with the right tobacco.

When a man really gets hipped on cigars, he will never accept a substitute for the precise quality of the smoke he prefers. For example, Bradford Norman, Jr., who is one of the nation's most prominent bankers as well as a connoisseur of cigars, prefers a three-and-three-quarter-inch, blunt-shaped cigar, loosely rolled of Cuban filler and sun-grown Colorado Clara wrapper.

Let's not forget that a large proportion of better American-made cigars use fine Havana tobacco; and, with the help of modern air conditioning, these cigars are today being manufactured in the United States in conformity with conditions in Cuba.

As important as picking the right cigar is choosing the right cigar dealer. He is responsible for husbanding the delicate flavor and for maintaining the precise humidity and temperature that the perishable commodity demands. When you have found the right tobacconist—one who knows his cigars and lavishes the loving care on them that they deserve—let him become your mentor and guide in your quest for the cigars that perfectly suit your taste.

When you receive a cigar from your dealer and prepare to smoke it, observation of a few pointers will add to your contentment:

1. Clip off the end with a cigar cutter or pierce it gently and neatly. Blow through the cigar from the *tuck*—the end you have just pierced—in order to remove any tobacco dust resulting from puncturing or cutting.

2. Squeeze the cigar gently. If it seems a trifle dry, blow into it from both ends so that your breath will moisten it.

3. Many prefer to sear the opposite end from the tuck before actually lighting, and the cigar does seem to respond with smoother ignition. When lighting, avoid befouling the cigar with chemical fumes: let the match burn a couple of seconds, and then hold it a slight distance from the cigar, firing up more from live heat than actual flame.

4. Puff gently and leisurely. Rapid consumption makes for a hot, poorly flavored smoke.

5. If you find that your cigar is burning unevenly, it may be due to improper original lighting or an obstinate bit of filler. Don't continue to smoke it in this condition. Simply hold a flame to it until it begins to burn evenly.

6. If the cigar has a loose wrapper, don't try to tear the piece off, or it may begin to disintegrate. Stick the recalcitrant leaf back in place by moistening it with your tongue.

7. Although I think you miss half the flavor with the use of a cigar holder, many astute smokers prefer holders. If you use one, wet the head of the cigar before placing it in the holder. The cigar will fit more securely, and the butt will be more easily removed.

Rudyard Kipling once wrote a marvelous poem in which he tells of a lady who delivers an ultimatum: her lover must choose between her and cigars. The lover weighs the matter exhaustively and comes to a noble conclusion. "A woman is only a woman," he remarks in summation, "but a good cigar is a smoke."

I guess there's actually a lot to be said for both sides. ##

Continued from page 49

"Why, I just gave you ten dollars yesterday—do you think money grows on trees?"

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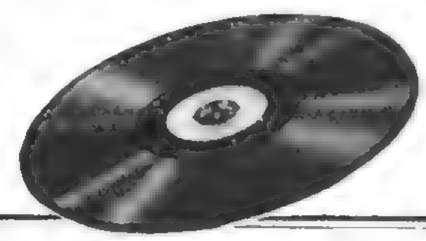

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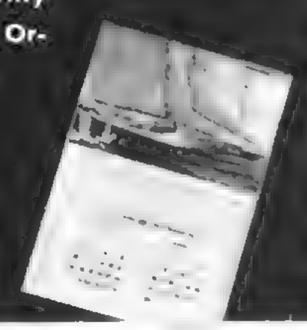

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The Thirty-seventh Car

Continued from page 32

their bright carbide lamps still on their heads; and a young boy led the mule. The men nodded to Johnson, who had stayed in the car, and went to work. The water was cold, and in order to fasten the chain, they had to reach under the car. They came up soaked to the neck. The boy holding the mule was short, and when he led the animal out to be hooked on, the water swirled to his waist. Artie could see him shiver. The mule walked the car out to dry ground, and the men lifted the hood to dry off the engine. Johnson got out then.

"Watch out for those open lamps," he said. "You'll blow us up." The men said nothing. One of them reached up and pumped up his lamp. A thin bright flame a foot long shot out. The miner stared at Johnson for a second and then bent over the car again.

Artie walked over and patted the mule. The boy holding him was really shivering now. Artie thought for a minute of offering the kid his coat, but he didn't think the boy would like that. It was then that he remembered the candy. It wasn't his, of course, but he could pay Johnson if he had to. He went over to the car.

Johnson was laughing as they rolled past the miners, soaked and muddy.

"That wasn't so bad," he said. "These hill people are real chumps. Look at those guys: they get out a mule, walk a mile, get soaked to the skin—and they both said 'Thank you' when I gave 'em a buck apiece. A garage would charge you twenty-five—if they came at all."

Artie thought about the box of candy. He knew he ought to tell, but Johnson was talking again. "They even wanted me to stay overnight with 'em," he said. "They told me I'd never get over the mountain to Bayville. Too slippery, they said. They call it a mountain—it's only a big hill really. Up ahead here."

It looked like a mountain to Artie, what he could see of it. The road was as slippery as red clay can get. It climbed in a succession of hairpin turns, and most of them were marked by washes where water, running down, had cut into the side of the hill. After about twenty minutes of steady climbing, Johnson stopped the car. He was out of breath, and his arms, exhausted from constantly forcing the wheel around, dropped limply to the seat beside him.

"This is the top," he said. "I gotta catch my breath a minute."

Artie cranked down the window and leaned out. He felt the flesh jump on the back of his neck. He could see a strip of dirt about six inches wide beside the car—and beyond that, nothing. "How high up is this?" he asked.

"Fifteen hundred feet or so," Johnson told him. "It doesn't go straight down; it slopes off about forty-five degrees. Are we pretty close to the edge?"

"About six inches," Artie said. "You must want to get to Bayville pretty bad, to try this."

"I gotta get there," Johnson said. "What's the matter—you scared?"

"No," Artie lied. "I'm not scared."

Johnson laughed shortly. "You ought to be," he said. "If we go over, I can get the door open maybe—and jump. You haven't got a chance. If you jump, the car will roll on you, and if you stay in you'll get killed anyway. Well, here we go. I sure wish I had chains on this heap."

He didn't need them, as it turned out. At least, the car came off the hill in one piece. The road turned into a railroad yard, and then they hit a dark street. A blue-white street light burned dimly every block or so. They came to a brighter street and followed that to a gas station. Johnson stopped the car there. "Well, kid, this is the end of the line," he said. "All out."

"Okay," Artie said. "I'll find a place to sleep and then I'll see you in the morning when you go back to the main road, huh?"

Johnson laughed. "Sonny, I'm afraid you aren't going to see me tomorrow morning, or any morning. I'm not going back. I got a little business to do around here. Sure, I told you I'd take you back. You see, I just don't like to come over that road alone. Now and then you need somebody to push. That was you. So long, chump!"

Speechless, Artie was holding the door open, and he never knew what made Johnson think of the glove compartment. But something did. He grabbed it open as Artie got out. His hand scooped out maps, rag, and tire gauge.

"Where's that box?" he screamed. "Gimme that box, you little crook, or I'll tear your head off!" He jumped out of the car and grabbed Artie by the coat.

"You mean the box of candy?" Artie said, stalling.

"Candy, hell! That box had a hundred thousand dollars' worth of—Come on, where is it? Where?"

"I gave it to the kid with the mule," Artie said. "He was hungry, and I gave it to him."

Johnson's face contorted and he pulled back his arm to swing. Artie ducked and sank his teeth into the hand that held his coat. It loosened and he pulled away and ran. He needn't have run. Johnson had sensed he was telling the truth, and he wasted no time chasing him. He piled into his car and swung it savagely around. Then he headed for the railroad yard and the hill beyond. Artie stood and listened until the sound of the roaring engine was lost in the hills and the trees.

"He'll never make it again," he said to himself. "He'll never make it in this world!" ###

One Man's Mate

Continued from page 50

wishes to tell his wife who is Robert Hammond. An excellent idea, I tell him, if he wishes to get the eyes scratched out. Mr. Tate says he will send Robert Hammond to Africa to hunt ivory, and there let him be stung by a tse-tse fly. I inquire whether he will be happy with a woman who in her sleep murmurs 'Robert, Robert,' rather than 'Maxwell, Maxwell.'

"Mr. Tate is in an agony. Pierre announces the solution. If Mrs. Tate is enraptured with the letters of a man who signs himself Robert Hammond, will she not be enchanted with the same letters—or better ones—if they are signed by Maxwell Tate? *Alors*, Mr. Tate must take himself from the city, on a lecture tour perhaps, that he will have the excuse to write to his wife. Mr. Tate gallops away to the railroad station, promising to write such words to his wife as will burn the hands of the postman. He will win back the love of his wife, and dispatch Hammond to the land of the tse-tse fly!"

"Pierre, you're a genius," I said.

"This I do not believe," smiled the Frenchman. "But what is my opinion against that of thousands?"

"And Tate's purple prose won his wife back and they lived happily ever after?"

"Here is a fact most curious," said Pierre. "This strange creature, woman, is not so charmed to receive letters from a husband as from a romantic stranger. For a time, there is danger she is not going back to Mr. Tate. But eventually she decides to try to be happy with her husband, especially after she discovers Robert Hammond can never marry her because he has a wife and three little ones in Paris." He nibbled delicately on a cupcake.

"Pierre Dubois!" I shouted. "You mean to say that while Tate was away you—No! I can't believe it!"

"Gently, gently," said Pierre. "Do you not see? One element only is missing in my plan, and there is no one but Dubois to supply it. We have two delicious weeks. As you know, I am a man most modest, but it is only fair to state it is a happy woman who goes to the railroad station this morning to meet her husband."

"And thus Pierre Dubois saves another American home," I said. "You ought to get a medal. But you're liable to wind up with a different kind of decoration if Tate ever finds out about your little impersonation?"

"Piff, paff, poof," said Pierre Dubois. "Mr. Tate has what he wants, after all. He should kiss my finger tips for gratitude. Besides, has not he himself written I have the morals of an apache? My friend, let me recommend these chocolate cupcakes. They are really superb." ###

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

war, le dernier cri

It is sad to find Leland Stowe, who has always seemed to have the interests of humanity at heart, issuing no better advice to American women than: learn to please and happiness will be yours.

There has been much journalism lately about the necessity of American women realizing their essential "femininity" and accepting their biological role. Our writers must have been rummaging through the attics of Hitler's henchmen. A little Nazi ideology on the subject of women, with a dash of Philip Wylie thrown in, and, presto, you have a new article on "American Woman and What Is Wrong With Her."

Why should American women wish to flatter their men as those masterminds go about their business of making the fastest plane to carry the biggest bomb with which to exterminate the greatest number of people at one blow?

Rather let our women become true partners of their men, dedicated to rearing a family and building a sane world. True democracy thrives best in a family where there is mutual respect and admiration between the sexes. Little girls should not be brought up to please men, but, like little boys, they should be brought up to please God by developing their personalities and abilities to the utmost for the good of themselves, their families and society.

ANNE CONNERY

Great Neck, N. Y.

ships that pass

The immoderate friend whose hang-over I eased just prior to reading Leland Stowe's article is typical—he got that way with a slick "American Type" chick—called me to help him get out of it—and, as he always does after I've sewed on a button, cooked him a dinner, or eased him out of a love affair, commented how lucky some man would be to get me as a wife.

I'm not an unusual woman—actually I'm like millions of others who try the "pleasing-the-man" attitude, but sit home most of the time because of it. I'm an American girl—home economics college graduate—former dietitian and housekeeper who gave up a promising career in order to have more time and energy for dating. I support and keep myself—prefer visiting and doing "crazy things" to night clubbing and watching movies—not that I don't like to drink, smoke, or continue from a hand-holding start, but bowling or watching the ships pass on the Hudson are more fun and much less expensive.

Like many of my home sitting sisters, I'm not too smart, nor awfully dumb. I'm a good-sized handful, but an "18" needs no alterations—the face frightens nobody—and I generally present a fashionably neat but not gaudy picture. I've plenty of pals but nary a beau—so—what's wrong with our men?

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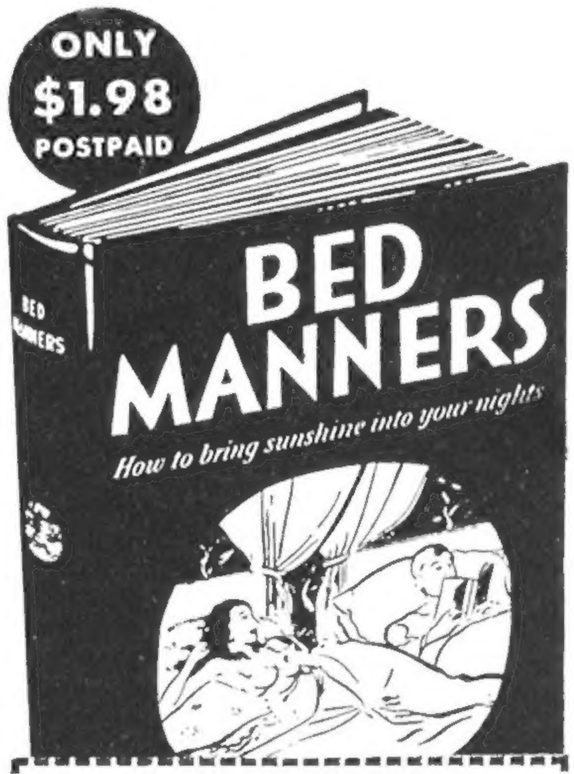

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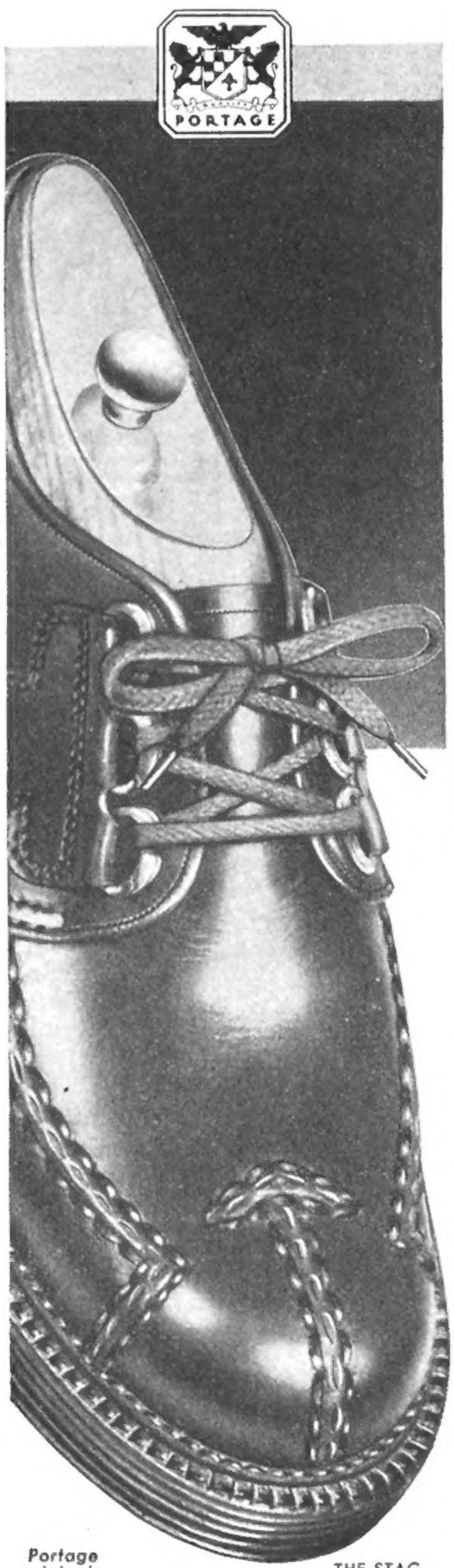

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